THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

An Illustrated Weekly
Founded A. D. 1728 by Benj. Franklin

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CHARLES LIVINGSTON BULL.

In This Number

Harry Leon Wilson—H. G. Wells—Charles E. Van Loan—Mary Brush Williams
George Pattullo—James H. Collins—Joseph Hergesheimer—Samuel G. Blythe

THE HIGHER PRAISE

SAXON

Strength-Economy-Service

New Series
Saxon "Six"
$785

A big, roomy, light-weight, 5-passenger touring car; yacht-line design; lustrous finish of lasting newness; 112 inch wheelbase; six cylinder high-speed motor of marked power on minimum gasoline consumption; 2⅞ inch bore x 4½ inch stroke; 32 inch x 3½ inch tires; two-unit electric starting and lighting system; Timken axles and full Timken bearings throughout the chassis; helical bevel gears; linoleum covered, aluminum bound running boards and floor boards; and a score more of further refinements.

New Series
Saxon "Four"
$395

A handsome, rugged, powerful roadster; stream-line design; 96 inch wheelbase; 28 inch x 3 inch tires; 15 h. p. L-head, high-speed motor of unusual power, smoothness, quietness, flexibility, operative economy and coolness under all conditions; four cylinders cast en bloc; crank case integral; 2¼ inch bore x 4 inch stroke; 40 inch seat; three-speed sliding gear transmission (only standard roadster under $400 with three-speed transmission); Timken axles; Hyatt Quiet bearings; honeycomb radiator; dry-plate clutch; ventilating windshield; signal lamps at side; adjustable pedals; vanadium steel cantilever springs; and fifteen additional improvements.

"It's a great car."

Over storm-roughened, winter roads, a car forces its way swiftly across the plains, reaches the Continental Divide, climbs steadily and surely up the ice-coated, eighteen-mile ascent, tops the brow, then moves rapidly downward to the town in the foothills.

A curious crowd gathers around. Dimly on the sleet-encrusted radiator they make out the trade-mark bearing the name: *"Saxon."*

"It's a great car," they say, one to another.

* * *

Turn time back a short space. The day of the famous hill climb has come. The race for premier honors begins. The crowd clustered at every point of vantage is a-buzz with excitement.

Finally the last car finishes the arduous climb up the winding mountain road.

There's a consultation of judges, a comparison of times, then announcement of first, second, third places. And the winner—bears on its radiator this name: *"Saxon."*

"It's a great car," says the crowd.

* * *

Time and again this phrase—*"It's a great car,"*—leaps from the lips of thousands upon thousands of owners.

The man who has driven only costly cars says it with a distinct note of surprise in his voice.

The expert—from the d[illegible] his experience with many cars [illegible] epeats it with an emphasis, whi[illegible] implies that he has voiced the ultimate in praise.

"It's a great car."

Thus the world pays its tribute to the *"Saxon."*

* * *

Forget for a moment—if you will—the matter of price. Consider only the added charm a Saxon brings to your motoring experience.

Observe the matchless grace of the yacht-line body—the lustrous beauty of the finish. Observe the finished perfection of every detail—in equipment and appointment.

Then take your place at the wheel—throw out the clutch—select a long, hard road, uphill and down, through sand and mud—and your ride of revelations begins.

First you sense only the utter comfort of the deep upholstery—the roomy restfulness of the wide seats.

Then there steals over you consciousness of the wonderful smoothness of this ride—of the fluid flexibility of the power-flow—of the lack of vibration as the speed increases—of the firmness with which the car grips the road.

Next—as the miles fling by—you note the eager ease with which the car responds to the merest pressure on the accelerator—the quickness with which it answers your guiding touch on the wheel.

Observe, too, the velvety smoothness of every movement of the mechanism—the well-nigh perfect silence, unbroken save by the low purr of the great motor.

Finally—at the end of this wonderful ride—note your physical sense of well-being—how fresh and invigorated you feel.

And you'll find yourself saying—as do the thousands and thousands of owners—*"It's a great car."*

* * *

On the left you'll find listed the specifications of both the New Series Saxon "Six" and the New Series Saxon "Four"—together with their prices.

Saxon Motor Car Company, Detroit

(288)

Who's Your Tailor?

REGISTERED IN U. S. PAT. OFF. 1906 BY ED. V. PRICE & CO.

Always consider *this* point:

You *could* buy a house already furnished to suit somebody else's tastes and ideas. But would it ever suit you as well as if you had carried out your own individual preferences in the first place?

Just the same with clothes. With us you have the advantage of expressing your own personality and having the exact fashion and woolen designed and tailored to please only *yourself.*

You are entitled to the best clothes in the world for your money. The purchase of one tailored-to-order suit or overcoat is all we ask of any man; the *clothes* themselves will take care of future patronage.

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There's a dealer of ours right in your own city upon whom you can call and be shown our distinctive fabrics and exclusive styles for Spring. Have him send us your measure. *Today.*

You can duplicate a suit price any place but a PRICE SUIT only one place

E. V. Price & Co.

The largest tailors in the world of GOOD made-to-order clothes

Price Building Chicago, U. S. A.

If you don't know who our dealer is, write us for his name and address

Studebaker

SERIES 17
SIX

Fifty horse power
Seven passenger

$1050

To equal this SIX in Power and Size you must pay at least one-third more

No price will buy more in Comfort, Appearance and Reliability

This great seven-passenger Series 17 SIX gives more in Power, more in Comfort, more in appearance than is even claimed for any other SIX of the same seating capacity at the price or at one-third more.

And the proof of this statement lies in the detailed comparison that you can make, point for point, with any other car sold at the Studebaker price or one-third above.

No other seven-passenger SIX within this price range gives FIFTY horse power. And surely, no one but a professional racer needs more than this.

No other seven-passenger SIX at this price gives the 122-inch wheelbase that means assured comfort for every passenger.

No other car at any price has built into it more basic quality of material, more soundness of design, more perfection in every detail.

"Because it's a Studebaker" and because behind it stand the unsurpassed manufacturing facilities of one of the largest industrial institutions of the world, does this wonderful SIX give so much in quality at such a remarkable price.

Read the points of comparison, see the car, then ask yourself, What more at any price can a car give? What other at such a price gives as much?

More than 214,000 Studebaker Cars now in use

Note These Points of Comparison

FIFTY Horse Power—3⅞-inch x 5-inch motor.
Stewart Vacuum Feed System with gasoline tank at rear.
122-inch Wheelbase. Room for 7 passengers.
34 x 4 Goodrich Tires, Safety Treads on rear.
DIVIDED and adjustable front seats.
Upholstery of finest straight-grain, semi-glazed leather.
New and even more convenient arrangement of instruments on dash, with indirect illumination.
New Design Overlapping Storm-Proof Windshield.

The Car of the Golden Chassis

Four Cylinder Models

Touring Car, 7-passenger	$ 845
Roadster, 3-passenger	825
Landau-Roadster, 3-passenger	1145

Six Cylinder Models

Touring Car, 7-passenger	$1050
Roadster, 3-passenger	1025
Landau-Roadster, 3-passenger	1350
Coupé, 4-passenger	1600
Sedan, 7-passenger	1675
Limousine, 7-passenger	2500

F. O. B. Detroit

STUDEBAKER

South Bend, Ind. Detroit, Mich. Walkerville, Ont.

Address all Correspondence to Detroit

Canadian Prices

Four Cylinder Models

Touring Car, 7-passenger	$1165
Roadster, 3-passenger	1135
Landau-Roadster, 3-passenger	1465

F. O. B. Walkerville

Six Cylinder Models

Touring Car, 7-passenger	$1395
Roadster, 3-passenger	1365
Landau-Roadster, 3-passenger	1695

F. O. B. Walkerville

Half-Ton Commercial Cars

Panel Delivery Car	$875
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Station and Baggage Wagon	875

One-Ton Commercial Trucks

Open Express, complete	$1200
Stake Body, complete	1250
Bus, 16-pass., full equipment	1400

F. O. B. Detroit

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NON PLUSH ULTRA

By HARRY LEON WILSON

ILLUSTRATED BY HENRY RALEIGH

SUNDAY and a driving rain had combined to keep Ma Pettengill within the Arrowhead ranch house. Neither could have done this alone. The rain would merely have added a slicker to her business costume of khaki riding breeches, laced boots and flannel shirt as she rode abroad; while a clement Sabbath would have seen her "resting," as she would put it, in and round the various outbuildings, feeding pens, blacksmith shop, harness room, branding chute, or what not, issuing orders to attentive henchmen from time to time; diagnosing the gray mule's barbed-wire cut; compounding a tonic for Adolph, the big milk-strain Durham bull, who has been ailing; wishing to be told why in something the water hadn't been turned into that south ditch; and, like a competent general, disposing her forces and munitions for the campaign of the coming week. But Sunday—and a wildly rainy Sunday—had housed her utterly.

Being one who can idle with no grace whatever she was engaged in what she called putting the place to rights. This meant taking out the contents of bureau drawers and wardrobes and putting them back again, massing the litter on the big table in the living room into an involved geometry of neat piles that would endure for all of an hour, straightening pictures on the walls, eliminating the home-circles of spiders long unmolested, loudly calling upon Lew Wee, the Chinaman, who affrightedly fled farther and farther after each call, and ever and again booming pained surmises through the house as to what fearful state it would get to be in if she didn't fight it to a clean finish once in a dog's age.

"She Was Standing on the Center Table by Now So She Could Lamp Herself in the Glass Over the Mantel"

The woman dumped a waste-basket of varied rubbish into the open fire, leaned a broom against the mantel, readjusted the towel that protected her gray hair from the dust—hair on week days exposed with never a qualm to all manner of dust—cursed all Chinamen on land or sea with an especial and piquant blight invoked upon the one now in hiding, then took from the back of a chair where she had hung it the moment before a riding skirt come to feebleness and decrepitude. She held it up before critical eyes as one scanning the morning paper for headlines of significance.

"Ruined!" she murmured. Even her murmur must have reached Lew Wee, how remote soever his isle of safety. "Worn one time and all ruined up! That's what happens for trying to get something for nothing. You'd think women would learn. You would if you didn't know a few. Hetty Daggett, her that was Hetty Tipton, orders this by catalogue, No. 3456 or something, from the mail-order house in Chicago. I was down in Red Gap when it come. 'Isn't it simply wonderful what you can get for three thirty-eight!' says she with gleaming eyes, laying this thing out before me. 'I don't see how they can ever do it for the money.' She found out the next day when she rode up here in it with me and Mr. Burchell Daggett, her husband. Nothing but ruin! Seams all busted, sleazy cloth wore through. But Hetty just looks it over cheerfully and says: 'Oh, well, what can you expect for three thirty-eight?' Is that like a woman or is it like something science has not yet discovered?

"That Hetty child is sure one woman. This skirt would never have held together to ride back in, so she goes down as far as the narrow gauge in the wagon with Buck Devine, wearing a charming afternoon frock of pale blue charmeuse rather than get into a pair of my khakis and ride back with her own lawful-wedded husband; yes, sir; married to him safe as anything, but wouldn't forget her womanhood. Only once did she ever come near it. I saved her then because she hadn't snared Mr. Burchell Daggett yet, and of course a girl has to be a little careful. And she took my counsels so much to heart she's been careful ever since. 'Why, I should simply die of mortification if my dear mate were to witness me in those,' says she when I'm telling her to take a chance for once and get into these here riding pants of mine because it would be uncomfortable going down in that wagon. 'But what is my comfort compared to dear Burchell's peace of mind?' says she.

"Ain't we the goods, though, when we do once learn a thing? Of course most of us don't have to learn stuff like this. Born in us. I shouldn't wonder if they was something in the talk of this man Shaw or Shavian—I see the name spelled both ways in the papers. I can't read his pieces myself because he rasps me, being not only a smarty but a vegetarian. I don't know. I might stand one or the other pure-bred, but the cross seems to bring out the worst strain in both. I once got a line on his beliefs and customs though—like it appears he don't believe anything ought to be done for its own sake but only for some good purpose. It was one day I got caught at a meeting of the Onward and Upward Club in Red Gap and Mrs. Alonzo Price read a paper about his meaning. I hope she didn't wrong him. I hope she was justified in all she said he really means in his secret heart. No one ought to talk that way about anyone if they ain't got the goods on 'em. One thing I might have listened to with some patience if the man et steaks and talked more like someone you'd care to have in your own home. In fact, I listened to it anyway. Maybe he took it from some book he read—about woman and her true nature. According to Henrietta Templeton Price, as near as I could get her, this Shaw or Shavian believes that women is merely a flock of men-hawks circling above the herd till they see a nice fat little lamb of a man, then one fell swoop and all is over but the screams of the victim dying out horribly. They bear him off to their nest in a blasted pine and pick the meat from his bones at leisure. Of course that ain't the way ladies was spoken of in the Aunt Patty Little Helper Series I got out of the Presbyterian Sabbath-school library back in Fredonia, New York, when I was thirteen—and yet—and yet—as they say on the stage in these plays of high or English life."

It sounded promising enough, and the dust had now settled so that I could dimly make out the noble lines of my hostess. I begged for more.

"Well, go on—Mrs. Burchell Daggett once nearly forgot her womanhood. Certainly, go on, if it's anything that would be told outside of a smoking car."

The lady grinned.

"Many of us has forgot our womanhood in the dear, dead past," she confessed. "Me? Sure! Where's that photo album? Where did I put that album anyway? That's the way in this house. Get things straightened up once, you can't find a single one you want. Look where I put it now!" She demolished an obelisk of books on the table, one she had lately constructed with some pains, and brought the album that had been its pedestal. "Get me there, do you?"

It was the photograph of a handsome young woman in the voluminous riding skirt of years gone by, before the side-saddle became extinct. She held a crop and wore an astoundingly plumed bonnet. Despite the offensive disguise, one saw provocation for the course adopted by the late Lysander John Pettengill at about that period.

"Very well—now get me here, after I'd been on the ranch only a month." It was the same young woman in the not too foppish garb of a cowboy. In wide-brimmed hat, flannel shirt, woolly chaps, quirt in hand, she bestrode a horse that looked capable and daring.

"Yes, sir, I hadn't been here only a month when I forgot my womanhood like that. Gee! How good it felt to get into 'em and banish that sideshow tent of a skirt. I'd never known a free moment before and I blessed Lysander John for putting me up to it. Then, proud as Punch, what do I do but send one of these photos back to dear old Aunt Waitstill, in Fredonia, thinking she would rejoice at the wild, free life I was now leading in the far West. And what do I get for it but a tear-spotted letter of eighteen pages, with a side-kick from her pastor, the Reverend Abner Hemingway, saying he wishes to indorse every word of Sister Baxter's appeal to me—asking why do I parade myself shamelessly in this garb of a fallen woman, and can nothing be said to recall me to the true nobility that must still be in my nature but which I am forgetting in these licentious habiliments, and so on! The picture had been burned after giving the Reverend his own horrified flash of it, and they would both pray daily that I might get up out of this degradation and be once more a good, true woman that some pure little child would not be ashamed to call the sacred name of Mother.

"Such was Aunt Waitstill—what names them poor old girls had to stand for! I had another aunt named Obedience, only she proved to be a regular cinch-binder. Her name was never mentioned in the family after she slid down a rainspout one night and eloped to marry a depraved scoundrel who drove through there on a red wagon with tinware inside that he would trade for old rags. I'm just telling you how times have changed in spite of the best efforts of a sanctified ministry. I cried over that letter at first. Then I showed it to Lysander John, who said 'Oh, hell!' being a man of few words, so I felt better and went right on forgetting my womanhood in that shameless garb of a so-and-so—though where aunty had got her ideas of such I never could make out—and it got to be so much a matter of course and I had so many things to think of besides my womanhood that I plumb forgot the whole thing until this social upheaval in Red Gap a few years ago.

"I got to tell you that the wild and lawless West, in all matters relating to proper dress for ladies, is the most conservative and hidebound section of our great land of the free and home of the brave—if you can get by with it. Out here the women see by the Sunday papers that it's being wore that way publicly in New York and no one arrested for it, but they don't hardly believe it at that, and they wouldn't show themselves in one, not if you begged them to on your bended knees, and what is society coming to anyway? You might as well dress like one of them barefooted dancers, only calling 'em barefooted must be meant like sarcasm—and they'd die before they'd let a daughter of theirs make a show of herself like that for odious beasts of men to leer at, and so on—until a couple years later Mrs. Henrietta Templeton Price gets a regular one and wears it down Main Street, and nothing objectionable happens; so then they all hustle to get one—not quite so extreme, of course, but after all, why not, since only the evil-minded could criticize? Pretty soon they're all wearing it exactly like New York did two years ago, with mebbe the limit raised a bit here and there by some one who makes her own. But again they're saying that the latest one New York is wearing is so bad that it must be confined to a certain class of women, even if they do get taken from left to right at Asbury Park and Newport and other colonies of wealth and fashion, because the vilest dregs can go there if they have the price, which they often do.

"Red Gap is like that. With me out here on the ranch it didn't matter what I wore because it was mostly only men that saw me; but I can well remember the social upheaval when our smartest young matrons and well-known society belles flung modesty to the chinook wind and took to divided skirts for horseback riding. My, the brazen hussies! It ain't so many years ago. Up to that time any female over the age of nine caught riding a horse cross-saddle would have lost her character good and quick. And these pioneers lost any of theirs that wasn't cemented good and hard with proved respectability. I remember hearing Jeff Tuttle tell what he'd do to any of his women folks that so far forgot the sacred names of home and mother. It was startling enough, but Jeff somehow never done it. And if he was to hear Addie or one of the girls talking about a side-saddle to-day he'd think she was nutty or mebbe wanting one for the state museum. So it goes with us. My hunch is that so it will ever go.

"The years passed, and that thrill of viciousness at wearing divided skirts in public got all rubbed off—that thrill that every last one of us adores to feel if only it don't get her talked about—too much—by evil-minded gossips. Then comes this here next upheaval over riding pants for ladies—or them that set themselves up to be such.

"Mr. D. Has a Good Masterly Laugh at Her Idea of Horse Fodder"

Of course we'd long known that the things were worn in New York and even in such modern Babylons as Spokane and Seattle; but no woman in Red Gap had ever forgot she had a position to keep up, until summer before last, when we saw just how low one of our sex could fall, right out on the public street.

"She was the wife of a botanist from some Eastern college and him and her rode a good bit and dressed just alike in khaki things. My, the infamies that wasn't intimated about that poor creature! She was bony and had plainly seen forty, very severe-featured, with scraggly hair and a sharp nose and spectacles, and looked as if she had never had a moment of the most innocent pleasure in all her life; but them riding pants fixed her good in the minds of our lady porch-knockers. And the men just as bad, though they could hardly bear to look twice at her, she was that discouraging to the eye; they agreed with their wives that she must be one of that sort.

"But things seem to pile up all at once in our town. That very summer the fashion magazines was handed round with pages turned down at the more daring spots where ladies were shown in such things. It wasn't felt that they were anything for the little ones to see. But still, after all, wasn't it sensible, now really, when you come right down to it? and as a matter of fact isn't a modest woman modest in anything?—it isn't what she wears but how she conducts herself in public, or don't you think so, Mrs. Ballard?—and you might as well be dead as out of style, and would Lehman, the Square Tailor, be able to make up anything like that one there?—but no, because how would he get your measure?—and surely no modest woman could give him hers even if she did take it herself—anyway, you'd be insulted by all the street rowdies as you rode by, to say nothing of being ogled by men without a particle of fineness in their natures—but there's always something to be said on both sides, and it's time woman came into her own, anyway, if she is ever to be anything but man's toy for his idle moments—still it would never do to go to extremes in a narrow little town like this with everyone just looking for an excuse to talk—but it would be different if all the best people got together and agreed to do it, only most of them would probably back out at the last moment and that smarty on the Recorder would try to be funny about it—now that one with the long coat doesn't look so terrible, does it? or do you think so?—of course it's almost the same as a skirt except when you climb on or something—a woman has to think of those things—wouldn't Daisy Estelle look rather stunning in that?—she has just the figure for it. Here's this No. 9872 with the Norfolk jacket in this mail-order catalogue—do you think that looks too theatrical, or don't you? Of course for some figures, but I've always been able to wear—— And so forth, for a month or so.

"Late in the fall Henrietta Templeton Price done it. You may not know what that meant to Alonzo Price, Choice Villa Sites and Price's Addition to Red Gap. Alonzo is this kind: I met him the day Gussie Himebaugh had her accident when the mules she was driving to the mowing machine run away out on Himebaugh's east forty. Alonzo had took Doc Maybury out and passes me coming back. 'How bad was she hurt?' I asks. The poor thing looks down greatly embarrassed and mumbles: 'She has broken a limb.' 'Leg or arm?' I blurts out, forgetting all delicacy. You'd think I had him pinned down, wouldn't you? Not Lon, though. 'A lower limb,' says he, coughing and looking away.

"You see how men are till we put a spike collar and chain on 'em. When Henrietta declared herself Alonzo read the riot act and declared marital law. But there was Henrietta with the collar and chain and pretty soon Lon was saying: 'You're quite right, Pettikins, and you ought to have the thanks of the community for showing our ladies how to dress rationally on horseback. It's not only sensible and safe but it's modest—a plain pair of riding breeches, no coquetry, no frills, nothing but stern utility—of course I agree.'

"'I hoped you would, darling,' says Henrietta. She went to Miss Gunslaugh and had her make the costume, being one who rarely does things by halves. It was of blue velvet corduroy, with a fetching little bolero jacket, and the things themselves were fitted, if you know what I mean. And stern utility! That suit with its rosettes and bows and frogs and braid had about the same stern utility that those pretty little tin tongs have that come on top of a box of candy—ever see anybody use one of those? When Henrietta got dressed for her first ride and had put on the Cuban Pink Face Balm she looked like one of the gypsy chorus in the Bohemian Girl opera.

"Alonzo gulped several times in rapid succession when he saw her, but the little man never starts anything he don't aim to finish, and it was too late to start it then. Henrietta brazened her way through Main Street and out to the country club and back, and next day she put them on again so Otto Hirsch, of the E-light Studio, could come up and take her standing by the horse out in front of the Price mansion. Then they was laid away until the Grand Annual Masquerade Ball of the Order of the Eastern Star, which is a kind of hen Masons, when she again gave us a flash of what New York society ladies was riding their horse in. As a matter of fact Henrietta hates a horse like a rattlesnake, but she had done her pioneer work for once and all.

"Everyone was now laughing and sneering at the old-fashioned divided skirt with which woman had endangered her life on a horse, and wondering how they had endured the clumsy things so long; and come spring all the prominent young society buds and younger matrons of the most exclusive set who could stay on a horse at all was getting theirs ready for the approaching season, Red Gap being like London in having its gayest season in the summer, when people can get out more. Even Mis' Judge Ballard fell for it, though hers was made of severe black with a long coat. She looked exactly like that Methodist minister, the old one, that we had three years ago.

"Most of the younger set used the mail-order catalogue, their figures still permitting it. And maybe there wasn't a lot of trying on behind drawn blinds pretty soon, and delighted giggles and innocent girlish wonderings about whether the lowest type of man really ogles as much under certain circumstances as he's said to. And the minute the roads got good the telephone of Pierce's Livery, Feed and Sale Stable was kept on the ring. Then the social upheaval was on. Of course any of 'em looked quiet after Henrietta's costume, for none of the girls but Beryl Mae Macomber, a prominent young society bud, aged seventeen, had done anything like that. But it was the idea of the thing.

"A certain clement on the South Side made a lot of talk and stirred things up and wrote letters to the president of the Civic Purity League, who was Mis' Judge Ballard herself, asking where this unspeakable disrobing business was going to end and calling her attention to the fate that befell Sodom and Gomorrah. But Mis' Ballard she's mixed on names and gets the idea these parties mean Samson and Delilah instead of a couple of twin cities, like St. Paul and Minneapolis, and she writes back saying what have these Bible characters got to do with a lady riding on horseback—in trousers, it is true, but with a coat falling modestly to the knee on each side, and certain people had better be a little bit more fussy about things that really matter in life before they begin to talk. She knew who she was hitting at all right too. Trust Mis' Ballard!

"It was found that there was almost the expected amount of ogling from sidewalk loafers, at first. As Daisy Estelle Maybury said, it seemed as if a girl couldn't show herself on the public thoroughfare without being subjected to insult. Poor Daisy Estelle! She had been a very popular young society belle, and was considered one of the most attractive girls in Red Gap until this happened. No one had ever suspected it of her in the least degree up to that time. Of course it was too late after she was once seen off her horse. Them that didn't see was told in full detail by them that did. Most of the others was luckier. Beryl Mae Macomber in her sport shirt and trouserettes complained constantly about the odious wretches along Main Street and Fourth, where the post office was. She couldn't stop even twenty minutes in front of the post office, minding her own business and waiting for someone she knew to come along and get her mail for her, without having dozens of men stop and ogle her. That, of course, was during the first two weeks after she took to going for the mail, though the eternal feminine in Beryl Mae probably thought the insulting glances was going to keep up forever.

"I watched the poor child one day along in the third week, waiting there in front of the post office after the four o'clock mail, and no one hardly ogled her at all except some rude children out from school. What made it more pitiful, leaning right there against the post-office front was Jack Shiels, Sammie Hamilton and little old Elmer Cox, Red Gap's three town rowdies that ain't done a stroke of work since the canning factory closed down the fall before, creatures that by rights should have been leering at the poor child in all her striking beauty. But, no; the brutes stand there looking at nothing much until Jack Shiels stares a minute at this horse Beryl Mae is on and pipes up: 'Why, say, I thought Pierce let that little bay runt go to the guy that was in here after polo ponies last Thursday. I sure did.' And Sam Hamilton wakes up and says: 'No, sir; not this one. He got rid of a little mare that had shoulders like this, but she was a roan with kind of mule ears and one froze off.' And little old Elmer Cox, ignoring this defenseless young girl with his impudent eyes, he says: 'Yes, Sam's right for once. Pierce tried to let this one go, too, but ain't you took a good look at his hocks!' Then along comes Dean Duke, the ratty old foreman in Pierce's stable, and he don't ogle a bit, either, like you'd expect one of his debased caliber to, but just stops and talks this horse over with 'em and says yes, it was his bad hocks that lost the sale, and he tells 'em how he had told Pierce just what to do to get him shaped up for a quick sale, but Pierce wouldn't listen to him, thinking he knew it all himself; and there the four stood and gassed about this horse without even seeing Beryl Mae, let alone leering at her. I bet she was close to shedding tears of girlish mortification as she rode off without ever waiting for the mail. Things was getting to a pretty pass. If low creatures lost to all decent instincts, like these four, wouldn't ogle a girl when she was out for it, what could be expected of the better element of the town? Still, of course, now and then one or the other of the girls would have a bit of luck to tell of.

"Well, now we come to the crookedest bit of work I ever been guilty of, though first telling you about Mr. Burchell Daggett, an Eastern society man from Cedar Rapids, Iowa, that had come to Red Gap that spring to be assistant cashier in the First National, through his uncle having stock in the thing. He was a very pleasant kind of youngish gentleman, about thirty-four, I reckon, with dark, parted whiskers and gold eyeglasses and very good habits. He took his place among our very best people right off, teaching the Bible class in the M. E. Sabbath school and belonging to the Chamber of Commerce and the City Beautiful Association, of which he was made vice president, and being prominent at all functions held in our best homes. He wasn't at all one of them that lead a double life by stopping in at the Family Liquor Store for a gin fizz or two after work hours, or going down town after supper to play Kelly pool at the Temperance Billiard Parlors and drink steam beer, or getting in with the bunch that gathers in the back room of the Owl Cigar Store of an evening and tells these here suggestive stories. Not that he was hidebound. If he felt the need for a shot of something he'd go into the United States Grill and have a glass of sherry and bitters brought to him at a table and eat a cracker with it, and he'd take in every show, even the Dizzy Belles of Gotham Big Blonde Beauty Show. He was refined and even moral in the best sense of the word, but still human.

"Our prominent young society buds took the keenest notice of him at once, as would naturally happen, he being a society bachelor of means and by long odds the best catch in Red Gap since old Potter Knapp, of the Loan and Trust Company, had broke his period of mourning for his third wife by marrying Myrtle Wade that waited on table at the Occidental Hotel, with the black band still on his left coat sleeve. It's no exaggeration to say that Mr. Burchell Daggett became the most sought-after social favorite among Red Gap's hoot mondy in less than a week after he unpacked his trunk. But it was very soon discovered by the bright-eyed little gangsters of the best circles that he wasn't going to be an easy one to disable. Naturally when a man has fought 'em off to his age he has learned much of woodcraft and the hunter's cunning wiles, and this one had sure developed timber sense. He beat 'em at their own game for three months by the simple old device of not playing any favorite for one single minute, and very, very seldom getting alone with one where the foul stroke can be dealt by the frailest hand with muscular precision. If he took Daisy Estelle Maybury to the chicken pie supper to get a new carpet for the Presbyterian parsonage, he'd up and take Beryl Mae and her aunt, or Gussie Himebaugh, or Luella Stultz, to the lawn feet at Judge Ballard's for new uniforms for the band boys. At the Bazaar of All Nations he bought as many chances of one girl as he did of another, and if he hadn't any more luck than a rabbit and won something—a hanging lamp or a celluloid manicure set in a plush-lined box—he'd simply put it up to be raffled off again for the good of the cause. And none of that moonlight loitering along shaded streets for him, where the dirk is so often drove stealthily between a man's ribs, and him thinking all the time he's only indulging in a little playful nonsense. Often as not he'd take two girls at once, where all could be merry without danger of anything happening.

"It was no time at all till this was found out on him. It was seen that under a pleasing exterior, looking all too easy to overcome by any girl in her right mind, he had powers of resistance and evasion that was like steel. Of course this only stirred the proud beauties on to renewed and crookeder efforts. Every darned one of 'em felt that her innocent young girlhood was challenged, and would she let it go at that? Not so. My lands! What snares and deadfalls was set for this wise old timber wolf that didn't look it, with his smiling ways and seemingly careless response to merry banter, and so forth!

"And of course every one of these shrinking little scoundrels thought at once of her new riding costume, so no time at all was lost in organizing the North Side Riding and Sports Club, which Mr. Burchell Daggett gladly joined, having, as he said, an eye for a horse, and liking to get out after banking hours to where all Nature seems to smile and you can let your mount out a bit over the firm, smooth road. Them that had held off until now, on account of the gossip and leering, hurried up and got into line with No. 9872 in the mail-order catalogue, or went to Miss Gunslaugh, who by this time had a female wax dummy in her

"Here They Was Paying Attentions to Her Now Like She Was Some Prize Beauty, Come Down From Spokane for Oear Sunday"

window in a neat brown suit and puttees, with the coat just opening and one foot advanced carelessly, with gauntlets and a riding crop, and a fetching little cap over the wind-blown hair and the clear, wonderful blue eyes. Oh, you can bet every last girl of the bunch was seeing herself send back picture postals to her rivals telling what a royal time they was having at Palm or Rockaway Beach or some place, and seeing the engraved cards—'Mr. and Mrs. Burchell Daggett, at Home After the Tenth, Ophir Avenue, Red Gap, Wash.'

"Ain't we good when you really get us, if you ever do—because some don't. Many, indeed! I reckon there never was a woman yet outside of a feeb' home that didn't believe she could be an A No. 1 siren if she only had the nerve to dress the part; never one that didn't just ache to sway men to her lightest whim, and believe she could—not for any evil purpose, mind you, but just to show her power. Think of the tender hearts that must have shuddered over the damage they could and actually might do in one of them French bathing suits like you are said to witness in Paris and Atlantic City and other sinks of iniquity. And here was these well-known society favorites wrought up by this legible party, as the French say, till each one was ready to go just as far as the Civic Purity League would let her in order to sweep him off his feet in one mad moment. Quite right too. It all depends on what the object is, don't it; and wasn't theirs honorable matrimony with an establishment and a lawn in front of it with a couple of cast-iron moose, mebbe?

"And amid all this quaint girlish enterprise and secret infamy was the problem of Hetty Tipton. Hetty had been a friend and a problem of mine for seven years, or ever since she come back from normal to teach in the third-grade grammar school; a fine, clean, honest, true-blue girl, mebbe not as pretty you'd say at first as some others, but you like her better after you look a few times more, and with not the slightest nonsense about her. That last was Hetty's one curse. I ask you, what chance has a girl got with no nonsense about her?

"Miss Gunslaugh Had a Female Wax Dummy in Her Window"

Hetty won my sympathy right at the start by this infirmity of hers, which was easily detected, and for seven years I'd been trying to cure her of it, but no use. Oh, she was always took out regular enough and well liked, but the gilded youth of Red Gap never fought for her smiles. They'd take her to parties and dances, turn and turn about, but they always respected her, which is the greatest blight a man can put on one of us, if you know what I mean.

Every man at a party was always careful to dance a decent number of times with Hetty and see that she got back to her seat; and wasn't it warm in here this evening, yes it was; and wouldn't she have a glass of the punch—No, thank you—then he'd gallop off to have some fun with a mere shallow-pated fool that had known how from the cradle. It was always a puzzle to me, because Hetty dressed a lot better than most of them, knowing what to wear and how, and could take a joke if it come slow, and laid herself out to be amiable to one and all. I kind of think it must be something about her mentality. Maybe it is too mental. I can't put her to you any plainer than to say that every single girl in town, young and old, just loved her, and not one of them up to this time had ever said an unkind or feminine thing about her. I guess you know what that would mean of any woman.

"Hetty was now coming twenty-nine—we never spoke of this, but I could count back—and it's my firm belief that no man had ever proposed marriage or anything else on earth to her. Wilbur Todd had once endeavored to hold her hand out on the porch at a country-club dance and she had repulsed him in all kindness but firmly. She told him she couldn't bring herself to permit a familiarity of that sort except to the man who would one day lead her to the altar, which is something I believe she got from writing to a magazine about a young girl's perplexities. And here, in spite of her record, this poor thing had dared to raise her eyes to none other than this Mr. Burchell Daggett. There was something kind of grand and despairing

(Continued on Page 38)

WHAT IS COMING—By H. G. Wells

Reconstruction or Revolution

WILL the war be followed by a period of great distress, social disorder and a revolution in Europe, or shall we pull through the crisis without violent disaster? May we even hope that Great Britain will step straight out of the war into a phase of restored and increasing welfare?

Like most people, I have been trying to form some sort of answer to this question. My state of mind in the last few months has varied from a considerable optimism to profound depression. I have met and talked to quite a number of young men in khaki—ex-engineers, ex-lawyers, ex-schoolmasters, ex-business men of all sorts; one was an ex-professor of English literature in a German university—and the net result of these interviews has been a buoyant belief that there is in Great Britain the pluck, the will, the intelligence to do anything, however arduous and difficult, in the way of national reconstruction. And, on the other hand, there is a certain stretch of road between Dunmow and Coggeshall.

That stretch of road is continually jarring with my optimistic thoughts. It is a strongly pro-German piece of road. It supports allegations against Great Britain, as, for instance, that the British are quite unfit to control their own affairs, let alone those of an empire; that they are an incompetent people, a pig-headedly stupid people, a wasteful people, a people incapable of realizing that a man who tills his field badly is a traitor and a weakness to his country, a wrangling, futile people.

Let me place the case of this highroad through Braintree—Bocking intervening—before the reader. It is, you will say perhaps, very small beer. But a straw shows the way the wind blows. It is a trivial matter of road metal, mud and water pipes, but it is also diagnostic of the essential difficulties in the way of the smooth and rapid reconstruction of Great Britain—and very probably of the reconstruction of all Europe—after the war. The Braintree highroad, I will confess, becomes at times an image of the world for me. It is a poor, spiritless-looking bit of road, with raw stones on one side of it. It is also, I perceive, the high destiny of man in conflict with mankind. It is the way to Harwich, Holland, Russia, China, and the whole wide world, and it is a wretched piece of road.

Even at the first glance it impresses one as not being the road that would satisfy an energetic and capable people. It is narrow for a highroad, and in the middle of it one is checked by an awkward bend, by crossroads that are not exactly crossroads, so that one has to turn two blind corners to get on eastward, and a policeman, I don't know at what annual cost, has to be posted to nurse the traffic across. Beyond that point one is struck by the fact that the south side is considerably higher than the north, that storm water must run from the south side to the north and lie there. It does, and the north side has recently met the trouble by putting down raw flints, and so converting what would be a lake into a sort of flint pudding. Consequently one drives one's car as much as possible on the south side of this road. There is a suggestion of hostility and repartee between north and south sides in this arrangement, which the explorer's inquiries will confirm. It may be only an accidental parallelism with profounder fact; I do not know. But the middle of this highroad is a frontier. The south side belongs to the urban district of Braintree; the north to the rural district of Bocking.

If the curious inquirer will take pick and shovel he will find at any rate one corresponding dualism below the surface. He will find a Bocking water main supplying the houses on the north side and a Braintree water main supplying the south. I rather suspect that the drains are also in duplicate. At present there is only one gas main, the Braintree one; but Bocking is presently to have its own separate gas. The total population of Bocking and Braintree is probably little more than ten thousand altogether, but for that there are two water supplies, two gas supplies, two sets of schools; two administrations.

To the passing observer the rurality of the Bocking side is indistinguishable from the urbanity of the Braintree side; it is just a little muddier. But there are dietetic differences. If you will present a Bocking rustic with a tin of the canned fruit that is popular with the Braintree townsfolk you discover one of these. A dustman perambulates the road on the Braintree side, and canned food becomes possible and convenient therefore. But the Braintree grocers sell canned food with difficulty into Bocking. Bocking, less fortunate than its neighbor, has no dustman apparently, and is left with the tin on its hands. It can either bury it in its garden—if it has a garden; take it out for a walk wrapped in paper and drop it quietly in a ditch—if possible in the Braintree area; or build a cairn with it and its predecessors and successors in honor of the Local Government Board—President, £5000; Parliamentary Secretary, £1500; Permanent Secretary, £2000; Legal Advisor, £1000 upward; six clerks at £1000; and a vast multitude of officials at from £300 upward, a total administrative expenditure of over £300,000. In death Bocking and Braintree are still divided. They have their separate cemeteries.

Now to any disinterested observer there lies about the Braintree-Bocking railway station one community. It has common industries and common interests. There is no octroi or anything of that sort across the street. The shops and inns on the Bocking side of the main street are indistinguishable from those on the Braintree side. The inhabitants of the two communities intermarry freely. If this absurd separation did not exist no one would have the impudence to establish it now. It is wasteful, unfair—because the Bocking piece is rather better off than Braintree and with fewer people, so that there is a difference in the rates—and for nine-tenths of the community it is more or less of a nuisance. It is also a nuisance to the passing public because of such inconveniences as the asymmetrical main road. It hinders local development and the development of a local spirit.

It may, of course, appeal perhaps to the humorous outlook of the followers of Mr. G. K. Chesterton and Mr. Belloc, who believe that this war is really a war in the interests of the Athanasian Creed and unrestricted drink against science, discipline, and Mr. and Mrs. Webb, as very good fun indeed, good matter for some jolly reeling ballad about Roundabout and Roundabout, the jolly town of Roundabout; but to anyone else the question of how it is that this wasteful Bocking-Braintree muddle, with its two boards, its two clerks, its two series of jobs and contracts, manages to keep on, was even before the war a sufficiently discouraging one. It is now a quite crucial one. Because the muddle between the sides of the main road through Bocking and Braintree is not an isolated instance; it is a fair sample of the way things are done in Great Britain; it is an intimation of the way in which the great task of industrial resettlement that the nation must face may be attempted.

It is—or shall I write "It may be"?

That is just the question I do not settle in my mind. I would like to think that I have hit upon a particularly

bad case of entangled local government. But it happens that whenever I have looked into local affairs I have found the same sort of waste and—insobriety of arrangement. When I started, a little while back, to go to Braintree to verify these particulars I was held up by a flood across the road between Little Easton and Dunmow. Every year that road is flooded and impassable for some days, because a bit of the affected stretch is under the county council and a bit under the Little Easton parish council, and they cannot agree about the contribution of the latter. I am no student of the detestable science of local administration; if it were not for my wife's protection I should, for peace and quietness, pay whatever any mendicant asked who came to the door with anything that looked like a demand note for rates. But these things bump against the most unworldly.

Quite kindred absurdities came to light when, some years ago, I found myself building a house on the boundary between the borough of Folkestone and the urban district of Sandgate, a most inconvenient and unnecessary little area. The parliamentary borough of Hythe was, I found, like a patchwork quilt of boards and councils, conflicting, wasteful and exasperating to anyone who wanted to get things done. And when one goes up the scale from the urban district and rural boundaries, one finds equally crazy county arrangements, the same tangle of obstacle in the way of quick, effective coördinations, the same needless multiplicity of clerks, the same rich possibilities of litigation, misunderstanding, and deadlocks of opinion between areas whose only difference is that a mischievous boundary has been left in existence between them. And so on up to Westminster. And to still greater things.

I know perfectly well how unpleasant all this is to read, this sudden splenetic outbreak at two localities that have never done me any harm except a little mud-splashing. But this is a thing that has to be said now, because we are approaching a crisis when dilatory ways, muddle and waste may utterly ruin us. This is the way things have been done in England, this is our habit of procedure, and if they are done in this way after the war the empire is going to smash.

Let me add at once that it is quite possible that things are done almost as badly or quite as badly in Russia or France or Germany or America; I am drawing no comparisons. All of us human beings were made, I believe, of very similar clay, and very similar causes have been at work everywhere. Only that excuse, so popular in England, will not prevent a smash if we stick to the old methods under the stresses ahead. I do not see that it is any consolation to share in a general disaster.

Good Management and Injustice

AND I am sure that there must be the most delightful and picturesque reasons why we have all this overlapping and waste and muddle in our local affairs; why, to take another example, the boundary of the Essex parishes of Newton and Widdington looks as though it had been sketched out by a drunken man in a runaway cab with a broken spring. This Bocking-Braintree main road is, it happens, an old Stane Street, along which Roman legions marched to clean up the councils and clerks of the British tribal system two thousand years ago, and no doubt a historian could spin delightful consequences; this does not alter the fact that these quaint complications in English affairs mean in the aggregate enormous obstruction and waste of human energy. It does not alter the much graver fact, the fact that darkens all my outlook upon the future, that we have never yet produced evidence of any general disposition at any time to straighten out or even suspend these fumbling intricacies and ineptitudes. Never so far has there appeared in British affairs that divine passion to do things in the clearest, cleanest, least wasteful, most thorough manner that is needed to straighten out, for example, these universal local tangles. Always we have been content with the old, intricate, expensive way, and to this day we follow it.

And what I want to know, what I would like to feel much surer about than I do, is, Is this in our blood? Or is it only the deep-seated habit of long ages of security, long years of margins so ample that no waste seemed altogether wicked? Is it, in fact, a hopeless and ineradicable trait, that we stick to extravagance and confusion?

What I would like to think possible at the present time, up and down the scale from parish to province, is something of this sort: Suppose the clerk of Braintree went to the clerk of Bocking, or the clerk of Sandgate went to the clerk of Folkestone, and said: "Look here, one of us could do the work of both of us as well or better. The easy times are over, and officers as well as men should be prepared to die for their country. Shall we toss to see who shall do it, and let the other man go off to do something useful?" Then I could believe.

Suppose the people of Braintree and Bocking, not waiting for that lead, said: "But this is absurd! Let us have an identical council and one clerk and get ahead, instead of keeping up this silly pretense that one town is two." Suppose some one of the three hundred thousand pounds' worth of gentlemen at the Local Government Board set to work to replan our local government areas generally on less comic lines. Suppose his official superiors helped instead of snubbing him.

I see nothing of the sort happening. I see everywhere wary, watchful little men, thinking of themselves, thinking of their parish, thinking close, holding tight.

I know that there is a whole web of excuses for all these complicated, wasteful and obstructive arrangements of our local government, these arrangements that I have taken merely as a sample of the general human way of getting affairs done. For it is affairs at large I am writing about, as I warned the reader at the beginning. Directly one inquires closely into any human muddle, one finds all sorts of reasonable rights and objections and claims barring the way to any sweeping proposals. I can quite imagine that Bocking has admirable reasons for refusing coalescence with Braintree, except upon terms that Braintree couldn't possibly consider. I can quite understand that there are many inconveniences and arguable injustices that would be caused by a merger of the two areas. I have no doubt it would mean serious loss to So-and-So and quite novel and unfair advantage to So-and-So. It would take years to work the thing and get down to the footing of one gas plant and one water supply and an ambidextrous dustman, on the lines of perfect justice and satisfactoriness all round.

But what I want to maintain here is that these little immediate claims and rights and vested interests and bits of justice and fairness are no excuse at all for preventing things being done in the clear, clean, large, quick way. They never constituted a decent excuse, and now they excuse waste and delay and inconvenience less than ever. Let us first do things in that way, and then, if we can, let us nurse any disappointed person who used to profit by their being done roundabout and wrong. We are beginning to agree that any man may be reasonably asked to die for his country; what we have to recognize is that any man's proprietorship, interest, claims or rights may just as properly be called upon to die. Bocking and Braintree and Mr. John Smith—Mr. John Smith, the ordinary comfortable man with a stake in the country—have been thinking altogether too much of the claims and rights and expectations and economies of Bocking and Braintree and Mr. Smith. They have to think now in a different way.

Just consider the work of reconstruction that Great Britain will have to face in the next few years—and her task is, if anything, less than that of any of her antagonists or allies except Japan and Italy. She has now probably from six to ten million people in the British Isles, men and women, either engaged directly in warfare or in the manufacture of munitions or in employments such as transit, nursing, and so forth, directly subserving these main ends. At least five-sixths of these millions must be got back to employment of a different character from that they are now doing within a year of the coming of peace. Everywhere manufacture, trade and transit has been disorganized, disturbed or destroyed. A new economic system has to be put together within a brief score or so of weeks, great dislocated masses of population have to be fed, kept busy and distributed, in a world financially strained and abounding in wounded, cripples, widows, orphans and helpless people.

In the next year or so the lives of half the population have to be fundamentally readjusted. Here is work for administrative giants, work for which no powers can be excessive. It will be a task quite difficult enough to do even without the opposition of legal rights, haggling owners and dexterous profiters. It would be a giant's task if all the necessary administrative machinery existed now in the most perfect condition. How is this tremendous job going to be done if every Bocking in the country is holding out for impossible terms from Braintree, and every Braintree holding out for impossible terms from Bocking, while the road out remains choked and confused between them; and if every John Smith with a claim is insisting upon his reasonable expectation of profits or dividends, his reasonable solatium and compensation for getting out of the way? I would like to record my conviction that if the business of this great crisis is to be done in the same spirit, the jealous, higgling, legal spirit that I have seen prevailing in British life throughout my half century of existence, it will not in any satisfactory sense of the phrase get done at all. This war has greatly demoralized and discredited the governing class in Great Britain, and if big masses of unemployed and unfed people, no longer strung up by the actuality of war, masses now trained to arms and with many quite sympathetic officers available, are released clumsily and planlessly into a world of risen prices and rising rents, of legal obstacles and forensic complications, of greedy speculators and hampered enterprises, there will be insurrection and revolution. There will be bloodshed in the streets and the chasing of rulers. There will be, if we do seriously attempt to put the new wine of humanity, the new crude fermentations at once so hopeful and so threatening that the war has released, into the old administrative bottles that served our purpose before the war.

The Mite-in-the-Cheese Attitude

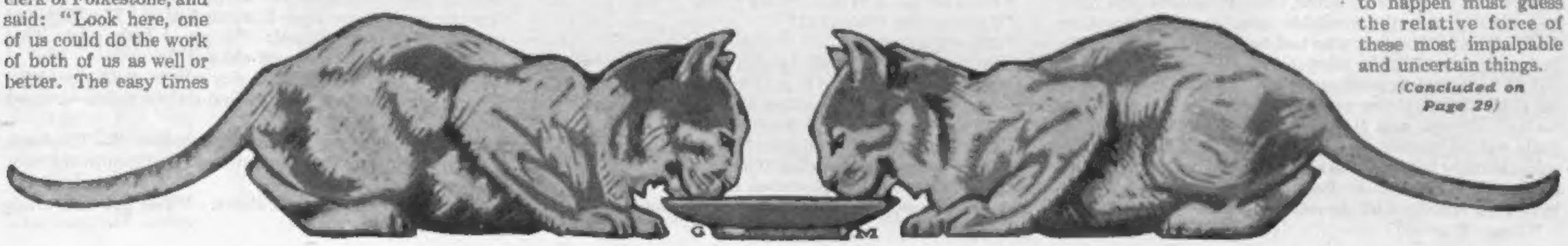
I BELIEVE that for lawyers and politicians and private enterprise to attempt to handle the great problem of reconstruction after the war in the spirit in which our affairs were conducted before the war is about as hopeful an enterprise as if an elderly jobbing bricklayer, working on strict tradeunion rules, set out to stop the biggest avalanche that ever came down a mountain side. And since I am by no means altogether pessimistic, in spite of my qualmy phases, it follows that I do not believe that the old spirit will necessarily prevail. I do not, because I believe that in the past few decades a new spirit has come into human affairs; that our ostensible rulers and leaders have been falling behind the times, and that in the young and the untried, in, for example, the young European of thirty and under, who is now in such multitudes thinking over life and his seniors in the trenches, there are still unsuspected resources of will and capacity, new mental possibilities and new mental habits, that entirely disturb the argument—based on the typical case of Bocking and Braintree—for a social catastrophe after the war. While we have been talking of the decline of faith, faith has so grown as to burst all its ancient formulas; while we have talked of decadence and materialism, a new spirit has been born under our eyes.

How can this spirit be best defined?

It is the creative spirit as distinguished from the legal spirit; it is the spirit of courage to make and not the spirit that waits and sees and claims; it is the spirit that looks to the future and not to the past. It is the spirit that makes Bocking forget that it is not Braintree and John Smith forget that he is John Smith, and both remember that they are England. For everyone there are two diametrically different ways of thinking about life: there is individualism, the way that comes as naturally as the grunt from a pig, of thinking outwardly from oneself as the center of the universe; and there is the way that every religion is trying in some form to teach, of thinking back to oneself from greater standards and realities. There is the Braintree that is Braintree against England and the world, giving as little as possible and getting the best of the bargain; and there is the Braintree that identifies itself with England and asks how can we do best for the world with this little place of ours, how can we educate best, produce most, and make our roads straight and good for the world to go through.

Every American knows the district that sends its congressman to Washington for the good of his district, and the district, the rarer district, that sends a man to work for the United States. There is the John Smith who feels toward England and the world as a mite feels toward its cheese, and the John Smith who feels toward his country as a sheep dog feels toward the flock. The former is the spirit of individualism, "business" and our law; the latter the spirit of socialism and science. They are both in all of us; they fluctuate from day to day; first one is ascendant and then the other. War does not so much tilt the balance as accentuate the difference. One rich British landowner sneaks off to New York State to set up a home there and evade taxation; another turns his mansion into a hospital and goes off to help Serbian refugees. Acts of baseness or generosity are contagious; this man will give himself altogether because of a story of devotion, this man declares he will do nothing until Sir F. E. Smith goes to the front. And the would-be prophet of what is going to happen must guess the relative force of these most impalpable and uncertain things.

(Concluded on Page 29)



The Elephant Never Forgets

By Charles E. Van Loan

ILLUSTRATED BY ARTHUR WILLIAM BROWN

"A Dirty, Cheap Little Four-Dollar Gun—and it Killed a Millionaire!"

THE trouble began when the Elephant and Lee Dixon were cub reporters on the old Star, earning respectively twenty-five and thirty dollars a week, but getting only twelve and fifteen.

The Elephant had another name, of course. The city editor and the telephone operator and the cashier knew that it was Hugh Warren; but when the rank and file spoke of the largest cub in captivity it was always as the Elephant. Lee Dixon's pet name for him was Jumbo. In those days Warren was a ponderous, good-natured youth with an incredible amount of patience and perseverance and an entirely unwarranted faith in his fellow man.

He had a queer habit of rocking himself back and forth on his tremendous feet, much as an elephant sways at his picket pin, and in other ways the nickname fitted him better than his clothes. Warren accepted it with a sheepish grin, and set out to learn the newspaper game in all its dips, spurs and angles. This is more of an undertaking than most people suspect, but the Elephant did not falter. He regarded journalism as a career, and in his heart he spelled both words with capital letters—a J and a C. As a matter of fact, the J stood for Job, and the C for Calling. In the beginning he did not know this.

The Elephant was blessed with a tiny germ of the talent for expressing his thoughts on paper; so he was put on the general assignment list, where he toiled heavily at collecting items of interest. Having collected them he would plant himself solidly before a venerable typewriter and poke at it with stiff forefingers until it squeaked for mercy. Then he would turn the finished product over to Palmer, the city editor, and retire to a far corner, where he would rock back and forth and study the expression on the city editor's face as he glanced over the copy. A great deal of the Elephant's early stuff went into the discard, but he was learning something every day, and one of his busy instructors was Lee Dixon.

Physically and mentally, Dixon was everything which the Elephant was not. He weighed one hundred and ten pounds—fifty pounds of it was concentrated extract of pure meanness—and he stood five feet and two inches in his shoes; but his soul was even smaller than that. Dixon was meddlesome by nature as well as malicious, and he was cursed with a twisted sense of humor which led him to undertake the education of the Elephant for the fun there was in it.

Now what was fun for Dixon was misery for someone else; but the big, helpless cub, eager to learn, willing to be taught by anyone and sincere to his two hundred and fifty-ninth pound, blundered into all the traps set by Dixon, took his medicine like a man and laughed with the others at his own expense. Revenge in its kind was out of the question, and humor of any sort did not appeal to the Elephant. He might have yanked the little pest over his knee and spanked him soundly, but that would have been taking advantage of his size; and, to tell the truth, such an idea never entered Warren's head. Ever since he could remember, his size had made him an object of ridicule; he was used to it.

He did not enjoy Dixon's efforts in his behalf, though he endured them stoically. If a man can be patient with a gadfly or a mosquito the Elephant was patient with Lee Dixon; but when the latter went over to the opposition paper Hugh Warren heaved a sigh of relief that came all the way from the fourth button of his vest. Later he had occasion to regret that he had not broken Dixon's neck as a farewell token.

One cold, rainy night, toward the end of the Elephant's first year as a reporter, Palmer, the city editor of the Star, cast his eye over the available members of his working staff. Jimmy Grayson, who had been playing pool in the back room at Jerry's place and killing time when he should have been at work, was industriously thumping out the story that might as well have been written three hours earlier. Stevens and Helverson were also hard at it and could not be spared. In the far corner the Elephant was painstakingly prodding his old typewriter until it quivered in every joint; but as Palmer looked at him Warren jerked the last sheet off the roll and glanced at the clock.

"You—Warren!"

The Elephant rose, groaning, for he was tired, the hour was late and he wanted to go home. Palmer held a slip of paper in his hand on which was written a name and an address. This he handed to Warren. At the same instant his desk telephone buzzed and Palmer, receiver at his ear, flung hurried directions over his shoulder:

"Go out to that address. . . . Survivor of train wreck at Elmdale this afternoon. . . . Helped take care of the injured—all that sort of thing. . . . Good human-interest yarn. And get a move on you!"

The Elephant rumbled resentfully as he struggled into his damp overcoat. Grayson, at thirty-five dollars a week, could loaf and play pay-ball pool while a faithful servant like himself carried the heavy end of the load! He felt the injustice of the thing keenly; the feeling deepened into downright outrage as he examined the slip of paper.

J. W. Harkness, 2723 Mayfair Street.

"Away to hell-and-gone, on the other side of town!" grumbled the Elephant as he stepped into the elevator. "I'm a good thing, I am—and the best I ever get is the worst of it!"

No street car was in sight, so he dropped in at Jerry's place to escape the wind and the rain. Jerry's was common territory for all the men who worked in Newspaper Row. Lee Dixon was standing at the bar, fortifying himself against a chill, for he was very wet. Water dripped from the brim of his slouch hat.

"'Lo, Jumbo!" was his greeting. "Take something for what ails you?"

"No, thanks; I'm waiting for a car."

"Through for the night?"

"No; confound it!"

Dixon clucked sympathetically.

"No use talking," said he; "Palmer's got Simon Legree beat to a whisper. He'd work a reporter all day and all night if he thought he could get away with it. It ain't fair."

"Fair!" said the Elephant. "That reminds me—I've got to go 'way out on Mayfair Street at this time o' night!"

"Mayfair Street!" ejaculated Dixon. "Why, I ——" Here he paused, for the Elephant was pouring out his grievance.

"I won't get back till after midnight, and that'll be twelve hours to-day. Now Grayson ——" Dixon did not seem to be listening.

"Maybe I can give you a tip on that Mayfair assignment," said he. "Just between friends, you're on that wreck story, ain't you? Harkness is the bird you're after—eh?"

"Yes; but how did you know?"

"Oh, we got the steer over in our office, and the boss jumped me out on the story. I've just come from there. . . . By the way, big feller, who is this Harkness? Have you got any line on him? What does he do?"

"Darned if I know," said the Elephant, and on that word Dixon laid hold of his sleeve and began to talk rapidly.

"When I got out there the house was dark; so I rang the electric bell a few times. Pretty soon an upstairs window opened and let out some rough language. 'What in the so-and-so and the this-and-that are you doing down there, you ——' Getting personal right away."

"He cussed you, did he?"

"Say, listen: He was only warming up. I've been round a little and I've heard some people that thought they could swear, but this old boy Harkness has got 'em all faded to a croupy whisper. Nothing to it at all. In a class by himself. Well, I told him I was a reporter and asked him about the wreck, but that only gave him a chance to draw a long breath and start all over again. He damned the railroads and the newspapers and the reporters, and wound up by telling me that if I didn't get off his front steps he'd skip a beer bottle off my head."

"You quit him then?"

"You bet I did; but I left him something to remember me by: I took a toothpick and wedged it in beside the button so that the bell would keep right on ringing. When I was halfway down the block he opened the window again and began bouncing beer bottles off the steps where he thought I might be. It'll be a wonder if the neighbors don't have him arrested for disturbing the peace and using profane language. Serve him good and right!"

"I guess I couldn't get anything by going out there," said the Elephant, wavering.

"Well, Hugh, old boy, that's for you to decide." And at the mention of his name, so seldom used by anyone, Warren's heart suddenly warmed toward his former tormentor. "On account of that little toothpick stunt, it's only decent for me to warn you what you're up against. Go or not, just as you see fit; but look out for your head. The old rip might murder you."

"It's good of you to tell me," said the Elephant heartily; "and under the circumstances ——"

"You'd be wasting your time and getting wet for nothing," said Dixon, completing the sentence. "Well, I've got to be going. So long!"

After Dixon left him the Elephant looked at his watch. It was ten minutes to eleven. It would take half an hour to reach the Mayfair Street address and half an hour to return. Warren opened the swinging door and a sheet of cold rain struck him fairly in the face. He did not go out into the street.

Shortly after midnight Palmer glanced up and found the Elephant standing beside his desk.

"Well?" said he. "Hop to it; it's getting late!"

"Say, that was a sweet little job you gave me!" began the Elephant, doing his level best to seem indignant, though really shaking in his shoes, for he was an inexperienced liar and without the courage of his equivocations. Grayson could have done it much better. The Elephant could only repeat himself: "A sweet little job! That Harkness—he—he's a tough old nut."

"A what?" demanded the city editor, suddenly giving Warren his full attention. "What do you mean—a tough nut?"

"Why, I went out there," stammered the Elephant, "and—and he swore at me until he was black in the face. He ——"

"Nonsense!" snapped Palmer. "You got the wrong house!"

"No; it was Harkness all right enough." The Elephant blundered on to his fate, conscious of Palmer's steely blue eye. "It was Harkness. He—he said so. And he said that ——"

Here followed a blast of language calculated to shock even a city editor. It died away when the Elephant became aware that Palmer was smiling at him. Palmer's smile was mostly a matter of teeth and upper lip.

"Ah!" said the city editor slowly. "I see. And it was Harkness—you're sure? And he said that—eh? Go on."

The Elephant felt that something was very much out of joint somewhere, but there was no retreat; he had to go on.

"He threw empty beer bottles at me," said the Elephant desperately, "and the neighbors ——"

"Don't strain yourself!" interrupted Palmer. "Let it go at that."

He reached out and drew a city directory from the top of his desk. It was like Palmer to prolong the agony, and the wretched Elephant died a thousand deaths as the city editor's finger traveled from H to Har. It came to rest at last.

"Read this," said Palmer, indicating a line. "You really ought to practice a lie if you want to tell a good one, and it never hurts to get in touch with the facts. Read this, Warren, because I want you to know why I'm firing you."

The Elephant read, and the starch went out of his fat knees and an icy flutter ran down his spine:

Harkness, John Wesley, Bishop Methodist Church, 2723 Mayfair.

The next day a ponderous young man stared out of the window of a tourist sleeper and watched the landscape of his native state slide by at an even forty miles an hour. As he stared he attempted to piece together the broken bits of a career. For the fourth time he read an article in the opposition morning paper. It detailed the stirring experiences of Bishop Harkness among the injured and dying, and by several tricks of expression the Elephant was able to identify the writer. The hand was the hand of Lee Dixon—none other.

"By golly!" groaned the Elephant. "Why didn't I lay for the little rat and choke him to death?"

II

THE years swung by, and in a far country Hugh Warren lost his nickname and found his career. He learned the newspaper game, top, sides and bottom—learned it so well that before he was forty the great owner of a greater paper offered him a position as city editor. Warren stepped from the ranks into a private office done in mahogany and frosted plate glass, and installed his two hundred and seventy-eight pounds behind a roll-top desk with enough pigeonholes in it to warehouse the secrets of an empire. It is a pleasure to record that as a city editor the Elephant was a conspicuous success, though he tolerated no loafing or soldiering.

One day a small man entered the private office in search of a job as reporter. The visitor gulped and changed color when he recognized authority in bulk

"Oh, it's you, is it? . . . It never struck me that it would be the same Warren."

"Yep; it's me," said the city editor, who insisted on pure English in the paper even if he did not always take the trouble to speak it.

"And where have you been all this time, Dixon?"

"Oh, out there on the Coast—San Francisco, Seattle, Portland. Took a whirl at Salt Lake on the way over."

"What can I do for you?"

Now the Elephant very well knew what he could do for Dixon. Strangers did not cross the threshold of the private office without stating their business to an attendant. The Elephant knew, but he wanted to hear Dixon say it; and who can blame him for that?

"Why, I—I was looking for a job, Hugh; but I guess I'll try an afternoon paper. You're full up, ain't you?"

"Always room for one more, if it's a good one. . . . Do you know the town?"

Confidence suddenly returned to the applicant, along with the conviction that bygones were to be bygones.

"It won't take me long to learn."

"All right; one o'clock to-morrow—forty a week to start."

And that was all—no, not quite all. Dixon began to say something about the good old days on the Star, but the words stuck in his throat when he saw Warren was not listening. The city editor was checking up the advance schedule of the day's events, and Dixon, irresolute for a few seconds, slipped out of the office without completing the sentence. He had hoped that Warren would agree that the old days were good days; given the slightest encouragement he might even have said that he was sorry the Bishop Harkness joke had turned out badly. He was not really sorry, of course; but to say so might have smoothed his path a trifle in case the Elephant should ever recall the friendly tip given him that rainy night in Jerry's place. So Dixon left with his thanks unsaid.

Before he was out of the building he told himself that the city editor of the Sphere was a lucky big stiff. Time had made no difference in the size of Lee Dixon, body or soul. The only improvement was in his work. Twenty years had made him a good reporter—almost a great one—with a keen sense of news values and the ability to tell a story in short, whiplash sentences that presented the facts, and at the same time outlined a mental picture, the details to be filled in by the imagination of the reader. He was a distinct addition to the staff of the paper, and this the Elephant noted with grim satisfaction, raising Dixon's salary to fifty dollars a week.

Dixon should have been grateful; but, instead of gratitude, there was in him a vague feeling of resentment, which soon crystallized into the firm belief that in some way Warren had wronged him. The other reporters swore by their city editor; Dixon swore at him, sneering whenever Warren's name was mentioned.

"Didn't I know him when he was a big, fumble-footed cub?" he would say. "Now look at him! All swelled up like a toy balloon! Mark my words, he'll bust some day."

Billy Williams, another reporter, heard this once too often.

"Seems to me, Dixon, the boss has been pretty good to you!"

"And why wouldn't he be?" was the retort. "Why wouldn't he? Didn't I teach him all he knows?"

"According to your own statement," grinned Williams, "that ain't much. If there's anything makes me tired it's a member of the I-knew-him-when Club. Get onto yourself!"

Dixon was not popular, but he was used to unpopularity. It was another of his boasts that he held his jobs on ability, not personality or pull; and this boast was his truest one. If the Elephant suspected Dixon's attitude toward him there was not the slightest hint of it in the city editor's manner; and because of this Dixon came gradually to entertain another delusion quite worthy of his wizened soul: he believed that Warren treated him well because he was afraid of him. So it will be seen that Dixon was conceited as well as malicious.

This was the state of affairs when the Shields murder shocked the entire state. David Shields was a retired capitalist of immense fortune, whose hobby was sane philanthropy. He believed in education for the young; but even more he believed in filling empty stomachs, and his private charities ran well into six figures yearly. The deserving poor had reason to bless him because of the Christmas spirit that lived in his heart from January to December, and perhaps no man ever had so much money and so many friends at the same time.

"Old Davy," as he was affectionately called, was a fine, clean citizen and a credit to the age that produced him; in every way he deserved the affection and esteem in which he was held. Imagine, then, the twin waves of horror and indignation which followed the news that David Shields had been done to death by a vindictive Italian gardener.

On the afternoon of September 22, 19—, the aged philanthropist was found dead in the greenhouse behind his residence. There was but one mark of violence on the body—a bullet hole in the chest.

Suspicion pointed toward the gardener, an Italian named Antonio Lorenzi. Little was known of the man save that he had not long been in the employ of Shields, and his work had proved unsatisfactory—so much so that he had been notified that at the end of the week he might look elsewhere. Lorenzi had argued with Mr. Shields and thereafter had seemed sullen and ugly.

Half an hour before the discovery of the crime Lorenzi had been seen coming from the greenhouse, evidently very much excited about something. He left the premises by the rear gate and a housemaid employed next door had seen him running down the alley.

Suspicion became certainty when Officer Halloran arrested Lorenzi in the act of boarding a train. This was shortly after dark. Though not informed of the reason for his arrest, the Italian at once broke into a passionate denial of the crime, exclaiming over and over in broken English that he was a good man and no murderer; someone else had killed his boss.

"An' how did you know your boss was killed?" demanded Halloran. "Cut out that jabberin' an' come quiet or I'll knock your block off!"

When searched, a thirty-two caliber revolver was found in the gardener's pocket, the trigger resting upon an empty shell. The other chambers were loaded.

"Knew about the murder, did he?" growled the desk sergeant, sniffing of the weapon. "This is what he done it with; it's been fired lately. Boys, it's a dead-open-and-shut case. Lock him up. . . . Yeh; I hear you sayin' you didn't do it. Tell that to the judge!"

Antonio Lorenzi was booked on a charge of murder, and later some reporters were allowed to ask him questions through an interpreter. Dixon was one of them.

The story told by the Italian was so wildly improbable that it strengthened the case against him; even the stolid interpreter winked as he translated Lorenzi's answers.

"Ask him where he was and what he was doing between one o'clock and three this afternoon."

"He says he was trimming a tree on the front lawn."

"Ask him if he went into the greenhouse at all."

"Yes; he went there for a minute. He says he saw his boss on the floor, dead."

"Then what did he do?"

"He says he ran away."

"I've Got a Whale of a Story, Jumbo—a Whale of a Story!"

"Ask him why he didn't give the alarm."

"He says he was afraid they would think he did it."

"Ask him if he wasn't sore because he was going to lose his job."

"He says he was sore. It was a good job, he says, and he wanted to keep it; but the boss didn't know anything about flowers."

"Slip this one over on him quick and take him by surprise: Didn't he shoot his boss because he was sore about losing the job?"

"He says no, no! God is his judge; he didn't do it."

"Ask him if he heard a shot fired while he was trimming that tree."

"He says no; he didn't hear anything."

And so on for an hour or more. Third-degree methods drew nothing but frenzied denials. The consensus of opinion was that hanging was much too good for Antonio Lorenzi.

The complete chain of evidence, as presented to the coroner's jury, would have damned a saint from heaven, much more a shivering and frightened Italian gardener. The same evidence was hurried to the grand jury, which promptly found an indictment; and the prisoner next appeared in court, where he was arraigned.

Lorenzi was without counsel or means, so the judge yawned behind his hand and assigned as counsel for the defense a fledgling just out of law school; whereupon that young man whispered to a friend that it was hell to lose one's very first big case. The indictment was read, a true copy thereof presented to the defendant, and Antonio Lorenzi entered a plea of not guilty. This was on Monday and the case was set for trial on the following Wednesday. When a man has neither money nor friends, and there is need of a public example, the law puts on seven-league boots.

That afternoon Lee Dixon was in the office of the property clerk at the Central Police Station on business connected with another case. Sergeant Mullane, a kindly old soul and in his way a bit of a philosopher, was wrapping up some bloodstained garments.

"What you got there, sarge?" asked Dixon.

"The evidence in the Shields case," answered the officer. "Want to see it?"

He spread the various articles upon the counter—a gruesome collection—and Dixon glanced at them in a casual manner. He had often seen such things before.

Sergeant Mullane picked up the revolver that had been found in Lorenzi's possession and shook his head as he regarded it.

"A dirty, cheap little four-dollar gun," said he. "That would be a big price for it—and it killed a millionaire! He was a good man too—God rest his soul! . . . Now, what could have got into the Dago to make him do a trick like that?"

"The Lord knows," said Dixon absently. "Crazy, I guess. He'll get his, all right. It's a dead-open-and-shut case."

"Not a question about it," said Sergeant Mullane; "but nothing they can do to the Dago will bring Davy Shields back again. He's gone; and many's the poor, homeless, friendless divvle that'll miss him this winter. . . . See, here's the bullet that did it."

The sergeant opened a plain manila envelope and shook out of it a cylindrical chunk of lead. It was slightly mushroomed at the point of impact, but the butt end of the slug retained its original shape and was unmarked save for the identification marks scratched on it by the autopsy surgeon.

"Let's see it," said Dixon, taking the bullet.

"Nothing much to look at," babbled the garrulous old man; "but what a difference it'll make to a lot of folks this winter! . . . There goes my phone. I'll be right back."

Left alone at the counter, Dixon weighed the bullet in his palm; and then, out of sheer idleness and for no other reason, he picked up the revolver and tried to fit the butt end of the slug into the muzzle of the weapon.

Instantly his attitude changed from carelessness to startled and acute attention—a glance told him all he wanted to know and much more than he could understand. As Dixon stood there, staring first at the bit of lead and then at the barrel of the revolver, he heard the telephone receiver click back on its hook, and the sound waked his reportorial instinct.

When Sergeant Mullane returned he found the evidence in the Shields case on the counter and Dixon very much engrossed in the manufacture of a brown-paper cigarette; but the officer could not have guessed that the reporter held his breath until the slug was safely back in its envelope again.

"A little thing," said Mullane; "but it meant the life of a human being."

"Yes," said Dixon. "Yes, sarge; and it might easily mean the life of another one."

"And I hope it does!" ejaculated Sergeant Mullane. "We've got too many murdering Dagos in this country already."

Dixon remained, chatting, until he saw the cord knotted about the bundle of evidence. Then he took his departure.

Late that night Dixon called on his city editor and closed the door behind him.

"Why all this secrecy?" demanded Warren.

"Because I've got something that mustn't leak outside this office. I've got a whale of a story, Jumbo—a whale of a story!"

At the sound of the old nickname Warren's eyebrows rose the sixteenth part of an inch and there was a chilly pause in the conversation.

"Well?" said Warren at length.

"Now don't get stuffy!" Dixon tried to pass it off with a laugh. "You used to be ——"

"What is this story?"

The city editor ignored Dixon's conciliatory manner and brought him immediately to business.

"It's the Shields murder case. You know what they've got on the gardener, Lorenzi, don't you? Not a thing in the world but circumstantial evidence; but up to now nobody has even hinted that they might not have the right man."

"Nonsense!" said Warren. "He'd quarreled with Shields; he was seen coming from the greenhouse and running away; he knew that a murder had been committed, and they found the gun on him, with one chamber empty. That alone is enough to hang him."

"You think so, do you?" sneered Dixon. "It's a good thing for Lorenzi that they did find the gun. It may be enough to free him!"

The city editor's swivel chair whined as he leaned forward.

"Free him how?"

"Because," said Dixon, insolent in his triumph, "the gun they found on Lorenzi was a thirty-two, but the shot that killed Shields was fired from a thirty-eight!"

"No!" ejaculated Warren.

"And I tell you—yes!"

"How did you find this out?"

"I had my suspicions right along," lied Dixon, "and to-day I went to the property room at police headquarters and got a peek at the evidence. They didn't know what I was after—the boneheads! You see, it's such a dead-open-and-shut case against Lorenzi that the police and everybody else take it for granted, and let it go at that. Nobody thought to look at the bullet after it was taken from the body—they were so certain it came out of that empty shell."

"Could the Italian have had another gun and thrown it away?"

"Not a chance in the world! It takes a mighty smart criminal to think that far ahead and plant evidence for his defense, and Lorenzi ain't smart. He's just a stupid fool or he never would have blatted out to the police as soon as they caught him. I've had an interpreter pegging away at him for two hours to-night—just going over and over his story and trying to trip him up somewhere; and it's the same one he told when he was arrested—not a change in it anywhere, and he sticks to it like glue.

"That's what makes me think it's the truth; and when you come to analyze it every single thing that points to his guilt might just as easily point to his innocence. Shields was dead when he found him—dead in the greenhouse where Lorenzi worked most of the time. Ain't it natural that an ignorant foreigner should lose his head and run away?"

"How does he account for the empty shell in the thirty-two?"

"Easy enough. Says he went out for a walk that night before the murder and took a shot at a dog that tried to bite him. He told us that the first night. Everybody was so sure it was a lie that nobody took the trouble to check it up. It was barely mentioned in the papers."

"Where was he when he took the shot at the dog?"

"That's the trouble. He doesn't know the town very well and can't describe the exact neighborhood; but, once this story is printed, someone is sure to turn up who heard that shot fired. Then if there's a mean white dog anywhere round that much of Lorenzi's story is substantiated. Shall I write what I've got about the bullet?"

"Wait a second. When does he come up for trial?"

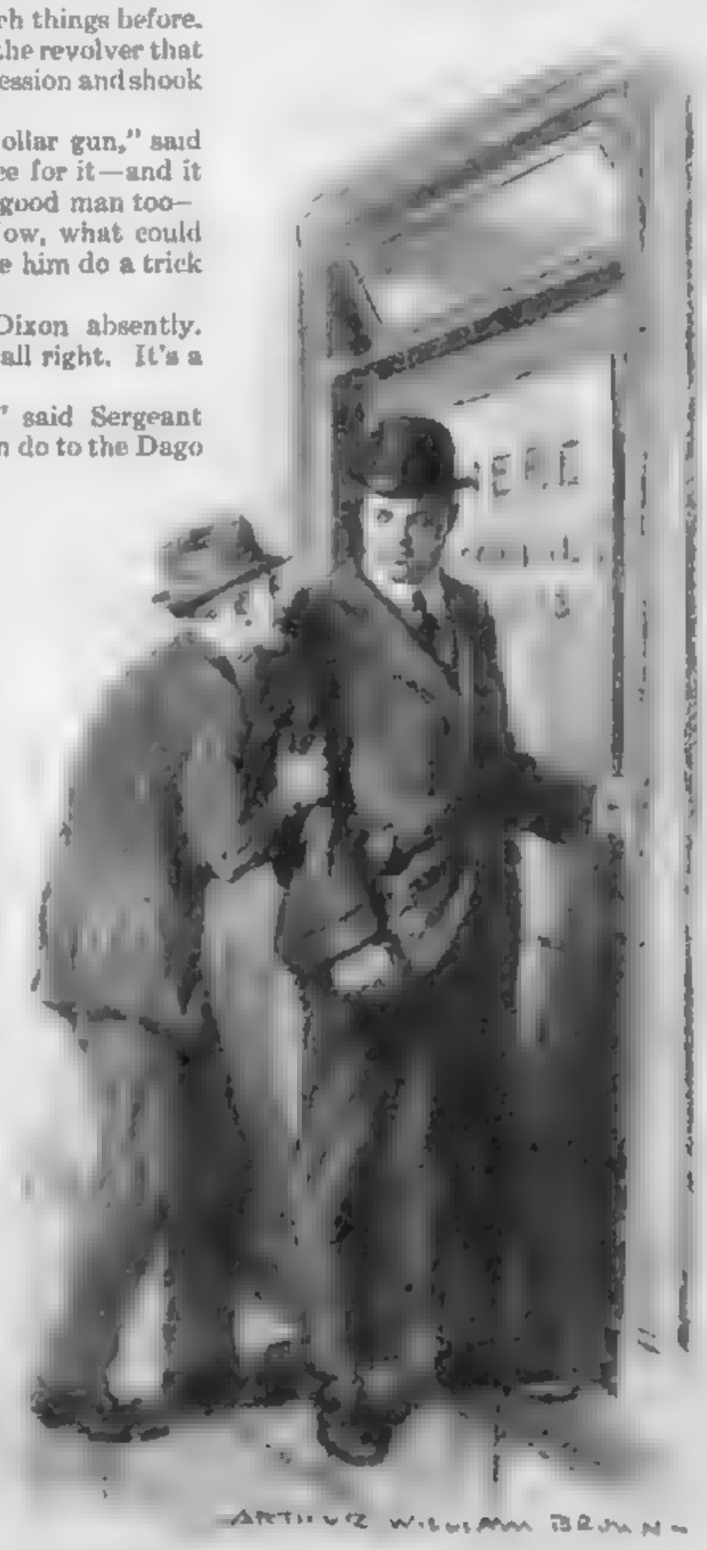
"Wednesday morning. They're railroading him for the sake of the example."

"You're sure nobody else knows about the thirty-eight?"

"Positive; and it's wrapped up now with the bundle and ready to go to court. It'll be noticed there, sure! All you've got to do is put the gun and the slug side by side—a child would tumble to it."

"We'll beat them to it," said the city editor. "Don't say a word to anybody and see what you can find out to-morrow. Check up on the dog story and we'll spring the whole thing Wednesday morning. It'll be an eye-opener, sure!"

"Well, don't forget who went out and got it," said Dixon.



"You've Got to Listen to Me! It's a Matter of Life or Death"

III

ON TUESDAY afternoon, as Warren stepped out of the elevator on the editorial floor of the Sphere Building, he was accosted by a pale, shabby stranger who barred his way.

"I came here to see the editor of this paper," said the man, speaking rapidly and with a nervous twitch at the left side of his mouth. "I've got important business with him; but because I won't tell what it is they won't let me in. And it says at the head of your editorial column that this paper is the servant of the public!"

Warren glanced at the man and received an unpleasant impression. His extreme pallor, his wandering eyes and his twitching lips told their own story.

"Dope!" thought the city editor, and tried to shoulder his way to the door of the editorial rooms.

The man seized his arm and held it in a grip that bit into the flesh.

"You've got to listen to me! It's a matter of life or death. Look here!" He drew an afternoon paper from his pocket and thrust it at Warren. "To-morrow they're going to try that Italian gardener for murder. It's wrong, I tell you—wrong!" The man's voice rose sharply. "It says here that he has no defense; it says they'll hang him—don't go yet! Give me just a minute! Can't you understand? This Italian is innocent! I can swear to it! He didn't shoot Shields any more than you did. He ——"

Warren drew the man into a corner.

"Not quite so loud," said he soothingly. "What's this about Shields?" But the thread was broken. The man wavered; his eyes grew vague. "What about Shields?" prompted Warren. "You wanted to tell me about him, didn't you?"

"Shields?" said the man, recovering himself with an effort. "Shields? . . . Oh, yes. They said he was a philanthropist; they said he helped the poor. It was a lie! I tried him—I wrote him letters—dozens of 'em. I even told him why I wanted the money, and finally what did I get? This!" He fumbled in his pockets and produced a worn envelope. "I got a letter from him saying that my case would be investigated. Who investigated it? The police! They tried to prove I was crazy. They wanted to lock me up; but I got out, and then ——"

"Yes; go on," said Warren. "What did you do then?"

A look of cunning crept into the man's eyes, and he shook his head.

"That's the part I'm not going to tell," said he.

"But you said the Italian was innocent," persisted Warren.

"He is!" cried the man fiercely. "I can prove it too."

"I don't believe you." It was meant as a taunt and it succeeded admirably.

"I say I can prove it—and I will! This man Lorenzi—they found a revolver on him, didn't they? 'Damning evidence'—that's what the newspapers called it! Fools! A thirty-two-caliber revolver it was." Here the man lowered his voice to a hoarse whisper. "Why didn't they look at the bullet? Why didn't they?"

(Concluded on Page 64)

LUCKY 7

By George Pattullo

ILLUSTRATED BY W. B. KING

THERE was an aged Duke of Hanover so consumed by jealousy that he could find no rest. And why? Because, forsooth, his duchess preferred a younger man! The selfish fellow was beside himself; fury seized him.

He had the handsome Count of Koenigsmarck arrested and thrown bodily into a hot oven.

Does it not exceed the bounds of credibility, m'sieu? As Madame Patsy would say—Can you beat it? Nevertheless, those are the facts. And his inhuman cruelty did not stop there. No; not content with separating the lovers, the wretch took up a position at the oven door and jeeringly inquired of the unhappy youth if it were warm enough for him.

I mention this historical incident, my friend, because it reveals the havoc wrought by the passion of jealousy—and jealousy was the root of much dissension in the domestic life of the Hickses that caused me acute distress. M'sieu Joe was madly infatuated with his wife. Did she so much as glance at a prepossessing stranger, he would glower and mutter vague threats of an intention to bust somebody first thing somebody knew.

Do not judge him too harshly, my friend. None are wholly immune to its pangs.

I am persuaded there can be no love without a measure of jealousy in some form.

Take Madame Patsy herself. She affected indifference toward her husband's activities and was wont to scoff at the smallest display of tenderness, but to one who knows women as I do it was plain that she, too, was smitten with the malady.

"For the love of Mike, take off that tie!"

"What's the matter with it?"

"It's far too loud for your age."

M'sieu Joe winked at me and grinned. "I feel spry enough," he assured her.

"Yes, and that's just the trouble. Here I'm not thirty yet and I'm getting yellow and look a sight ——"

"Oh, you ain't so bad, Patsy."

"And you'll be exactly like you are now when you're seventy."

"Why not?" he returned with maddening complacence. "Maybe I'll start out with the boys agin then."

"It'd be just like you," declared madame vehemently. "And I pity her from the bottom of my heart!"

"Pity who?"

"Your second."

M'sieu Joe whistled and said slowly: "You don't calculate to stay among us, then?"

"If I did die," she burst out, "you'd get another inside of six months."

"Uh-uh! Not me!"

"Yes you would too. Men're all alike. Any young she who comes along can twist one round her finger. But you might at least wait a year!"

"Me marry again, after all I've been through?" cried her husband. "Wow! No, ma'am!"

"That's all right too. You'd be as easy as the others. If she had the looks all she'd have to do—well, Mrs. Field and I were saying only yesterday that we're just scared to die. That's the truth. Some designing hussy—why, you and Sam would be scoutin' the day after the funeral."

"Just try us and see," challenged M'sieu Joe.

Madame gave him one look and addressed her next words to me:

"When you get married, Henree, I hope you'll treat your wife like a lady, no matter how hard it is for you."

"Shot in the Atlantic!" interjected my friend. "Shucks, Frenchy's got too much sense ever to marry."

"On the contrary," I rejoined, somewhat nettled, "it is my intention to wed just as soon as I can find the lady of my choice."

He was staggered and, for the moment, incredulous, but perceiving from my determined air that I was thoroughly in earnest he cast on me a look of the utmost commiseration.

"You poor boob!" he murmured, and got up from the table and went out. Presently we heard him singing in the next room:

The scene is in an 'umble 'ome where poverty holds sway,
A woman watches at the window since the break of day;
Her baby cries for papa, but no answer greets the name,
He's searching the great city, some employment to obtain.
A former lover chances by and sees their sorry plight,
He offers her his wealth untold to fly with him that night;
She looks at him with proud disdain, he shrinks beneath her scorn,
As pointing to the door she says—"You cow-hard, you, begone!"

His voice soared to a doleful whine, with quavers at the end of each line.

"I love my husband dearly, my baby so sincerely,
Were I to leave them now their hearts would break;
So leave me now forever, your gold will tempt me never,
For rags're royal raiment when worn for virtue's sake."

Just then she hears her husband's step, her heart is beating fast,
He rushes in the room and shouts, "Dear Mary, I've work at last!"
She nestles

"Good gee!" cried madame, "you'll drive me crazy. Can that stuff!"

My friend instantly desisted, but a moment later he called back in a resentful tone: "It's right queer how you never will let me sing. That's the sweetest song ever wrote too."

With this dictum I could not bring myself to agree. While the sentiments expressed by the faithful wife were doubtless praiseworthy, the conduct of the lover lacked verisimilitude. Indeed, neither the theme nor the form equaled any of several that occurred to me.

"That ain't singing," retorted madame. "It sounds like you're standing on wet grass."

We heard him grumble; then: "You got your duds packed up, Patsy? Best see to it right now, because the train goes at ten and the car'll be at the door at 9:30 sharp."

"Keep your shirt on," she replied. "It's only eight o'clock."

But the reminder served its purpose, and after finishing her coffee she ascended the stairs to superintend the packing. For we had decided, m'sieu, to spend the winter on the Coast. Yes; after long persuasion she had convinced her husband that it was absurd to remain amid blustering winds and abrupt changes of temperature when we might be basking in sunshine.

We caught the train by the fraction of a minute, and as madame was fatigued from a hard day's shopping she retired at once.

They had engaged a stateroom; my berth was Lower 7, almost in the center of the car.

The weather was sharp, my bed warm, and I slept soundly; yet in the sudden hush that succeeded the rattle and jolting when we stopped at a station I invariably woke. During one of these intervals some passengers climbed aboard and I was further disturbed by the strident tones of a gentleman reasoning with the conductor.

"But I tell you I telegraphed ahead," he maintained stoutly. "A section for my daughters and a lower for myself."

"Very sorry, but you're not down here at all, sir."

"Look at that again, brother. Huckens. Got the name? H-u-c-k-e-n-s."

"There must be a mistake somewhere. We're full up except Section 5, and that was booked for a party named Johnson, but he didn't turn up. You aren't him by any chance?"

The gentleman warmly assured him that he was not—and neither was he Jones or Murphy or Schultz. Having started in this vein, he was proceeding to tell with admirable force and clarity what he knew of the railway and its operating force, when a soft feminine voice interrupted: "Oh, dad, never mind! If your wire wasn't delivered it isn't his fault. Is Section 5 occupied yet, conductor?"

"No, madam. I held it, thinking Mr. Johnson might get on here. But this is the last stop."

"Then why can't we have it?"

"You can. I'll fix you up right now."

Followed some argument as to the division of the berths. You will scarcely believe it, m'sieu, in these days and times, but the young ladies actually wished their father to occupy the lower while they scaled a ladder and doubled up in the one above. He would not listen to this arrangement.

"You couldn't both sleep there," he objected. "There ain't room. One of you'd be bound to fall out. Besides, I'm not so old as all that. Fetch me the steps, boy! And you two crawl in below."

His will prevailed, and they disposed themselves accordingly. My curiosity strongly stirred, I peeped out to ascertain what manner of persons these travelers might be, but the light was dim and I could distinguish nothing. I lay down again to sleep.

It may be that I dozed; at any rate it was assuredly some hours later when subdued voices in the next berth gradually penetrated my consciousness:

"I've just got to get a drink. I can't stand it any longer."

The answer came sleepily: "Ring for the porter then."

"I don't like to. It'd wake the whole car."

"Then go yourself."

As I Neared Her She Turned Her Head. My Fondest Imaginings Were Exceeded

"I believe I will. Everybody's asleep and I can sneak back in a second."

"Well," acquiesced the other with a sigh.

Next I became aware that one of the occupants of Lower 5 was cautiously emerging. I turned over, with my back to the aisle, and resolutely closed my eyes, but hardly had I settled the covers when there came a patter of bare feet. They stopped opposite my berth, and before I could move a muscle the blanket was jerked off my shoulders and a young lady flounced into bed beside me.

"Oh!" she whispered with an exultant shiver. "The conductor nearly saw me!"

It was on the tip of my tongue to offer felicitations on her fortunate escape, but luckily I restrained the impulse. Yes; I lay there, scarcely daring to breathe and tingling with apprehension of what would happen when the lady discovered her error.

Have you ever been a duckshooter, m'sieu? Then you know what it is to listen to them come tearing out of the heavens and settle in the water.

Bien, she snuggled under the covers and said: "That idiot of a porter left the steps right in the middle of the aisle and I bruised my knee terribly."

"The wretch!" was my involuntary exclamation.

One bound, and she was out. I heard her cautiously groping for Section 5. A whispered question and she crept in there. Ensued a low-voiced colloquy—she was confiding the adventure to her sister. And at the thought I began to burn with mortification. Perhaps that will surprise you, my friend, since the mistake was not my fault. But I could appreciate the humiliation she would feel, and so became a victim of the most exquisite agony. Gooseflesh broke out all over me.

Otherwise the impression she left was distinctly agreeable. There lingered in the air a faint, delicate aroma of valley lilies. It was at once elusive and penetratingly sweet. Surely one who possessed a taste so refined must unite in her person a superior mind with the most charming physical attractions—thus I reasoned. Would you not consider such deductions sound, m'sieu?

These speculations disturbed my repose deliciously and sleep was slow in coming. When finally I passed to oblivion lily of the valley mingled with my dreams.

We were at rest in the railway yards of the terminus and passengers were busily engaged in packing up their effects to alight when I opened my eyes next morning. I woke with a curious sense of well-being and expectancy such as I had not experienced since boyhood. Ah, my friend, there is no thrill in life comparable with that sensation of joyous hope, beatific peace and eagerness commingled that is roused in us by the dawn of love.

In my memory still lingered the aroma of valley lilies. I put my head out of the curtains and took a discreet survey. No. 5 was vacant! The beds were already made up.

You may well believe that I came out of that berth speedily. It had been my intention to rise early, and here I was among the last. With my clothes trailing from my arms I rushed to the smoking compartment and made a hasty toilet. Indeed, I was obliged to forego the morning shave, much as I deplore the spectacle of a gentleman appearing at any hour with stubble on his chin; my hair received a few deft touches and that was all; it was impossible for me to do anything for my mustache. No; leaving that as it was, I hurried out to find the porter in order to ascertain what had become of the occupants of No. 5.

The rascal was nowhere about. Perhaps they were in the dining car? I went there.

M'sieu Joe and his wife sat at a table near the door, placidly partaking of eggs and bacon. He hailed me cheerfully: "Come on, Henree. Get some food under your belt before we go. It's five miles to the hotel."

Several other tables were occupied and there was a sprinkling of ladies among these diners, but intuition told me that none was the one I sought. Two were of passably pleasing appearance, it is true, but when you have said that you have said everything.

Madame Patsy inquired: "Got a cold?"

"Not in the least."

"The way you were sniffin'," she said, "I thought maybe you had."

I excused myself, quickly swallowed a boiled egg and cup of coffee, and again went in search of the porter.

"Why," said the Ethiopian, "they done got off as quick as evah we stopped, cap, and I nevah did see nobody in such a hurry as them ladies was. Wow! They sho' did make that ol' gen'l'man step lively now."

I was thunderstruck. All my glowing air-castles faded like bubbles on the wind. She had gone—and I had not even seen her! I had forgotten the father's name and the porter did not know it; the conductor had long since departed. So nothing remained to establish her identity but a haunting fragrance of valley lilies. That and the knowledge that she had a bruised knee. Not especially practical clues, you must admit, m'sieu. But Henri Giraud never abandons hope. I have learned that the lesson of life is to live bravely. The obstacles were great, but they were not insurmountable. They could be overcome.

Therefore *j'ai fait bonne contenance à mauvais jeu*, and we three piled into a car and were whirled to our hotel. Having bespoken rooms in advance, we secured good ones fronting on the sea and, soon settled, I descended to the lobby. For it was my purpose to pursue the quest without loss of a second, to follow it until I had found her. I am not impressionable, but, like all strong men, when once attracted I persist.

In order that no development of the hunt should catch me unprepared, I had donned my most becoming attire—a soft suit of brown, with a silk shirt of dull yellow with green stripes, a green tie, tan shoes, flesh-colored silk socks and a green Alpine hat. The *tout ensemble* was decidedly fetching, with a dash of the Continental in it, and I remarked that the mule loungers eyed me enviously. Indeed, they could not restrain their admiration.

"Do you see it too?" one asked wonderingly of his neighbor.

A wide, mirrored corridor led from the lobby to the writing room, and I remarked that it was much favored of the ladies. Numbers of them were constantly parading to and from the room, and the volume of their correspondence must have been prodigious. Here was the very spot for observation. If the adorable being I desired to find were in the hotel at all it seemed measurably probable that she would find occasion to pass along this corridor. Therefore I seated myself in an embrasure, prepared to spend the entire day there if necessary.

Many richly dressed and charming women went past and my olfactory nerves were assailed by every variety of perfume; but none was lily of the valley. *Néanmoins*, I found the search not unpleasant. However much they might affect nonchalance, the dear creatures could not be indifferent to my presence, and many were the bewildering glances that rested on me. To these I responded with discretion, but never for a moment wavered in my purpose.

While thus employed, a stocky fellow in plain dark clothes sauntered several times along the corridor. His hands were behind his back and his manner was careless, but I could detect that he was scrutinizing me narrowly all the same. Twice he approached ladies in the door of the writing room and conferred with them, and presently he strode up to me.

"Say, do you smell anything peculiar round here?"

"No, sir, I do not," I replied, greatly taken aback.

"Maybe you've got adenoids then?"

"Nor that either."

"Then what d'you mean by it, hey? What're you sniffin' at? These ladies tell me you've insulted 'em!" he exclaimed angrily.

I was dumfounded. To be accused of anything so base robbed me of speech.

"You come along with me," he continued. "We don't stand for your kind round here. And I'd advise you to come quiet too. I'm the house detective."

I might have known it from his feet. But that he should mistake me for that most detestable of the human species, a masher, roused my ire.

"You Come Along With Me. And I'd Advise You to Come Quiet Too"

"There has been a mistake—a serious mistake. I'm looking for a lady ——"

"That's no reason you should make up to everyone you see, is it? If you're waiting here for a lady, why can't you sit still and behave until she comes along? Who is she anyhow? Where ——"

"That," I replied, "is precisely what I do not know. Wait—hear me out, m'sieu—I have never seen this lady. My only means of identification is the odor of valley lilies. But find her I must."

While I was speaking he gazed at me intently, and now he dropped into a chair at my side.

"Sure," he said soothingly. "I see now. You're Julius Cæsar."

"I am not."

"Or Napoleon Bonaparte maybe? Now ain't you?"

"Nor the great emperor either. What is the meaning of this foolery, m'sieu?"

"Then if you ain't a nut," he exploded, "what the Sam Hill is all this monkey business about? Huh? To go smellin' like a hound pup for somebody you never laid eyes on! For two pins I'd run you in right now, and send for a vet."

It was plain that only appeasement could save me.

"Sir," I said earnestly, "the services of a vet are entirely superfluous. I admit that my behavior is odd to a degree and perhaps difficult of comprehension, but reflect on my case. Consider the situation of a man in love, who doesn't know"—at this juncture I discreetly pressed a twenty-dollar bill into his hand—"what would you do in similar ——"

"In love?" he echoed. "Why didn't you say so in the first place? That's something different. No fool play you could pull would surprise me now, Buddy. I've been there myself." Then he glanced toward the writing room and added:

"But you can't chase a lady up the way you're doing, you know. It's too metropolitan for this burg and is liable to land you in the ding-a-ling wagon. But come along with me and we'll talk it over. It begins to look like I'd made a mistake in your case."

The result of our conference was that the worthy fellow volunteered to assist me. In such a delicate task, he pointed out, trained intelligence would count for much, and he was willing to aid me in imitating a bloodhound for no other consideration than a trifling reward in the event of triumph.

"How does a hundred sound?" he asked carelessly.

"Fifty would be more agreeable. For consider, m'sieu—the search must end in a day, one way or the other."

He reluctantly agreed, and we parted on that understanding. Twice in the course of the morning he came to me hotfoot with the announcement that he had found her. But his sense of smell had deceived him. Once it was a short blond woman as fat as a butter-ball, who wheezed at every step.

"Heliotrope," I declared with conviction when still the length of the room from her.

The second proved to be a forbidding creature of middle age, all bones and angles. It was inconceivable how he could have made such a blunder. More heinous yet, the aroma that to him seemed lily of the valley was in reality garlic.

Noon found us unrewarded. M'sieu Joe and his wife had gone to spend the day with some friends, so that I was obliged to eat alone; but this solitariness accorded well with my mood.

Emerging into the mirrored corridor about two o'clock, my nostrils suddenly began to twitch. Could it be? I was all on fire, for the aroma that reached me, my friend, was lily of the valley. Faint and elusive, subtly alluring, it was yet unmistakable.

A young lady was passing through the door of the writing room. I caught only a glimpse of her back and the proud poise of her head, but that was sufficient. Every fiber of my being cried out that it was she.

You will marvel at the temerity I now displayed, m'sieu. For I entered the room and approached the table at which she sat, addressing a letter. A delicious trepidation caused a slight trembling of my limbs, but otherwise I was outwardly calm.

As I neared her she turned her head. I was ravished. My fondest imaginings were exceeded. Blue eyes that looked straight into mine; hair of silky black; a creamy skin glowing with the hue of health; heavy brows and a mouth meant for laughter—all that I saw in my first admiring survey. Then I bowed.

"Ma'm'selle," I began respectfully, "all day I have been hunting for you. If ——"

"That's mighty kind of you," she returned with brisk heartiness. "They surely are attentive in this hotel. Please mail it right away and you can keep the change."

With that she thrust the letter into my inert hands, following it with the pressure of a dime against my palm. Fain would I have sunk through the floor; the one woman in the world I desired to impress had taken me for one of those beardless youths employed to cry the names of guests in the lobby and barbershop and bar! While I stood there, staring stupidly at the missive, she rose and went out. Did my eyes deceive me or was she laughing?

After that, what was there to do? I had no choice—I posted the letter. Yes, m'sieu; I posted it and put eight cents aside for future use. They should be my weapon when opportunity offered.

That done, I hurried off to find the detective and acquaint him with the news. A bellhop gave the information that he was diligently hunting for me. We met near the entrance. He was panting.

"Got her!" he cried joyously. "No mistake about it this time. She's a peach, Buddy. Hurry up. She's just got back from a ride with her dad, and they're at the elevator."

I smiled at him tolerantly. "Pardon me," I corrected, "but I have this moment seen her in the writing room."

"Come on. Don't stall," he barked. "All I ask is for you to take one look. It's lily of the valley too, or I'm a Dutchman."

He seized my arm and half dragged, half piloted me to the elevators near the west entrance. And there I caught sight of her, by the side of an elderly gentleman with a sparse white beard.

"Get closer up," he whispered, "and you can make sure."

It was needless. I had already recognized my charmer, in spite of the fact that she was wearing a hat and coat. To humor the detective, however, I mingled with the throng waiting to ascend. There could be no possible doubt—the perfume was lily of the valley.

"Maybe I'm poor, hey?" he exulted at my ear. "How about that fifty, Buddy?"

I was about to reassure him when my attention was drawn to a young lady crossing the lobby toward us. The detective perceived her at the same moment and his mouth opened in ludicrous amazement. Well it might, m'sieu, for the lady advancing upon us was the one who had humiliated me.

"Two of 'em!" exclaimed my ally.

"Twins!"

"And they use the same scent!"

"Alas, yes."

"Which one is yours?"

"I do not know."

"Hell!" he said. "Let's get away from here before I go dippy too. This beats me."

I would have preferred to remain, but he tucked his hand under my arm and I went along willy-nilly.

"Their name," he informed me, "is Huckens. Mother dead. He's a cattleman and worth all kinds of money—thirty miles from the gate to his front door. I found out that much."

"Then my course is clear," said I.

"Is that so? Seems to me you're up against it harder than ever. What do you aim to do?"

"That," I told him, "is a purely personal matter. Adieu, my friend."

"How about that reward? Here! Hold on a minute!"

"You did not find her."

"I found half of her."

"Twenty-five dollars."

"All right. But I never thought you'd be short, Buddy."

The transaction was arranged on that basis and I spent the afternoon planning my campaign. You seem surprised, m'sieu, that I should have regarded the prospect with equanimity.

But reflect; she was near me, in the same hotel, under the guardianship of her parent. It is true that there were two, precisely alike, but I had not entirely exhausted the means of identification. One remained.

My path lay plain—I must first obtain the father's consent. Accordingly, upon M'sieu Joe's return that night I expressed a desire to make the acquaintance of a fellow guest and solicited his aid in the enterprise.

"What?" cried my friend. "Ol' Man Huckens? Is that ol' rascal here?"

"You know him, then?"

"Worked for him three years. Why, me and Ol' Man Huckens have stole more calves than any two men in Arizona. Know him? I reckon I do! What do you want to meet him for, Henree?"

"All in good time, my clown."

"Up to some shines, I'll bet a farm. All right; it's none of my funeral. We'll go downstairs after dinner, Henree, if you can think up some excuse that'll get by Patsy, and find the ol' sinner."

M'sieu Huckens proved to be far from the ogre my friend had painted him. He had a keen but kindly eye, leathery skin, a red nose and patriarchal beard. He received me graciously enough, and we sat chatting about the war until M'sieu Joe was summoned upstairs by a message from his wife. Then I straightened, buttoned my coat, cleared my throat and requested the boon of a private interview.

Immediately his mien altered. He cast on me a glance of suspicion.

"I ain't got any money," he said. "I ain't even paying my bills regular."

"It is not that. I have plenty."

A sigh of relief. "You in the cattle business maybe?" he demanded.

"Nor that either, m'sieu. It concerns your daughter."

"Huh!" grunted Old Man Huckens, eying me askance. Then he led the way to a small parlor. "Now," he commanded when we were ensconced in armchairs, "get it off your chest."

With such an opening I lost no time in stating my business: "M'sieu, I desire permission to make my suit to your daughter. I have seen her. She is beautiful and good. In her lie all my hopes of happiness."

His astonishment was pronounced. "Well, say," he exclaimed, "you're a new one to me—blamed if you ain't. I thought I knowed 'em all too. What did you say your name was?"

I told him.

"Hum—we've got a feller named Bob Laferrière on the ranch; any kin to him? Well, it don't matter. How about her? Have you fixed it up with her?"

It was now my turn to be surprised. "Of course not, m'sieu. How could I address the young lady without first obtaining your sanction?"

He gaped at me a moment and then exploded into a guffaw. "Well, if that don't beat all creation! You mean to set there and say you ain't asked her yet?" And he continued to laugh. As for me, I could discern nothing humorous in the situation, and probably my manner conveyed as much, for he sobered abruptly.

"Well, well, let it go at that. It's a big world and I reckon the Lord knows what He's doing. But which one of my gals did you figure on?"

Hélas, it was the very question I had dreaded. "That," I replied truthfully, "is precisely what I do not know."

M'sieu Huckens frowned. "What're you trying to do anyhow?" he inquired. "Kid me?"

"Nothing, sir, is further from my thoughts. I only know that the one I love is the one with a bruised knee."

A moment he stared at me; then he emitted a bellow of rage and raised the heavy stick he carried. I dodged and made hastily for the door; he was an old man, and violence was not to be thought of.

"Wait!" he yelled, springing from his chair. "Wait right where you are till I go get my gun, and I'll fill you so full of holes your own ma won't know you from a hunk of cheese!"

Wait, indeed! That he should suppose for an instant I would comply with his request showed how grossly he underestimated my intelligence. No; I did not propose to remain there to be insulted. Having misunderstood my motives he would be in no mood to hear reason at the present time, so I strode out with what dignity his precipitation allowed and made my way out of the hotel. Old Man Huckens followed after as fast as he could hobble, but I easily eluded him, and when I ventured to peep into the lobby an hour later he was being persuaded by a clerk to enter an elevator.

"Assuredly," I thought as I went up from another side, "assuredly M'sieu Joe must explain this and pacify him."

My friend possesses an excellent heart and a spirit of the staunchest loyalty, but he is afflicted with a levity that prevents him viewing crises seriously. That seems to me a national failing, m'sieu. Take only this instance: He fairly howled over my recital, tears of laughter hopping down his cheeks. In vain did I adjure him to think, to scheme and to resolve. He only shook the harder.

"All right, all right," he finally agreed. "I'll go see him before he's in bed and try to square it. Want to come along? Well, wait up then."

He did not return until a late hour, and Madame Patsy was by that time so out of patience that she confronted him at the door.

"Where've you been all this time?" she demanded. "Whew! You needn't say a word. You've been drinking, Joe Hicks!"

"Just a few with my ol' side-pardner, my dear," he answered, blinking at her. "No finer feller in the world than what he is, Patsy. Hello, Frenchy! You still here? It's all right. I fixed up your business O. K. First I told him you were nutty, but he allowed he knew that and aimed to kill you to-morrow anyhow so's to feel easier in mind. After that I sprung it on him that you didn't talk English good and he fell for it—says he'd like to have another powwow with you in the morning. Good ol' Huck!"

The adjustment might have been better, but it might also have been worse; so I thanked my worthy friend and went to my room.

Early on the following day I accompanied M'sieu Joe to Old Man Huckens and endeavored to apologize.

"That's all right," he interrupted in curious embarrassment. "We won't say another word about it. Joe tells me you're all right, and that's good enough for me. But whatever ideas you got in your head about my gals, you tell to them—see? I don't want to mix in at all. Them gals can

(Continued on Page 49)

"Let's Get Away From Here Before I Go Dippy Too. This Beats Me"

Money in Peaks and Valleys

EVERY BUSINESS HAS COSTLY SLACK THAT CAN BE TAKEN UP

By James H. Collins

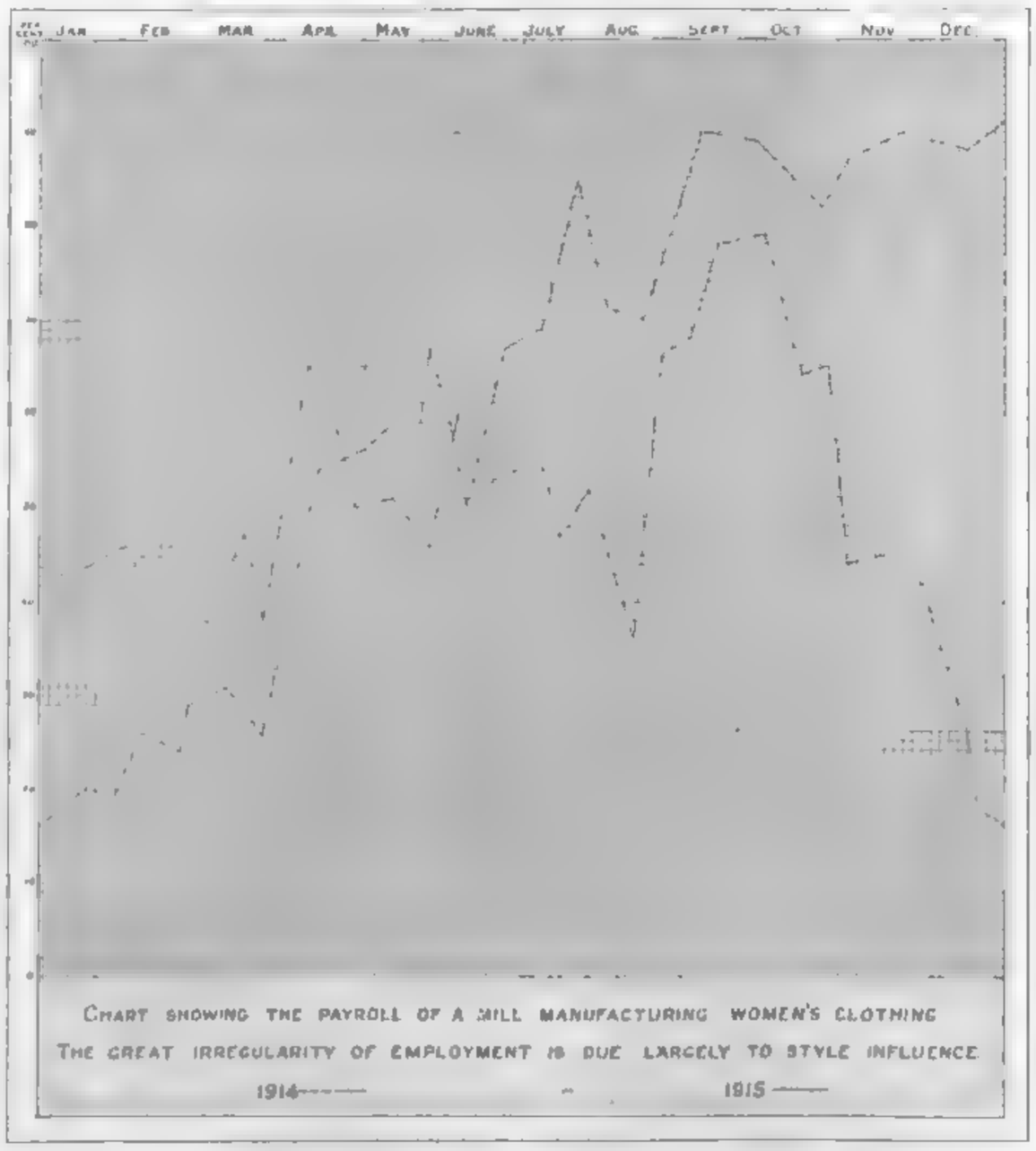
TO GET the idea quickly and clearly, you must figure that once upon a time in this very country there was an industrial Eden. Put it back in Colonial days, when life was largely local. People then lived in a self-contained way on farms and in villages, and the greatest cities were only towns—New York was smaller than South Bend, Indiana, is now. Most of the things that folks ate and wore were produced by the family, on the farm, or were secured from the neighbors. A few other things, somewhat complicated, like pewter plates and pocket-knives, guns and powder, were made or sold in the village. Still fewer and rarer things came from afar off, in misty, romantic ways. This Eden had its Eve, and she got tea and one silk dress all her life from the East Indies. It also had its Adam, and he was a hard-headed consumer of rum, which came with the sugar from the West Indies.

It was a fairly happy world of limited needs pretty well supplied. There was little poverty and no great wealth. There was a place for everybody, from the squire to the village clown, and everybody was in his place. Most important of all, it was so local that people could arrange their lives and work according to the year, doing one task in summer and another in winter, so there were few sharp seasonal adjustments to be made.

Suddenly the snake appeared in this Eden. The snake was modern transportation—first interstate highways, then canals, and finally the railroad.

Commodities began to be hauled over longer distances and in greater quantities. Men became specialists. The New England farmer, who had been also a blacksmith or tinker in the old days, making the neighborhood's axes and repairing its guns, now found a field of expansion for his Yankee ingenuity. He could make axes and guns to be hauled to remote districts, even as far as the Western Reserve, which is now Ohio, and this paid so well that he dropped farming and went in for manufacturing.

The snake certainly destroyed Eden. But it gave bigger possibilities in wider markets, putting a premium on personal skill and inventive genius. The squire and the village clown disappeared forever; but they were replaced by the manufacturer, merchant prince and promoter, new characters acting parts on a national stage. And so things have been going, until to-day, when all the old local life and ways have been swallowed up in the new civilization, and commodities emerge from mill and factory endowed with a strange restlessness that takes them flying over the continent and the world.



The Peaks and Valleys of Business as Shown Graphically in a Typical Chart

Up Hill and Down Dale in Business

OUR civilization is a perfectly good little civilization, with more silk dresses for Eve and better fun than rum for Adam. But it is full of contrasts and maladjustments. With a whole nation drawing on New England for shoes and machine tools, and upon the West for flour and beef, all differences in season and demand are magnified into gigantic totals. Wheat moves at a certain time of the year, and then all the railroads are crowded with traffic going one way, and there is a car shortage. When the wheat is all moved, however, a surplus of idle cars follows.

New York City now has more population than did the entire United States in 1800. Its people are mostly specialists. They not only are affected by national fluctuations in trade that increase or diminish the demand for their products or services, but they set up interesting local fluctuations all their own. For instance, they all want to go down to work about the same time every morning, and go home in the same way at night. That puts tremendous primary pressure on subways, trolleys, bridges and tunnels. It puts secondary pressure on elevators, streets, telephone service, cabs. It makes it necessary to sell most of the morning newspapers in one kind of place, and most of the evening papers in quite different places, and so forth.

The engineer has a way of keeping track of all such fluctuations in modern affairs. He takes a piece of paper marked in tiny squares, and on it draws a line to indicate the hourly or weekly or seasonal changes in travel, traffic, trade, production, demand, prices, employment, or whatever tendency is being followed. His line rises and falls. Now it is above a level representing normal, and again below. Once or twice in the week or month or year it will probably soar to a sharp point, indicating the greatest activity. That sort of high-water point is called a "peak." Nearly every peak has its corresponding depression below normal, and this low-water point is known as a "valley."

Everybody has a direct, living interest in peaks and valleys—absolutely everybody. They occur in every line of business, great and small, and are often of the most complicated and baffling character. Not a business man or a corporation anywhere, nor a wage-earner or a family, but makes and loses money by reason of peaks and valleys. Their influence is reflected on the ledger and in the pay envelope. For the peaks represent high activity, good trade, ready employment, easy money in profits and overtime. And the valleys represent just the other thing—idle facilities and workers, losses in earnings and wages.

In the peaks and valleys of our business world a great treasure is buried. Business has lately waked up to some major opportunities for economy. One is in efficiency methods, whereby more stuff is turned out with the same equipment and work force; another is in better distribution of goods to reduce selling costs; and still another is this leveling of peaks and filling up of valleys. In some respects it is the greatest of opportunities, because it touches so many industries and people—practically all.

Peaks impose a charge on business because they compel investment and equipment heavy enough to meet the maximum demand in the busiest period. Valleys impose even a more serious charge, because they reduce earnings in slack periods by stiffening overhead costs. On everything that is eaten, worn, used and hauled about these charges are imposed and must be paid—there is no dodging them.

The ideal state of affairs would be a return to Eden. In business to-day that would mean pretty nearly evenness of employment, production, consumption, transportation, communication, and so forth, through the whole year, and one year like another. It would mean no rush or slack periods, no booms or panics, no unemployment or overtime, and hardly any fluctuation from day to day or season to season. The ideal state of affairs can never be attained, of course. Eden is gone forever. So the next best way is to deal with peaks and valleys as they appear in each business, and in the methods developed to meet conditions in different lines can be found practical suggestions for everybody.

Peaks and valleys not only concern everyone, but everyone is doing something to remedy them, even though blindly. Some years ago there was a waiters' strike in New York. It was rather a novelty. The mild, deferential waiter left his place behind the guest's chair and paraded through the hotel district, uttering threats and smashing windows. Things looked ugly for a few days, and the newspapers advised the police to restore the waiters to common sense by an old-fashioned clubbing. Nobody noticed that the waiters were trying to improve a bad peak-and-valley situation. For the strikers were chiefly extra waiters, who worked a few nights each month in winter when the hotels were full, and loafed most of the summer when hotel business was slack.

About the same time a big Eastern trolley company held its yearly meeting of car-shop employees to discuss ways of improving maintenance. This was the third meeting of the kind, and it was shown that, by mutual study of the problems involved as well as by development of standard methods, rules and records, the cost of repairing cars and keeping them in service was being steadily reduced. More than that, the system had then been carried to such a point that the maintenance work could be laid out with considerable uniformity, keeping a fairly constant number of good men on the pay roll all through the year. A car shop is handicapped by sharp peaks and valleys, and this particular company has to handle about twice as much traffic in summer as in winter. But by intelligent coöperation and good understanding conditions are being bettered for everybody.

Periodical High and Low Points

PEAKS and valleys are rooted, first of all, in the habits of our changeful planet. It is hot in summer and cold in winter, days are light and nights are dark, crops are planted in spring and harvested in fall, and so forth. Business fluctuates with all these changes. A fifteen-minute thunderstorm in a big city puts sudden pressure on the electric light company for current, and though there may be only one of these thunderstorms each week, the company's facilities must constantly be kept up to the greatest sudden demand that can be put upon them. The habits of the planet cannot be changed to any great extent. They are certainly not all that could be desired from a business standpoint, but it is the only planet we have, and we must do our best with its eccentricities.

Peaks and valleys are also rooted in the habits of man. He wants to work days and play or sleep nights. He changes his clothes and mode of living with the seasons. He has set apart certain seasons for travel, rest and celebrating. The sum total of his habits reacts with terrific force on the business machinery that attends to his needs.

About the first basic fact concerning peaks and valleys is that they are fairly constant, even in their eccentricities, and, therefore, can be recorded and studied with a view to improvement. The first thing to do is to get good records and understand just how a given business fluctuates, and why.

There are daily peaks and valleys in the trade of a store, the traffic of a telephone system, the elevator service of a skyscraper. The yearly peaks and valleys will show about the same variations, and even what are known as "catastrophic" peaks can be counted upon with some certainty and can be prepared for.

A very good example of a catastrophic peak was the accidental explosion of a huge quantity of dynamite on a

wharf in New York Harbor some years ago. It shook the country for miles round, and instantly the whole public was seized with a desire to telephone. People wanted to know what had happened, and where, and how, and to find out if anybody had been killed. John Smith, in New York, wanted to be sure his family was safe in its New Jersey suburban home; and the family, just as anxious as he, was calling his office. The demand put upon telephone facilities was unprecedented. At the same time, it is clearly understood from study of traffic records that such a catastrophic peak will surely arise about every so often, even if it comes at times not to be predicted and in unforeseen ways. When this is known, then traffic organization can be keyed up to meet the emergency.

Many of the fluctuations that cause loss in business are due to lack of accurate knowledge about conditions—the facts have not been investigated and laid bare. On a certain big railroad system there was costly congestion of freight traffic over a mountain pass. Trains stalled behind each other at that point, waiting to get through, and the eastbound and westbound movements were in conflict. Shipments were not only delayed so that traffic was lost to other roads, but all the good work of the system was discounted by the congestion at the pass, and every ton of freight had to pay the cost of slowing down.

This railroad had two tracks over the mountain, but the directors decided that a third track was necessary, and decided to spend several million dollars for construction. Before letting the contract they called in a consulting engineer, so that the third track would be built right and would solve the congestion problem for a generation. This engineer said that he wanted to visit the scene of the trouble first.

"Oh, that will not be necessary," replied the directors. "We've got all the facts right here at headquarters."

But he stuck to his determination to see things with his own eyes, and after a careful study found that no third track was needed at all, and that, instead of an expenditure of several million dollars, about two hundred and fifty thousand dollars would make traffic move over that mountain like water running downhill.

The first thing his investigation brought to light was an old, rusty, leaky telegraph circuit of iron wire, through which all the train dispatching was done over the mountain. Messages were slow in good weather and could hardly be sent at all in bad. Much of the delay to trains was mere waiting for orders. Another cause of congestion was an obsolete signal system, and still another the lack of water tanks along that part of the road. Engines sometimes waited an hour for a chance to take water at one of these tanks, and the engineer of a heavy freight train, laboring uphill, seeing that he would not have enough water to take him to the next tank, might be compelled to cut loose from his train and run back downhill to the last tank, right against all the uphill traffic.

When the real facts were in hand this situation was easily straightened out at moderate cost. A new signal system, a new copper telegraph circuit and some more water tanks made the double track over the mountain entirely adequate for the traffic for years to come.

Take the facts about traffic, or employment, or demand, or any other business tendency, and express them in a line that shows fluctuations from day to day or from season to season. That line is called a "curve." When the curve of a tendency has been carefully plotted, as engineers say, it will often indicate what is to be expected in the future—what you must get ready to meet in the way of changes and fluctuations. A curve of prices, horsepower or cylinder bore of the leading automobiles for the past five years, for example, will probably be so regular in its rise or fall that the coming year's developments in those matters can be predicted by simply extending the curve in the direction it is traveling.

What a good curve can teach was shown in a flood some years ago in the Middle West. Engineers at a factory put a water gauge in the river and took hourly readings of its rise. After a few hours the readings, plotted in a curve, showed a steady upward tendency. The engineers then extended the curve for the following two days and predicted that at a certain time the factory would be under water. All haste was then made to move goods and materials that would be damaged by water; and sure enough, right on the hour the river overflowed the plant. By plotting this curve and working on a time-table for the flood fully one hundred thousand dollars' worth of stuff was saved.

Once the facts about peaks and valleys are in hand, there seem to be three broad ways of dealing with them: First, they are rooted in the habits of our planet—day and night, summer and winter, and all that sort of thing. The planet's habits cannot be reformed, unfortunately. But business fluctuations due to daily and seasonal changes can often be counteracted by improving equipment, shifting production from the peaks to the valleys, making arrangements for materials in slack times, keeping better balance among the workers, tying a few firecrackers on the tail of the sales force at the psychological moment, and so forth.

Second, there are the habits of man. He can be persuaded to change his habits to a much greater degree. Forethought and a little rational argument will lead him to buy now, shop early, and in general lean his tremendous collective weight more lightly on your facilities in busy seasons, and use more goods in slack periods. Very often it is possible to put matters in such a way that there is

(Continued on Page 61)

MRS. MURPHY BREAKS IN

By Mary Brush Williams

ILLUSTRATED BY HENRY RALEIGH

I THINK of all stories as being divided into two kinds—those that we read between covers and the one that I saw enacted before my very eyes. The latter to me will always be the more visual. It had what I think novelists call its "inciting force" one evening nine years ago, when I was on the local staff of one of our leading American newspapers. Two of the principal men reporters, seated side by side at telephones, were solemnly calling up a long list of fashionable women to ask them to pose for their photographs.

The Charity Ball was about to take place, and the publisher ordered that the paper run a picture each morning of one of the participants in her fancy costume. The men had called up seventy-nine women without achieving an audience with one. Her maid or her valet or her butler came back with some such reply as that Mrs. Van de Van Van was not interested in that sort of thing.

"Why don't you," I said to the city editor, "ask Mrs. Murphy to pose for her picture?" I held up a small clipped item. "She's just come to town. She's at the Millionaires' Hotel. She's going to the ball."

She Had Sent for Me to Arrange Some Publicity for the Season After Next

"Her husband's just been made president of the Pacific and Northwestern," he commented from out of his knowledge of current events. "They'll be coming here to live."

He told the reporter to "get" her, and his voice denoted that he anticipated no success. In a few minutes the surprised young man announced: "Mrs. Murphy will be charmed."

The papers on the city desk leaped in ecstasy as the editor brought down his arm. Even the brindle cat relaxed her tension and jumped from her position in the wicker filing basket to lap her milk. In less time than it takes to harness a fire horse the photographer and I were ready to start. I felt as if I were accompanying an undertaker with his long black implements, but the city editor reminded me of my true mission. Indeed, he voiced what writers of fiction would term the keynote or the theme of this tale from life.

"Get her as often as you can!" he admonished. "We'll need her pictures later on. She's just like all the rest. She'll use us to advertise her until she gets in, and then pass us up. She's a climber all right, and I'd like you to just quietly note her rise."

The city editor was right as far as he went. His mistake was that he undervalued the part I was to take in Mrs. Murphy's ascent. I was to be no casual observer, but an active director of her success—or failure, whichever you consider her career to represent.

When I first saw her a prim maid from the beauty parlors was holding a curling iron close to her head. Every time she lifted it Mrs. Murphy made little movements of hospitality, as if about to soar. They expressed her elation at getting into the Charity Ball. Happiness became her, although obviously an infrequent visitant. Her age was probably forty, although it might have been more. She had evidently lived without the things she wished.

She had a magnificent suite, the bedroom of which was garnished in gay chintzes, albeit she herself did not quite fit into the tone of the picture. She was a little conspicuous—like a piece of sun-dried granite in a moist valley. She seemed a little stiff and drawn and starved and angular. Her skin, though white, was parched—like the West from which I heard she came. It would absorb gallons of cold cream. Her lips were pale. One side of her pompadour was finished and drawn too high. Her sleek, thin forehead made one think of a toboggan slide. She had a thin nose and elbows, and one seemed aware of the fact unnecessarily. There really was nothing about her which would be difficult to overcome. The color of her dark-brown hair above her shallow blue eyes was lovely, and an expression danced across her face, no deeper than the light among shifting leaves. It denoted pleasure in her present lot. A dressmaker, a hairdresser and a voice trainer ought to be able to mellow and make her over into exactly the negative creature she wished to be. Furthermore, she had the thin mouth of indefatigability and the wide blue eyes of good temper. One could imagine her putting a whole community into a state of irritability while she with a steadfast amiability held out for her point.

She was going to the ball as Georgiana, Duchess of Devonshire, and she insisted on exactly reproducing, even for the newspaper photograph, a small copy of a painting which she kept by her. She reproduced it, that is, in every detail that money could buy. Georgiana, you will remember, "in the full pride of her majestic beauty" was plump.

While the photographer walked round Mrs. Murphy, citing her values for the camera, she asked, holding her head very stiff to keep from burning it on the curling iron:

"Can anyone get into good society? Anyone with money, that is?"

"It takes a certain amount of cleverness," I answered.

"Can't you buy that too?" I was not then mistaken in a look of shrewdness in her face. She could put over a deal.

I answered that I thought you could, and added that it required not so much quick wit as actual schooling in the routine.

"There are definite things you do to get into society," I answered, "and if you keep at them long enough you get in. It's a test of strength and endurance. And, of course, the things you do cost a lot."

As the photographer reared his lofty hooded instrument she pleaded: "Can't you stay a while?"

It was evident that he would never get a picture if her mind was on this absorbing theme. I went into the sitting room, where after a while she joined me. She had put on her costume, and represented a tall, angular, but puffed and powdered, Georgiana of Devonshire.

"What do you do to get into society?" She ballooned her brocaded skirts on the red-velours couch beside me.

"The simplest ways, of course, are through marrying a title and"—I hesitated—"charity! You ought to know that."

She moved forward confidentially. "My dear, I tried for three years to get on the floor of the Charity Ball."

I nodded.

"This is an auspicious season. The old order is changing. You see, Mrs. Trotter has led Middle Western society for a decade. She is probably the best commander-in-chief it will ever have. But her subjects resent her. She wasn't content to stay at home and attend to this business of ruling the Corn Belt. She wanted to entertain the English King. She has houses in London, Biarritz, Paris and Carlsbad, in the hope of luring him to one of them. She lives in Europe now and only returns once a year to give her Charity Ball. Last time she set the day for this one just before sailing. But the Middle Western women were tired of being patronized and they plotted her overthrow. One of them cut in under her dates and gave the big affair of the season just three weeks ago. Everybody spent all their money on it. Mrs. Trotter has smiled and smiled for the three weeks she's been here. But she's defeated. The newspapers still think it's the big affair of the year. But there will never be another Charity Ball. She had to let down the bars and admit people into the grand march in costume who were outside her set, in order to make up her customary ten thousand dollars. That's how"—she was so frank she invited frankness—"that's how you get in."

She leaned forward in excitement.

"I'm in! I'm actually in!" Her shallow eyes blazed with a bright light. "You must tell me—you've got to tell me—what I shall do next."

I opened my mouth to speak. She interrupted me.

"I loathe women who are content not to get anywhere." She began to count her milestones. "You don't know how far I've gone. I came from Sea Breeze, Nevada. It isn't within miles of the sea. The wind blows sand all over everything. I was engaged to the son of one of the big ranchers out there. His sister is the wife of an earl. Well, he broke it off. Ma said everything I touched turned to dust and ashes. I cried, but I said to myself, 'You'll see.'"

Mrs. Murphy Gets a Press Agent

IT IS astonishing what even the most reticent of people will confide to a reporter. They seldom seem to realize that they are talking to one whose business is to publish.

"We kept a boarding house, and at night we stuck a lantern in the window. It was the only light in the town. The Transcontinental just stopped there on signal. One night we heard the 12:52 slow up, and in about three minutes Ed Murphy came to the house. He was from Canada. He told mother the next day that somebody up there had loaned him a newspaper. He got the stranger's horse a drink of water and this was his thanks. That paper said railroad hands were needed out our way. Ed threw up his job as farm hand and came West."

Her eyes altered from feverish brightness to shallow affection. Social climbing was her obsession. With all of the feeling left in her she was obviously fond of him. "Well, he began by carrying water, but it wasn't long before he proposed a new branch line, which should take in a popular summer and winter resort twenty-one miles to the south. He set his heart on me and in ten months we were married. Some people at the summer resort ranch draped me in two automobile veils for my bridal headdress. Ed's been promoted steadily ever since. We've lived in every town of importance along the Transcontinental, and everywhere he's stayed overnight he's turned land into money." She snapped her fingers. "He's worth five hundred of that poor fool of a rich man's son that jilted me.

"But I didn't do so bad. There's not a woman in Sault Ste. Marie that doesn't fight to come to my at-homes. Now we're coming here." Her voice changed from reminiscence to sharp desire. "I want it to be so there's not a soul on earth I can't have to dinner. I want it to be so that I entertain everybody worth while that comes to this town. I want people to say: 'He's all right; Mrs. Murphy nods to him.' I want the society editors to describe what I have on, and the big people with big entertainments to ask me to head their list of patronesses, and the hardest women to get in with to ask me to their littlest dinners. I want to be invited on the River Drive."

"You must take a house," I answered simply, awed at the intensity of her emotion.

"Yes, yes," she answered; "and after that?"

"You must be most minute and careful in working the charity scheme. You must get your name on the good boards. I don't mean on the boards of the good charities, but where the good—that is, the fashionable—names appear. That's the way they all do. They don't care whether a charity's deserving. They look down a list of patronesses and see who are on it that have worked themselves up higher than they. If they find it a profitable investment they sometimes pay a large sum to the board for the privilege of getting their names printed there too."

Mrs. Murphy did not hear me. She did not care where the money went. Her eyes were where they appeared to rest so often—on the future years. "It will take a long time. These people are so—hard."

"There's a lot of bookkeeping connected with getting into society," I noted. "You must get the catalogues of everything on earth and keep records of who's backing it. Then you must try to estimate when each thing will give its public charity entertainment, and you must begin to display an interest in the work about a year before the affair."

This practical hint restored her to the present.

"What else must I do," she demanded, "to get in?"

"You must have your portrait painted. There's a big artist here. Get him to do it and don't offer to give a tea to show it. Then he will. He'll be so crazy about having people see it that he will invite everybody well-to-do, for he doesn't aim at anybody else. You must get a protégé, a pet animal and a fad. Mrs. Trotter, Jr.'s, got the dog that's the brother of Queen Alexandra's dog.

"If you've got any children you must send them to a fashionable school. So much can be accomplished in that way. They go to visit at Christmas and thereby establish national connections." Mrs. Murphy was getting excited again. "You must get interested in politics," I continued as she leaned toward us. "Women are helping the parties now."

Mrs. Murphy rose suddenly in emotion and not in dismissal. I knew that the city editor was wondering what had become of me.

"Now you were saying it took a lot of cleverness or experience besides money. Can't that be bought too? Couldn't I get you, for instance, to tell me what to do, to put things in the papers about me?"

"Oh, what you mean is a press agent," I answered. "A society press agent."

Everybody by this time knows the meaning of the noun. No well-advertised person or commodity is without one. What Doctor Dernburg essayed for the Kaiser I attempted previously for the smart set. I advertised, explained and sought to justify them. "I have never been a press agent for an individual, but I put in the papers all that was printed about the Charity Ball," I told her.

"You can do as much for me," declared Mrs. Murphy. "Promise me you will! When we come here you'll help us select our house, and tell us just what to do, and get us advertised and everything!"

She did not ask me what such a service would be worth nor what it would cost to break into society. I compared her attitude with that of Mrs. Trotter, who insisted that five dollars a day was enough to pay any press agent.

Mrs. Trotter had a greater degree of culture, I fancied, in her finger tips than Mrs. Murphy would ever acquire. She introduced more of a formal etiquette into the Middle West than it would be likely to see again. She seemed to have bottled up some of the atmosphere of the Old World and loosened it thinly over a small area of our crude American city. Yet the woman before me might some day be a different but a not less powerful successor. Mrs. Murphy, shallow and simpering, was dominated by an idea. As Napoleon manifested his dementia and was victimized by it, so in this unexpected quarter she now denoted hers. I fancied she would operate on an elaborate scale, and I wished to observe proceedings. I told her that for getting items into the papers about organizations and about individuals I could not take less than fifty dollars a week.

The sum apparently meant nothing to her.

All for Little Muriel!

"YOU'RE going to advertise us!" she ejaculated. Then she altered her unaffected manner of suspense to one of disingenuous explanation. "I have a little girl, Muriel," she said, "and that's why I want to do all this, you know. I shouldn't care for myself. I like things simple."

"Sometimes mothers begin when their daughters are born to entertain every season's crop of débutantes, so that her daughter will have hostesses when she appears."

Mrs. Murphy's eyes danced at the prospect.

"Muriel's eleven," she said. "You'll adore her; I adore her." She had evidently picked up the phrase out of some novel. "There isn't anything too much to do for her—even this."

The last two words were what spoiled the sentiment. I did not get the impression that she adored Muriel, and she exhibited a limitation characteristic of others less gifted than she. The women always said: "I am so devoted to my charity, I will do anything for it—even to giving my pictures to the papers." The real situation was that they championed the charity as an excuse for appearing publicly.

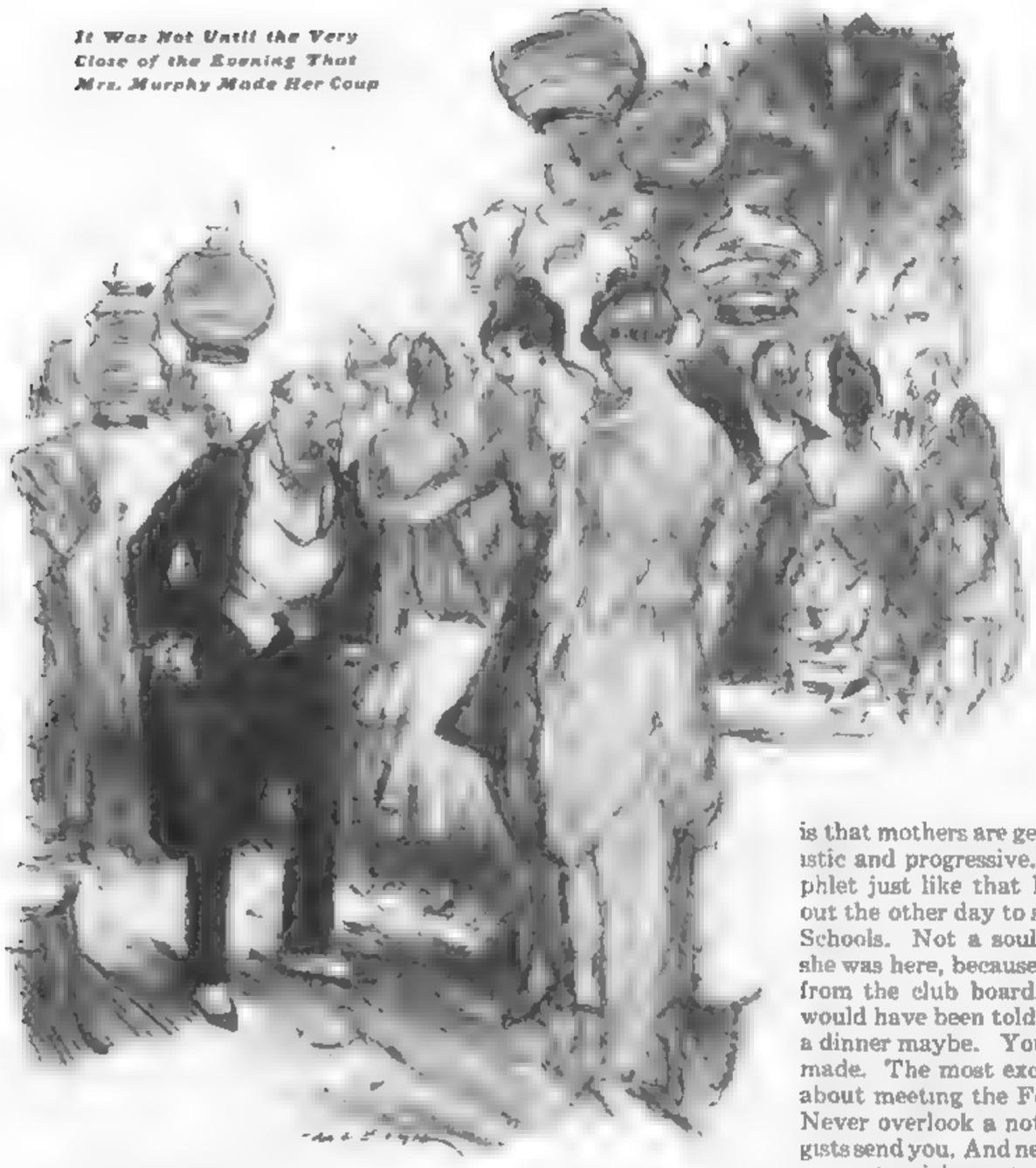
Mrs. Murphy, I felt sure, was going to sacrifice her daughter for her own ambitious ends, and not herself for her daughter. I speculated about the little Muriel and wondered what this present scheme would eventually mean to her. Would she sympathize with her mother's ambitions or sacrifice herself to them or defy them? Daughters are getting to be so militant and democratic nowadays.

If this were a moving picture I should make the next scene represent the Murphy family at the breakfast table.

Two months have passed. It is now March. Mr. and Mrs. Murphy have moved to the metropolis and taken a residence furnished. I found it for them, and I got something about as uncharacteristic of the mistress as could have been unearthed. It contains elegant things which have a look about them of having been collected over a long period of time. The place belongs to two middle-aged scions of old and established families of cultivated taste in literature and music. They move in the smart set when it suits them to do so. The father of the mistress of the house gave it to her from his estate for a wedding present.

All of the young married couples of River Drive parentage have been taking the old-fashioned houses on Pitkin Place and making them over. The little street is only one block long. Every family in it is recorded in the social register. Mrs. Trotter, Jr., lives just three doors from the place we rented.

Mrs. Murphy Began Her Rounds in the Purlieus You Enter Society



It Was Not Until the Very Close of the Evening That Mrs. Murphy Made Her Coup

As stage business for the moving picture, supply man and woman at round dining table, diligently crunching their toast, their eyes fixed on two different spots in space. A butler hovers about, but neither is aware of him. The man, thick-set, compact, is gently ruminating on his imaginary scene. The thin woman, in pink charmeuse breakfast robe, is nervously participating in hers. They are evidently two separate dramas.

Suddenly a little girl with spindly legs clad in white heavy stockings comes in. She carries an orange hugged up to her, and she shows a fringe of reddish bobbed hair under a brown hood. Her high cheekbones carry spots of color and she has a pointed chin. Her eyes fly a perpetually startled look. She is like some visitant from another world judging our queer manners and point of view. It is Muriel. Mrs. Murphy turns a casual gaze on her, although still occupied with her imaginary scene. Mr. Murphy lights with eagerness for his little girl. Muriel looks at one and hurriedly at the other. Then her grave gaze stretches itself out like a bridge toward her father.

Mr. Murphy rises to his not very great height and catches her as she flies toward him. He promises to play Duke of Wellington with her when she gets back from dancing class that afternoon. The mustached coachman interrupts their arrangements to take her away, and Mrs. Murphy tells her to be generous with her basket phaëton. Muriel has begun her long climb in a fashionable school.

Climbing via the Sweet Charity Route

A MOVING-PICTURE scenario would probably insert here another scene for contrast. At just about this time Mrs. Trotter, Jr., is launching a campaign against the little group from her bed. I heard in one morning the following conversation three times in less than an hour. She had sent for me to arrange some preliminary publicity for the fashionable entertainment of the season after next. She was planning to rule smart society herself, and her first step was to engage her press agent.

Picking up the stem of her telephone she answered all calls thus: "My dear, what do you think of Jane Mortimer letting her house to the Murphys? Isn't she the most self-centered thing! I really think it an outrage that we can say there shall be no milk wagons on this street and yet cannot say who shall be our neighbors. You knew the Murphys' coachman wore a mustache?"

To "cut back" to our former scene, Mrs. Murphy, unaware that she had as yet caught fashionable attention, pushed her chair from the breakfast table and gathered from the window seat some pamphlets which she wished to go over with me. They were the annual reports of every organization under the sun, which she had collected with a view to getting on desirable boards.

We dropped on to the red-velvet lounge in front of the fireplace in the back library and began our great work together. Mrs. Murphy picked up the prospectus of the Alliance Française.

"Don't touch it," I admonished. "A few belong who are so long established they can. They do it to keep alive their French. But if you fell into that it would be like a slough. They're intellectual. Nothing could be more at variance with the smart point of view."

My pupil dropped the little black pamphlet like something hot and picked up one of baby blue. It was the bulletin of the Mothers' Club for Promoting Neighborliness.

"Send them $100; but ask not to be mentioned. You can own and control the club for that. The reason that it's worth it is that mothers are getting so militant and socialistic and progressive. A group that issues a pamphlet just like that had Mrs. August Belmont out the other day to speak on The Drama in the Schools. Not a soul on the River Drive knew she was here, because none of them got a notice from the club board. If you had belonged you would have been told and could have got her for a dinner maybe. Your fortune would have been made. The most exclusive of this city are crazy about meeting the Four Hundred of New York. Never overlook a notice that mothers or suffragists send you. And never affiliate yourself, except as a patronizing patron, with a woman's club."

Mrs. Murphy placed the book of baby blue as if to start a new pile. With her right hand she reached for a somber pamphlet of dead black on gray. "Don't touch that," I admonished. It was the pamphlet of the peace movement—long before war had been declared. Mrs. Murphy followed my advice, if not with agility. She kept her hand on the little book after it had gone on the discard pile. I reached for other pamphlets. At her rate of speed we should never finish. I went through them as through a deck of cards.

"Visiting Nurses—I'd give a thousand. Mrs. Pendant Marshall is chairman, and she is the first aide of Mrs. Trotter of the Charity Ball. The Tuberculosis Crusade—at least $1500, if not $2000. The Bide-a-Wee Home for Animals—$1000. Animals are very smart indeed. But don't touch the Old People. They never attract the right set. The Home for Crippled Children—pretty fair. But I'd save up for this new thing—City Gardens; it's never been done before and the papers will be full of it. University—I'd endow the university. There are at least eighteen wives of that faculty eligible anywhere, and the president's family could introduce you even in Europe."

"You said to watch the things giving entertainments," reminded Mrs. Murphy, indicating thereby that she was a bright pupil. I had said this in our first interview.

"Yes, I did, and the next big one is going to be the winter after next. Mrs. Trotter has given her last Charity Ball, and Mrs. Du Pont, who gave the entertainment that cut in under her, has come down with nervous prostration from the work. There's going to be a race for leadership and she's practically retired. Mrs. Trotter's daughter-in-law is going to try to get it, and she's going to have a big charity fête. Her charity's the Anæmic and Underfed Children's Home. You'd better subscribe all you can spare."

"Would five thousand do it?" ejaculated Mrs. Murphy.

"Oh, three would do. You don't want to seem anything but conservative. The way to do, of course, is to pay the money to the manager, with a note telling him that his charity interests you more than any other and you hope to do some active work in it—meantime asking him to accept this small contribution as a proffer of good will."

Mrs. Murphy needed no persuading. She set down the sum of $3000 on a pad and wrote opposite it "Underfed." It might have been loose change she was spending. Then she looked regretful, but not for the money spent. "I don't feel content not to join the peace movement," she reflected. "Doesn't it meet sometimes in England, and doesn't the king belong?"

What books had she been reading out in her West? Like an illumination I saw the words Lady Muriel. Mrs. Murphy had chosen that name for the little girl because it went well with a title. Extravagant as Mrs. Murphy seemed in rolling out sums to serve her purpose, she was not an enthusiastic spender otherwise.

The next day was Ash Wednesday. It came late that year. By Easter spring was well advanced. Mrs. Murphy would willingly have stayed in town all summer, working enthusiastically at her task; but there was nothing for her to do. The town was deserted. So in the middle of May she took Muriel west for the summer without attempting any social activity that year.

In the fall Mrs. Murphy began to appear. She went everywhere to which money would buy her admission. She attended the opera, even although no subscriber would rent or sell her his box. She took seats in the front of the house. I hired an impecunious gentlewoman to appear with her. Mrs. Murphy went to plays, charity bazaars, lectures, and she bought tickets to every fashionable entertainment given. She was at something almost every night.

I went round to the house sometimes after dinner. Mr. Murphy sat in the back library reading, not the books of Jane Mortimer, which she left unlocked in their cases, but his own volumes on Napoleon and Wellington. The newspapers were referring to him as the Napoleon of Railroading. I thought he looked to be a cross between the conqueror and a ward boss. Still at times he appeared a little too patrician to be the latter. At others, when he laid down his book and clapped his hands at the elflike Muriel, he seemed far too tender for a Napoleon.

Mrs. Murphy Appears at the Opera

I REMEMBER especially the first evening Mrs. Murphy ever attended the opera. She came lightly downstairs in a cream-colored gown of lace. Her thin elbows were smothered in tulle. She was already wearing her dark hair low on her forehead. It slanted from the part down her forehead into the outer sweep of her dark eyebrows. I had learned that she was forty-two, but she looked much younger. Mr. Murphy and his daughter both gasped. The little girl ran to her mother and hugged her round the knees. She tried to make her promise to look into her room when she should get home. Mr. Murphy dragged himself from his low chair in spontaneous deference and I thought his eyes carried an appeal.

"Why, Bess," he uttered, "you look like a girl!"

Mrs. Murphy laughed at them both deprecatingly, as if they were children. Her remote, indulgent manner seemed to say: "Don't bother mother, she has important work to do." She kissed them lightly and tripped away.

As soon as she went I hurried down to the opera to join our society editor in the mezzanine back of the boxes. Through the open door of one of them I could see Mrs. Murphy walk lightly down the long middle aisle with the fat Miss Van Winkle. The people in the boxes leveled on them what Thackeray called their "double-barreled lorgnettes." I could see an exchange of smiles go round the horseshoe. A woman in the box in front of me said: "Who's Ann Van Winkle got now? She'd put up with anybody just for a dinner and a few motor spins."

I was delighted. Nobody knew that she was in our employ for cash.

(Continued on Page 53)

Mrs. Murphy Complained Once in a While of Being Lonely

WILD ORANGES

By Joseph Hergesheimer

ILLUSTRATED BY HARVEY DUNN

VII

ON THE morning following the breaking of his water cask John Woolfolk saw the slender figure of Millie on the beach. She waved and called, her voice coming thin and clear across the water:

"Are visitors—encouraged?"

He sent Halvard in with the tender, and, as they approached, dropped a gangway over the Gar's side. She stepped lightly down into the cockpit with a naïve expression of surprise at the yacht's immaculate order. The sails lay precisely housed, the stays, freshly tarred, glistened in the sun, the brasswork and newly varnished mahogany shone, while the mathematically coiled ropes rested on a deck as spotless as wood could be scraped.

"Why," she exclaimed, "it couldn't be neater if you were two nice old ladies!"

"I warn you," Woolfolk replied, "Halvard will not regard that as particularly complimentary. He will assure you that the order of a proper yacht is beyond the most ambitious dream of a mere housekeeper."

She laughed as Halvard placed a chair for her. She was, Woolfolk thought, lighter in spirit on the ketch than she had been on shore; there was the faintest imaginable stain on her petal-like cheeks; her eyes, like olive leaves, were almost gay. She sat with her slender knees crossed, her fine arms held with hands clasped behind her head, and clad in a crisply ironed, crude white dress, into the band of which she had thrust a spray of orange blossoms.

John Woolfolk was increasingly conscious of her peculiar charm. Millie Stope, he suddenly realized, was like the wild oranges in the neglected grove at her door. A man brought in contact with her magnetic being, charged with appealing and mysterious emotions, in a setting of exotic night and black sea, would find other women, the ordinary concourse of society, insipid—like faintly sweetened water.

She was entirely at ease on the ketch, sitting against the immaculate rim of deck and the sea. He resented that familiarity as an unwarranted intrusion of the world he had fled. Other people, women among them, had unavoidably crossed his deck, but they had been patently alien, momentary; while Millie, with her still delight at the yacht's compact comfort, her intuitive comprehension of its various details—the lamps set in gimbals, the china racks and chart cases slung overhead—entered at once into the spirit of the craft that was John Woolfolk's sole place of home.

He was now disturbed by the ease with which she had established herself both in the yacht and in his imagination. He had thought, after so many years, to have destroyed all the bonds which ordinarily connect men with life, when a mere curiosity had grown into a tangible interest, and the interest showed unmistakable signs of becoming sympathy.

She smiled at him from her position by the wheel; and his being responded with such an unaccustomed, ready warmth that he said abruptly, seeking refuge in occupation:

"Why not reach out to sea? The conditions are perfect."

"Ah, please!" she cried. "Just to take up the anchor would thrill me for months."

A light west wind was blowing; and deliberate, exactly spaced rollers, their tops laced with iridescent spray, were sweeping in from a sea like a glassy, blue pavement. Woolfolk issued a short order, and the sailor moved forward with his customary smooth swiftness. The sails were shaken loose, the mainsail slowly spread its dazzling expanse to the sun, the jib and jigger were trimmed and the anchor came up with a short rush.

Millie rose with her arms outspread, her chin high and eyes closed.

"Free!" she proclaimed with a slow, deep breath.

The sails filled and the ketch forged ahead. John Woolfolk, at the wheel, glanced at the chart section beside him.

"There's four feet on the bar at low water," he told Halvard. "The tide's at half flood now."

The Gar increased her speed, slipping easily out of the bay, gladly, it seemed to Woolfolk, turning toward the sea. The bow rose, and the ketch dipped forward over a spent roller. Millie Stope grasped the wheelbox. "Free!" she said again with shining eyes.

The yacht rose more sharply, hung on a wave's crest and slid lightly downward. Woolfolk, with a sinewy, dark hand directing their course, was intent upon the swelling sails. Once he stopped, tightening a halyard, and the sailor said:

"The main peak won't flatten, sir."

The waves grew larger. The Gar climbed their smooth heights and coasted like a feather beyond. Directly before the yacht they were unbroken, but on either side they foamed into a silver quickly reabsorbed in the deeper water within the bar.

Woolfolk turned from his scrutiny of the ketch to his companion, and was surprised to see her, with all the joy evaporated from her countenance, clinging rigidly to the rail. He said to himself, "Seasick." Then he realized that it was not a physical illness that possessed her, but a profound, increasing terror. She endeavored to smile back at his questioning gaze, and said in a small, uncertain voice:

"It's so—so big!"

For a moment he saw in her a clear resemblance to the shrinking figure of Lichfield Stope. It was as though suddenly she had lost her fine profile and become indeterminate, shadowy. The gray web of the old deflection in Virginia extended over her out of the past—of the past that, Woolfolk thought, would not die.

The Gar rose higher still, dropped into the deep, watery valley, and the woman's face was drawn and wet, the back of her straining hand was dead white. Without further delay John Woolfolk put the wheel sharply over and told his man: "We're going about." And Halvard busied himself with the shaking sails.

"Really—I'd rather you didn't," Millie gasped. "I must learn—no longer a child."

But Woolfolk held the ketch on her return course; his companion's panic was growing beyond her control. They passed once more between the broken waves and entered the still bay with its border of flowering earth. There, when the yacht had been anchored, Millie sat gazing silently at the open sea whose bigness had so unexpectedly appalled her. Her face was pinched, her mouth was set in a straight, hard line. Something about the latter feature suggested to Woolfolk the unguessed governess; it was in contradiction to the rest.

"How strange," she said at last in an insuperably weary voice, "to be forced back to this place that I loathe by myself, by my own cowardice. It's exactly as if my spirit were chained—then the body could never be free. What is it," she demanded of John Woolfolk, "that lives in our own hearts and betrays our utmost convictions and efforts, that destroys us against all knowledge and desire?"

"It may be called heredity," he replied; "that is its simplest phase. The others extend into the realms of the fantastic."

"It's unjust," she cried bitterly, "to be condemned to die in a pit with all one's instinct in the sky!"

The old plea of injustice quivered for a moment over the water and then died away. John Woolfolk had made the same passionate protest, he had cried it with clenched hands at the withdrawn stars, and the profound inattention of Nature had appalled his agony. A thrill of pity moved him for the suffering woman beside him. Her mouth was still unrelaxed. There was in her the material for a struggle against the invidious past.

In her slender frame the rebellion took on an accent of the heroic. Woolfolk recalled how utterly he had gone down before mischance. But his case had been extreme, he had suffered an unendurable wrong at the hand of Fate. Halvard diverted his thoughts by placing before them a tray of sugared pineapple and symmetrical cakes. Millie, too, lost her tension; she showed a feminine pleasure at the yacht's fine napkins, approved the polish of the glass.

"It's all quite wonderful," she said.

"I have nothing else to care for," Woolfolk told her.

"No place nor people on land?"

"None."

"And you are satisfied?"

"Absolutely," he replied with an unnecessary emphasis. He was, he told himself aggressively; he wanted nothing more from living and had nothing to give. Yet his pity for Millie Stope mounted obscurely, bringing with it thoughts, half-sensed desires, dim obligations, to which he had declared himself dead.

"I wonder if you are to be envied?" she queried.

A sudden astounding willingness to speak of himself, even of the past, swept over him.

"Hardly," he replied. "All the things that men value were killed for me in an instant, in the flutter of a white skirt."

"Can you talk about it?"

"There's almost nothing to tell; it was so unrelated, so senseless, blind. It can't be dressed into a story, it has no moral—no meaning. Well—it was twelve years ago. I had just been married, and we had gone to a property in the country. After two days I had to go into town, and when I came back Ellen met me in a breaking cart. It was a flag station, buried in maples, with a white road winding back to where we were staying.

"Ellen had trouble in holding the horse when the train left, and the beast shied going from the station. It was Monday, clothes hung from a line in a side yard and a skirt fluttered in a little breeze. The horse reared, the strapped back of the seat broke, and Ellen was thrown—on her head. It killed her."

He fell silent. Millie breathed sharply, and a ripple struck with a faint slap on the yacht's side. Then: "One can't sanction that," he continued in a lower voice, as if arguing with himself; "arbitrary, wanton; impossible to accept such conditions ——"

"She was young," he once more took up the narrative; "a girl in a tennis skirt with a gay scarf about her waist—quite dead in a second. The clothes still fluttered on the line. You see," he ended, "nothing instructive, noble—only a crude dissonance."

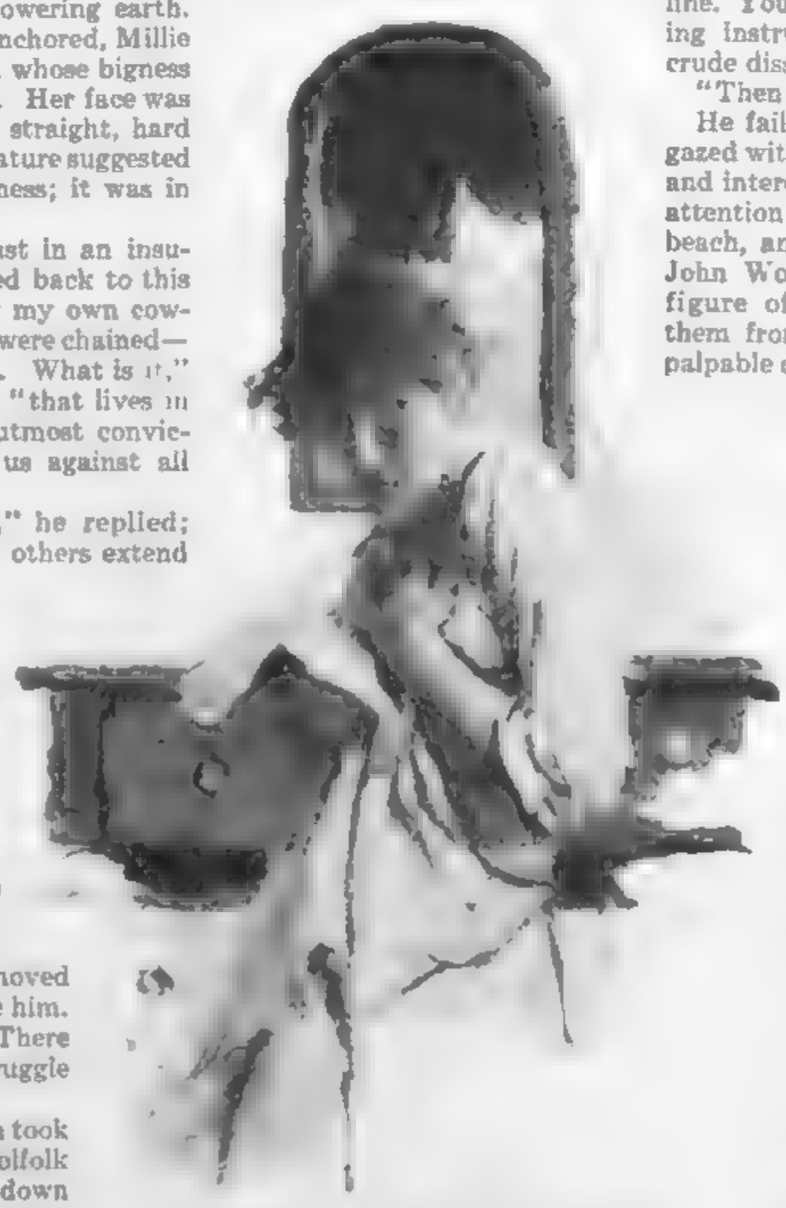
"Then you left everything."

He failed to answer, and she gazed with a new understanding and interest over the Gar. Her attention was attracted to the beach, and, following her gaze, John Woolfolk saw the bulky figure of Nicholas gazing at them from under his palm. A palpable change, a swift shadow enveloped Millie Stope.

"I must go back," she said uneasily; "there will be dinner, and my father has been alone all morning."

But Woolfolk was certain that, however convincing the reasons she put forward, it was none of these that was taking her so hurriedly ashore. The dread that for the past few hours had almost vanished from her tones, her gaze, had returned multiplied. It was, he realized, the objective fear; her entire being was shrinking as if in anticipation of an imminent calamity, a physical blow.

Woolfolk himself put her on the beach; and, with the tender



"I Was So Frightened That I Had No Chance to Return It"

"You Mustn't Stand Here Talking to Me. You Don't Understand What You Will Bring On Yourself"

canted on the sand, steadied her spring. As her hand rested on his arm it gripped him with a sharp force; a response pulsed throughout his body; and an involuntary color rose in her pale, fine cheeks.

Nicholas, stolidly set with his shoes half buried in the sand, surveyed them without a shade of feeling on his thick countenance. But Woolfolk saw that the other's fingers were crawling toward his pocket. He realized that the man's dully smiling mask concealed sultry, ungoverned emotions, blind springs of gall.

VIII

AGAIN on the ketch the inevitable reaction overtook him. He had spoken of Ellen's death to no one until now, through all the years when he had been a wanderer on the edge of his world, and he bitterly regretted its mention. In speaking he had betrayed his resolve of solitude. Life, against all his instinct, his wishes, had reached out and caught him, however lightly, in its tentacles.

The least surrender, he realized, the slightest opening of his interest, would bind him with a multitude of attachments; the octopus that he dreaded, uncoiling arm after arm, would soon hold him again, a helpless victim for the fury Chance.

He had made a disastrous error in following his curiosity, the insistent scent of the wild oranges, to the house where Millie had advanced on the dim portico. His return there had been the inevitable result of the first mistake, and the rest had followed with a fatal ease. Whatever had been the deficiencies of the past twelve years he had been free from new complications, fresh treacheries. Now, with hardly a struggle, he was falling back into the trap.

The wind died away absolutely, and a haze gathered delicately over the sea, thickening through the afternoon and turned rosy by the declining sun. The shore had faded from sight.

A sudden energy leaped through John Woolfolk, rang out in an abrupt summons to Halvard. "Get up anchor," he commanded.

Poul Halvard, at the mainstay, remarked tentatively: "There's not a capful of wind."

The wide calm, Woolfolk thought, was but a part of a general conspiracy against his liberty, his memories.

"Get the anchor up," he repeated harshly. "We'll go under the engine."

The sudden jarring of the Gar's engine sounded muffled in a shut space like the flushed heart of a shell. The yacht moved forward, with a wake like folded gauze, into a shimmer of formless and pure color.

John Woolfolk sat at the wheel, motionless except for an occasional, scant shifting of his hands. He was sailing by compass; the patent log, trailing behind on its long cord, maintained a constant, jerking register on its dial. He had resolutely banished all thought save that of navigation. Halvard was occupied forward, clearing the deck of the accumulations of the anchorage. When he came aft Woolfolk said shortly: "No mess."

The haze deepened and night fell, and the sailor lighted and placed the port and starboard lights. The binnacle light threw up a dim, orange radiance on Woolfolk's somber countenance. He continued for three and four and then five hours at the wheel, while the smooth clamor of the engine, a slight quiver of the hull, alone marked their progress through an invisible element.

Once more he had left life behind. This had more the aspect of a flight than at any time previous. It was, obscurely, an unpleasant thought, and he endeavored—unsuccessfully—to put it from him. He was but pursuing the course he had laid out, following his necessary, inflexible determination.

His mind for a moment turned independently back to Millie, with her double burden of fear. He had left her without a word, isolated with Nicholas, concealing with a blank smile his enigmatic being, and with her impotent parent.

Well, he was not responsible for her; he had paid for the privilege of immunity; he had but listened to her story, volunteering nothing. John Woolfolk wished, however, that he had said some final, useful word to her before going. He was certain that, looking for the ketch and unexpectedly finding the bay empty, she would suffer a pang, if only of loneliness. In the short while that he had been there she had come to depend on him for companionship, for relief from the insuperable monotony of her surroundings; for, perhaps, still more. He wondered what that more might contain. He thought of Millie at the present moment, lying probably awake, steeped in dread. His flight now assumed the aspect of an act of cowardice, of desertion. He rehearsed wearily the extenuations of his position, but without any palpable relief.

An even more disturbing possibility lodged in his thoughts—he was not certain that he did not wish to be actually back with Millie again. He felt the quick pressure of her fingers on his arm as she jumped from the tender; her magnetic personality hung about him like an aroma. Cloaked in mystery, pale and irresistible, she appealed to him from the edge of the wild oranges.

This, he told himself again, was but the manner in which a ruthless Nature set her lures; it was the deceptive vestment of romance. He held the ketch relentlessly on her course, with—now—all his thoughts, his inclinations, returning to Millie Stope. In a last, desperate rally of his scattering resolution he told himself that he was unfaithful to the tragic memory of Ellen. This last stay broke abruptly, and left him defenseless against the tyranny of his mounting desires. Strangely he felt the sudden pressure of a stirring wind upon his face; and, almost with an oath, he put the wheel sharply over and the Gar swung about.

Poul Halvard had been below, by inference asleep; but when the yacht changed her course he immediately appeared on deck. He moved aft, but Woolfolk made no explanation, the sailor put no questions. The wind freshened, grew sustained. Woolfolk said:

"Make sail."

Soon after the mainsail rose, a ghostly white expanse on the night. John Woolfolk trimmed the jigger, shut off the engine; and, moving through a sudden, vast hush, they retraced their course. The bay was ablaze with sunlight, the morning well advanced, when the ketch floated back to her anchorage under the oleanders.

IX

WHETHER he returned or fled, Woolfolk thought, he was enveloped in an atmosphere of defeat. He relinquished the wheel, but remained seated, drooping at his post. The indefatigable Halvard proceeded with the efficient discharge of his narrow, exacting duties. After a short space John Woolfolk descended to the cabin, where, on an unmade berth, he fell immediately asleep.

He woke to a dim interior and twilight gathering outside. He shaved—without conscious purpose—with meticulous care, and put on the blue flannel coat. Later he rowed himself ashore and proceeded directly through the orange grove to the house beyond.

Millie Stope was seated on the portico, and laid a restraining hand on her father's arm as he rose, attempting to retreat at Woolfolk's approach. The latter, with a commonplace greeting, resumed his place.

Millie's face was dim and potent in the gloom, and Lichfield Stope more than ever resembled an uneasy ghost. He muttered an indistinct response to a period directed at him by Woolfolk and turned with a low, urgent appeal to his daughter. The latter, with a hopeless gesture, relinquished his arm, and the other disappeared as if by magic.

"You were sailing this morning," Millie commented listlessly.

"I had gone," he said without explanation. Then he added: "But I came back."

A silence threatened them which he resolutely broke: "Do you remember, when you told me about your father, that you wanted really to talk about yourself? Will you do that now?"

"To-night I haven't the courage."

"I am not idly curious," he persisted.

"Just what are you?"

"I don't know," he admitted frankly. "At the present moment I'm lost, fogged. But, meanwhile, I'd like to give you any assistance in my power. You seem, in an inexplicable way, needful of help."

She turned her head sharply in the direction of the open hall and said in a high, clear voice, that yet rang strangely false: "I am quite well cared for by my father and Nicholas." She moved closer to him, dragging her chair across the uneven porch, in the rasp of which she added, quick and low:

"Don't—please."

A mounting exasperation seized him at the secrecy that veiled her, hid her from him, and he answered stiffly: "I am merely intrusive."

She was seated above him, and she leaned forward and swiftly pressed his fingers, loosely clasped about a knee. Her hand was as cold as salt. His irritation vanished before a welling pity. He got now a sharp, recognized happiness from her nearness; his feeling for her increased with the accumulating seconds. After the surrender, the admission of his return he had grown elemental, sensitized to emotions rather than to processes of intellect. His ardor had the poignancy of the period beyond youth. It had a trace of the consciousness of the fatal waning of life which gave it a depth denied to younger passions. He wished to take Millie Stope at once from all memory of the troublous past, to have her alone in a totally different and thrilling existence.

It was a personal and blind desire, born in the unaccustomed tumult of his newly released feelings.

They sat for a long while, silent or speaking in trivialities, when he proposed a walk to the sea; but she declined in that curiously loud and false tone. It seemed to Woolfolk that, for the moment, she had addressed someone not immediately present; and involuntarily he looked round. The light of the hidden lamp in the hall fell in a pale, unbroken rectangle on the irregular porch. There was not the shifting of a pound's weight audible in the stillness.

Millie breathed unevenly; at times he saw she shivered uncontrollably. At this his feeling mounted beyond all restraint. He said, taking her cold hand: "I didn't tell you why I went last night—it was because I was afraid to stay where you were; I was afraid of the change you were bringing about in my life. That's all over now, I ——"

"Isn't it quite late?" she interrupted him uncomfortably. She rose and her agitation visibly increased.

He was about to force her to hear all that he must say, but he stopped at the mute wretchedness of her pallid face. He stood gazing up at her from the rough sod. She clenched her hands, her breast heaved sharply, and she spoke in a level, strained voice:

"It would have been better if you had gone—without coming back. My father is unhappy with anyone about except myself and—and Nicholas. You see—he will not stay on the porch nor walk about his grounds. I am not in need of assistance, as you seem to think. And—thank you. Good night."

He stood without moving, his head thrown back, regarding her with a searching frown. He listened again, unconsciously, and thought he heard the low creaking of a board from within. It could be nothing but the uneasy peregrination of Lichfield Stope. The sound was repeated, grew louder, and the sagging bulk of Nicholas appeared in the doorway.

The latter stood for a moment, a dark, magnified shape; and then, moving across the portico to the farthest window, closed the shutters. The hinges gave out a rasping grind, as if they had not been turned for months, and there was a faint rattle of falling particles of rusted iron. The man forced shut a second set of shutters with a sudden violence and went slowly back into the house.

Millie Stope said once more: "Good night."

It was evident to Woolfolk that he could gain nothing more at present; and stifling an angry protest, an impatient troop of questions, he turned and strode back to the tender. However, he hadn't the slightest intention of following Millie's indirectly expressed wish for him to leave. He had the odd conviction that at heart she did not want him to go; the evening, he elaborated this feeling, had been all a strange piece of acting. To-morrow he would tear apart the veil that hid her from him; he would ignore her every protest and force the truth from her.

He lifted the tender's anchor from the sand and pulled sharply across the water to the Gar. A reddish, misshapen moon hung in the east, and when he had mounted to his deck it was suddenly obscured by a high, racing scud of cloud; the air had a damper, thicker feel. He instinctively moved to the barometer, which he found depressed. The wind, that had continued steadily since the night before, increased, and there was a corresponding stir among the branches ashore, a slapping of the yacht's cordage against the spars. He turned forward and half absently noted the increasing strain on the hawser disappearing into the dark tide. The anchor was firmly bedded. The pervasive, far murmur of the waves on the outer bars grew louder.

The yacht swung lightly over the choppy water, and a strong affection for the ketch that had been his home, his occupation, his solace through the past dreary years expanded his heart. He knew the Gar's every capability and mood, and they were all good. She was an exceptional boat. His feeling was acute, for he knew that the yacht had been superseded. It was already an element of the past, of that past in which Ellen lay dead in a tennis skirt, with a bright scarf about her young waist.

He placed his hand on the mainmast, in the manner in which another might drop a palm on the shoulder of a departing, faithful companion, and the wind in the rigging vibrated through the wood like a sentient and affectionate response. Then he went resolutely down into the cabin, facing the future.

John Woolfolk woke in the night, listened for a moment to the straining hull and wind shrilling aloft, and then rose and went forward again to examine the mooring. A second hawser now reached into the darkness. Halvard had been on deck and put out another anchor. The wind beat salt and stinging from the sea, utterly dissipating the languorous breath of the land, the odors of the exotic, flowering trees.

x

IN THE morning a storm, driving out of the east, enveloped the coast in a frigid, lashing rain. The wind mounted steadily through the middle of the day with an increasing pitch accompanied by the basso of the racing seas. The bay grew opaque and seamed with white scars. After the meridian the rain ceased, but the wind maintained its volume, clamoring beneath a leaden pall.

John Woolfolk, in dripping yellow oilskins, occasionally circled the deck of his ketch. Halvard had everything in a perfection of order. When the rain stopped, the sailor dropped into the tender and with a boat sponge bailed vigorously. Soon after, Woolfolk stepped out upon the beach. He was without any plan but the determination to put aside whatever obstacles held Millie from him. This rapidly crystallized into the resolve to take her with him before another day ended. His feeling for her, increasing to a passionate need, had destroyed the suspension, the deliberate calm of his life, as the storm had dissipated the sunny peace of the coast.

He paused before the ruined façade, weighing her statement that it would have been better if he had not returned; and he wondered how that would affect her willingness, her ability to see him today. He added the word "ability" instinctively and without explanation. And he decided that, in order to have any satisfactory speech with her, he must come upon her alone, away from the house. Then he could force her to hear to the finish what he wanted to say; in the open they might escape from the inexplicable inhibition that lay upon her expression of feeling, of desire. It would be necessary, at the same time, to avoid the notice of anyone who would warn her of his presence. This precluded his waiting at the familiar place on the rotting wharf.

Three marble steps, awry and moldy, descended to the lawn from a French window in the side of the desolate mansion. They were screened by a tangle of rose-mallow, and there John Woolfolk seated himself—waiting.

The wind shrilled about the corner of the house, there was a mournful clatter of shingles from above and the frenzied lashing of boughs. The noise was so great that he failed to hear the slightest indication of the approach of Nicholas until that individual passed directly before him. Nicholas stopped at the inner fringe of the beach and, from a point where he could not be seen from the ketch, stood gazing out at the Gar pounding on her long anchor chains. The man remained for an oppressively extended period; Woolfolk could see his heavy, drooping shoulders and sunken head; and then the other moved to the left, crossing the rough open behind the oleanders. Woolfolk had a momentary glimpse of a huge nose and rapidly moving lips above an impotent chin.

Nicholas, he realized, remained a complete enigma to him; beyond the conviction that the man was, in some minor way, leaden-witted, he knew nothing.

A brief, watery ray of sunlight fell through a rift in the flying clouds and stained the tossing verdure pale gold; it was followed by a sudden drift of rain, then once more the naked wind. Woolfolk was fast determining to go up to the house

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"You Must Do Exactly as I Have Told You. It Won't be Long Until Freedom"

A WESTERN WARWICK

By SAMUEL G. BLYTHE

XV

CONVENTION details were all decided on. The Honorable Peter McGrew, a silver-tongued orator who was willing to support us for the pleasing prospect of a brief fame in the newspapers, was to make the keynote speech.

I had the Honorable Peter up to see me on the Monday night before the convention opened, and listened to his keynoting.

Peter was silver-tongued, but he was pewter-headed to some extent. He declaimed the usual platitudes in a satisfactory manner, but a yard or two before his grandiose peroration he threw in a few extraneous remarks about the necessity for our party to purge itself before the people of the freely made charge that conventions were often controlled by delegates from the rotten boroughs of the South, where there was nothing but a name to our party. He advocated a close scrutiny of and a radical reform in Southern representation.

We Organized Pilgrimages, Sent Delegations Journeying to Him to Hear the Well-Modulated and Carefully Considered Words of Wisdom That Fell From His Lips

"What?" I screamed. "What? Why, you idiot, what do you mean by that?"

"I express the sentiments of the better element in our party," he replied with great dignity.

"You do, do you? Well, you cut that out! Cut it out! Don't you dare say a word about Southern representation or anything that has the slightest bearing on it. Here, give me that manuscript."

I took it and slashed away two or three pages, while the Honorable Peter looked at me in astonishment.

"McGrew," I said, "I'll revise this further for you and add a paragraph or two. You come back in two hours."

I called in Talbot and told him to go over the thing and make it innocuous but resounding, and to add something. He did so, and the Honorable Peter was forced to sit up all that night relearning his piece.

I had picked my chairmen for the various committees, and my committee members to represent the states I controlled. The chairmen were tried and true citizens, whom no favor—except mine—swayed, and no fear—except of me—awed. They would obey orders. I gave the man who was to be chairman of the Resolutions Committee the draft of the platform, instructing him as to the vital things that must remain in it and marking plainly the paragraphs that had been put in for trading purposes, to be taken out in a spirit of compromise and fair play with the semiradicals and the favorite-son crowd. The backbone of the platform was to stay—the paragraphs about protection, business and the encouragement of the same. The rest of it was junk and I wasn't averse to any reasonable change or new plank. There was to be a full and free discussion, but I was to have the final say.

The temporary roll was to be made the permanent roll. I saw to that when I made up the Credentials Committee. The permanent chairman was to be Freeman, who had a cold nerve, a convenient conscience, never lost his head, and understood exactly what he was to do, which was to jam the nomination of Rogers through that assemblage of free and untrammeled citizens in convention assembled to execute the will and bidding of their various sovereign states, and the likewise free and untrammeled voters therein. At midnight Pliny arrived to make his final report.

"Everything's set, boss," he said.

"Who's the woman?"

"Oh, an actress I found."

"What's the plan?"

"I've got her a seat in the front row of the balcony, facing the stage. When the cheering begins, after McGrew mentions the name of our peerless candidate, she's going to perform. I figure we can hold that cheer about twenty minutes with the plant I've made for it. She will be dressed in red, and have a red hat and a red parasol. When I give her the sign she'll hop up, as though this great demonstration had made her plumb crazy, lean over the balcony, and begin waving that red parasol and yipping for Rogers. She's a peach, and I figure after they see her she will prolong the cheers ten minutes or so. I've got it fixed to have her come down on the stage when the novelty of the balcony performance begins to wear off. Then she can wave her red umbrel' up there and help keep it going ten minutes more. She knows her lines to tell the reporters."

"How much will this display of spontaneous feminine enthusiasm cost?" I asked.

"I told her if she pulled it right I'd give her a hundred."

"Well, what else?"

"Jepson, in the Iowa bunch, will rush out after it has been going about thirty minutes, grab the Iowa standard and begin the parade round the hall. I've fixed ten or twelve other men in other delegations to follow him, and the rest of the boys will fall in. The band has the right music cues—My Country, 'tis of Thee! at the psychological moment. Then Dixie; then the Star-Spangled Banner. We'll get a riproaring parade of the standards, all right. I have given two hundred shouters tickets that scatter them round the hall, and they will whoop it up for Rogers for an hour, if necessary, for five dollars apiece. All our boys will have flags to wave. The flags are in the hall now.

"We'll put a big picture of Rogers on one of the big flags back of the rostrum unbeknown to anybody but the local committee. I had to rough-house the locals to get that over. At the right time Johnny Persons will pull the string and down will come that big flag with the mug of our peerless leader on it, and that'll keep 'em stirred up a while more. Everything's set."

"How about the prayers?"

"Fixed those too. Popular Roman Catholic priest to open first session; Methodist bishop, second session; Jewish rabbi, third session, and, if necessary, Presbyterian divine for the fourth session. Won't be any more sessions than that, but if there are we'll get an Episcopalian and a Lutheran."

"We promised these local people we'd hold the convention in session three days when they put up the money for expenses."

"Well, that's all right. First day, for temporary organization, and to let McGrew get his speech off his chest, and appoint committees; second day, for the Credentials Committee; and the Resolutions Committee will sit all night, chewing on the permanent roll and the platform, and chucking those kickers out for the last time. Then permanent organization, nominating speeches and nominations. Possibly recess for night session. Third day, vice-president, appoint new National Committee, and so on. All fixed."

"Pliny," I said, "it looks to me as if there was going to be a remarkable outburst of spontaneous enthusiasm over there in that hall about fifteen minutes to eleven—a terrific, impulsive, unforced, voluntary tribute to the commanding and sterling qualities of James Jason Rogers."

"Seems so," Pliny replied. "If nothing bogs down we'll put on quite a show. I——"

He was interrupted by the entrance of young Martin, one of my lieutenants. He was popeyed with excitement.

"Chief," he stuttered, "they are going to try to put one over on you to-morrow."

"Who is?"

"The other fellows. They have it all fixed to stampede the convention away from you to Carrothers. Old Enders has been working on it for a week."

Pliny made a gesture of utter weariness and I laughed.

"Son," I said, "let me tell you something: If any stampeding is to be done over there I'm going to do it. Now you mark what I say: It is easy enough to stampede the spectators at a national convention, but there's no such thing as stampeding the delegates. Those boys would sit there for ten days and let the shouting and cheering roll and rock round them without any feeling of interest, and be bored stiff. They are there for a particular purpose, and they will cheer for their man and be as calm as Quakers while the cheering for the other fellow is going on. They are roped, tied and branded; and old Cato Enders knows it too. All he is doing is trying to make a last play to force something out of me. You go to bed and be on hand in the morning to escort the woman in red from the balcony to the stage, after she has been so picturesquely inspired to her enthusiasm and has done the first part of her stunt."

"One thing more," said Pliny, as Martin went out crestfallen. "I can't find Henry Clay Custis to save my life."

"What's he hiding out for?"

"Oh, you know as well as I do."

"We won't need him the first day. Keep after him." Just then a boy came in with a card. "Here he is now," I said, and the courtly and dignified H. C. Custis entered.

"Good evenin', senator, and Mr. Peters—good evenin'," he chanted, using his softest and most musical accent. We nodded and waited. "I reckon I can be brief with you, senator. I know you're tired. Things look right smart for our candidate, I'm told."

"They do."

"Well, senator, I have a little matter I want to ask you about. One of our boys down in Alabama is desirous of bein' Minister to Spain, very desirous of it. Can you help him? I would consider it quite a favor—quite a favor."

"I think that might be arranged, provided ——"

"Provided what, sir?"

"Provided the state of Alabama yields to the state of James Jason Rogers when the roll call for nominations begins. That's what you have to offer, isn't it?"

"Well, sir, since you put it that blunt way, I suppose it may be what I had in mind. You see, senator, there's quite

a strife among the candidates for that advantage of a first nominating speech; and, being as Alabama has no candidate of her own, I felt that maybe you would consider our yielding to you as a sufficient remuneration for this triflin' diplomatic post one of our boys desires. I felt —"

"All right, Custis," I said; "all right! You can have the job. We'll consider it settled. Alabama will yield to us? You agree?"

"Certainly, my dear senator, though it will be very hard to oppose the wishes of my oldest and most valued friends who desire Alabama to yield to them—very hard, indeed, senator."

"Sure," I said; "but they can't make your man Minister to Spain, or Minister to Liberia, or anywhere else."

"Possibly not—possibly not. Then we'll consider it arranged, shall we, my dear senator?"

"I'll do my part."

"Good evenin', gentlemen. Rest assured that the grand old state of Alabama will be honored in yieldin' in so glorious a cause as this; honored, sir—honored!"

"Good night."

Pliny Jumped to the Edge of the Stage and Swung His Arms

As he elaborately bowed his way out I looked at Pliny and Pliny looked at me. We both laughed.

"All unfinished business is now transacted," said Pliny.

"It is. It is; and to-morrow the sovereign will of the people will be expressed, and on the day following those to whom they have delegated their authority will rise and exercise that authority in the patriotic, unselfish, exalted manner for which we have laboriously arranged the details. Let's take a drink and go to bed."

XVI

THE convention hall was flag-bedecked and bunting-wound until it was all red, white and blue. Pictures of former leaders of our party hung in appropriate places on the walls. Back of the rostrum there was furled a huge flag, which was to do its part. The crowd began arriving early, filling in the seats behind and on the sides of the square blocked off for the delegates and alternates. A great band far up under the roof, at the end of the hall opposite the rostrum, played the popular airs of the period.

The seats for the delegates were marked by standards, each bearing the name of a state. In front and at the sides of the rostrum were the rows of press seats, filled early with the correspondents. Underneath the rostrum there was a vast telegraph office, with scores of operators sending descriptive dispatches to all parts of the country, written by the men in the press section. The spectators crowded gayly in and by eleven o'clock most of the seats were filled, except the block to be used by the delegates, which made a big, rectangular brown splotch in the middle, surrounded by the kaleidoscope of the spectators. It looked like a dock projecting out into a rippling and gorgeous sea, for the dresses and hats of the women gave a multicolored phase to it and the thousands of waving fans supplied the undulatory effect.

The delegates began arriving about half past eleven. When a noted party man appeared he was applauded if he came alone, so he could be recognized, and most of the noted party men were extremely careful not to allow their identities to be merged in a crowd. They chose their entrances for auspicious moments when they could be seen, and bowed and smiled to the applause that greeted them. At noon the chairman of the National Committee rapped for order and the priest made his prayer. The chairman introduced the Honorable Peter McGrew, who was formally chosen temporary chairman and who advanced to the edge of the platform, waited for his applause, and proceeded to silver-tongue his keynote resonantly.

Few besides the Honorable Peter, Talbot and myself knew that along in the latter half of his speech there would occur an eruption which would make the country think James Jason Rogers was to be nominated by acclamation in just a few minutes. Talbot put a paragraph in McGrew's speech that had the name of Rogers in it. The reason for that was this: The first demonstration at a convention is the demonstration that gets the publicity. After three or four of these wild hurrahs have been set in motion the reporters are bored, and refer to them only casually, but they are fresh and eager on their first day, and want copy and picture stuff, and they voluminously and enthusiastically describe an episode that on the second day wouldn't get fifty words.

McGrew rolled out his platitudes, stopping at appropriate intervals for applause. After half an hour or so he took a long breath, squared his shoulders, and shouted: "We are met here to name a standard bearer who shall lead us to glorious victory in November next. Whether our choice shall fall on that gallant soldier, eminent statesman, upright partisan and commanding figure, James Jason Rogers ——"

Pliny jumped to the edge of the stage and swung his arms. Whoop-whoop-whoop-eee-ee-issimus! Away they went. Our shouters yipped and yelled. Our delegates stood up and cheered. The spectators, liking noise and affected by the apparent enthusiasm, joined in vociferously. The hall rocked with the clamor of it. The cheers rose and fell, rose and fell, died out in one part of the hall to be started in another. Ten minutes—fifteen minutes—seventeen minutes—and it was getting a bit thin. Then Pliny fluttered a handkerchief, and up in front of the second balcony appeared a woman dressed in vivid red, with a red parasol—the reddest parasol I ever saw. She leaned over and shrilled: "Rogers and Prosperity! Rogers and Prosperity! Rogers! Rogers! James J. Rogers!" And she swung her parasol up and down like a baton.

In half a minute the crowd had taken up the cadence. She waved her parasol—waved it—waved it, making a most effective picture. That stimulation prolonged the cheering for seven minutes more. Then, as it was dying out, the band blared into America and down came the big flag with the picture of Rogers on it. That started them again. Jepson, who had been sitting quietly in the Iowa section, jumped up, jerked the Iowa standard from its socket, pushed into the center aisle, flourishing the standard and yelling like a Comanche. Others took standards. Jepson started a parade and the others followed, weaving in and out among the delegates and shouting: "Rogers! Rogers! James J. Rogers!" while the woman in red, whom Martin had rushed to the rostrum, waved her parasol up and down, up and down, and shrieked in the ecstasy of well-simulated excitement.

That turbulent performance was not the first similar demonstration at a convention, of course, but it was the first carefully organized spontaneous burst of diagrammed enthusiasm that lasted for more than half an hour. It worked out in a most gratifying manner. The whole writing contingent in the press seats, fresh, eager, needing descriptive stuff, for the news had been discounted, wrote their journalistic heads off about it. The woman in red was the feature. They telegraphed yards about her, describing her as the "wife of a well-known Rogers partisan, interested equally with her husband in the success of that candidate, ardently for the cause," who had been overcome by her emotions and had impulsively leaped into the arena when she could restrain herself no longer; and who rubescently dominated a most remarkable picture—became the "crimson center of a carnival of clamor," as one artist in words put it. She remembered her lines perfectly when the reporters sought her, as they did the minute she reached the rostrum.

We had columns about it in the afternoon papers and columns more next morning—acres of slobber—and the artists drew pictures of the fascinating and rubefacient creature who swayed this great gathering of practical men, while the lady writers drowned her with adjectives and submerged her with gush. The effect of all this was to make the nomination of Rogers seem certain to outsiders, for the public fails to discriminate between noise and votes in a convention. I began to get telegrams from citizens in various parts of the country who had been doubtful but now were eager to climb aboard, and who hoped I would not be insensible to the fact that they always were with me in their hearts, and were at the moment of communication cheering lustily for Rogers, Prosperity and Paxton—especially for Paxton. I told Pliny to give the woman in red two hundred dollars. She earned it.

I never did ask McGrew what the other fellows said to him about that Rogers interpolation, for I didn't care. McGrew was left to defend himself; but I learned one thing; the Honorable Peter went down to his grave firm in the opinion that that demonstration was a tribute to the eloquence and dramatic quality of his speech. What it really was never oozed into him. The vainest man is a professional orator, not even excluding a professional actor, which, by the way, is what the professional orator is—an actor.

The Credentials Committee went through the formal motions of rehearing some of the contests, and in one case, to avoid trouble, gave the seated delegates and the contestants half a vote each; but not until I had been consulted

as to whether this concession for harmony would interfere with the general result. The Resolutions Committee sat all night listening to reformers, radicals, soreheads, grafters, and many others who had designs on the platform. They stuck in everything that seemed to have even a remote chance of catching a vote and would not embarrass us; but they held rigidly to the text of my parts of it. So far as we were concerned, Big Business could combine the whole country into a trust and we would be complacent, even helpful.

There was a lot of flubdub, noise and piffle about the rest of it, but no deviation from our program. Freeman introduced a few wrinkles in Czaring that would have been received with loud acclaim at the Tsarskoe Selo. We had another big demonstration when the principal nominating speech was made for Rogers, Alabama having yielded first place to us, a new Minister to Spain thereby coming into being. We had the votes. Three hopeless candidates were hopelessly put in nomination against us, but we smashed them flat. At four-forty o'clock on the afternoon of the second day James Jason Rogers became the nominee of his party for the presidency, and I called up Robert A. Broad on the long-distance telephone.

"Broad," I said, "Rogers has just been nominated."

"Glad to hear it! Glad to hear it! Congratulate you. Good-by."

"Hold on!" I shouted, almost loudly enough to be heard without a telephone. "Wait a minute!"

"Wait a minute? What for? What d'ye want? Huh! What d'ye want?"

"I am coming to see you in a few days."

"What for? Rogers is nominated, ain't he?"

"Yes: but he isn't elected. And I want to see you."

"Huh!" I heard. "Huh! Huh!" Then he hung up the receiver.

About all that was left was the vice-presidential nomination. I was in favor of allowing the convention to decide that, thinking the delegates might have some united opinion on the subject, but the rest of my organization would not consent. They said I must finish the job.

There were half a dozen candidates. The first rule that applies in selecting a candidate for Vice President is that he must be right geographically. If he has money, that is an added attraction. As Rogers came from the West, we must pick a man from some doubtful state in the East. Old Cato Enders, who never overlooked an opportunity, had a candidate.

"I think," said Cato to me, "inasmuch as you have named the candidate for President, I should have a say about second place."

"Who's your man?" I asked.

"Dickson. He's right politically, he's right geographically, and I have positive assurances he will contribute liberally for the honor."

"How liberally?"

"Oh, very liberally."

"Be definite. Will he give half a million?"

"No! He'll give a hundred thousand."

"Not enough."

"Two hundred thousand."

"That's more like it. And who'll get the money your organization?"

"Certainly."

"Good afternoon, senator. I am very busy just now."

Old Cato glared balefully at me as he went out. For three hours I canvassed the claims of various aspirants. Then old Cato came back. "Would a hundred and fifty thousand be any inducement—the money to go to the treasurer of the National Committee?" he asked.

"Enders," I said, "I suppose I shouldn't mind a holdout of fifty thousand for your state organization. You give Janes the hundred and fifty thousand by midnight and I'll name Dickson."

Janes reported that he had the money, and next day Dickson was nominated in a perfunctory, lifeless session, not attended by half the delegates. The new National Committee was selected, and that night I was named as its chairman, which put the campaign in my hands. I left for New York the next day and stopped off to see Rogers. He was calm and complacent. He seemed to think that virtue had received its due reward.

XVII

JANES, the treasurer of the National Committee, was an interesting person. He looked like a butler, talked like a deacon, dressed like an undertaker, and could twist the reluctant dollar out of the coy contributor with more unction and less mercy than any politician I have ever known. He had no compassion. When he went out after campaign funds he didn't come back until he had secured campaign funds. He knew politics backward, had a card index of the men who had derived benefits from either our party's legislation or lack of it, and he was remorseless. He was honest, accounted for every penny, and had his only joy in life when he was running a multimillionaire through the wringer. He was quiet, secretive, discreet as discretion, and as safe as a church. He never told anything and he never overlooked anybody. He tapped his sources scientifically. He made Federal employees give their percentages. He was death on postmasters. He was a most valuable adjunct.

I insisted that Rogers must remain in his home city. I gave him some clerks and stenographers, and put Talbot on guard over him to see that he was not annoyed and that he did not annoy. I had no idea of letting Rogers go campaigning, though I knew he loved it. I glued him to his home city, telling him it was much more dignified to stay there and receive people than to go out and be received. I promised him that later in the campaign he might possibly go to some of the big cities and speak; and, though I knew he protested inwardly, he acquiesced gravely but pleasantly and stayed right there.

I made preparation to establish my headquarters and then we marked time, waiting for the opposition. They renominated their man. That made the issue a clean-cut one between us. Rogers stood for the return to the protective principle, and our opponents were pat on tariff-for-revenue-only. Money was plentiful. I had an ejaculatory session with Broad and he provided a second million, but I observed that he tied some strings on this in the way of conditions to be met and definite assurances to be given. I mentioned these requirements to Rogers, but he wasn't interested. He was preparing his speech of acceptance, and that was a masterpiece. It was as universal as daylight; and though it was committal it was also noncommittal.

She Leaned Over and Shrilled. "Rogers! Rogers! James J. Rogers!"

It stood for what we stood for, but it gave no offense to any person who might desire to stand with us. It was eloquent and emphatic; conciliatory and convincing; partisan and propitiatory; held out hope to the oppressed but did not condemn their oppressors; juggled with the classes and the masses and kept them both in the air expertly; was conservatively radical and radically conservative; absolved all enemies of the party and blessed all friends. It was a wonder! After I heard that speech I was sure that James Jason Rogers would be a useful President, a very useful President indeed—provided I could use him.

That consideration was of the future. My present job was to elect him. Before my time National Committees spent a million dollars or so in a presidential campaign—and were lucky to get that much to spend. I had already disposed of almost a million in my preliminaries, and I had another million credit and the hundred and fifty thousand of Dickson's. We totted up. With the first lot Janes secured I had roughly about a million and a half with which to begin operations. Begin is right. I had no idea of restricting myself to that sum or anything like that sum. I knew the only way I could win was by educating the people. They already had their primary instruction, and I determined to establish a university, with a full course, and shove the entire proletariat through in the five months I had for active work.

Organizing was easy. All I had to do was to increase the size of the units of the machine I had used for nominating purposes. I expanded my publicity bureau ten times, and put half of it in the Eastern headquarters and half of it in the Western. I tightened my grip on the newspapers and I went into the market for every available additional medium of publicity. I spent days and days listening to grafters of all sorts who had schemes, ranging from a man who wanted to project the magic words "Rogers

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Paying the War Debts

THE European belligerents, excluding the Balkan States, owed over twenty-five billion dollars when war was declared. If fighting continues to midsummer this will certainly be increased to seventy-five or eighty billions, with an annual interest charge round four billions. How will they stand it? Various experts have recently studied the problem and suggest two ways:

First, by cheap money—that is, by virtually abandoning the gold standard; making silver redemption money equally with gold and keeping in circulation a great quantity of paper currency. This would make high prices. If wheat is worth a dollar a bushel it takes five bushels of it to pay five per cent interest on a hundred dollars. If it is worth a dollar and a quarter a bushel only four bushels are required to pay the same interest. With high prices producers can bear the interest burden more easily. This applies to labor, for wages usually rise along with commodity prices. So one expedient would be to give the bondholder only three or four bushels of wheat instead of the five he would get on a strict gold basis.

Another resource is taxation. So far as the bonds are in the hands of rich men, a heavily graded income tax can draw back into the public treasury much of the interest the bondholder draws out. A heavily graded inheritance tax would be more effectual still, for whenever a rich man died it would probably slice off from his estate an amount equal to his holdings of government bonds.

There is the further resource of plain repudiation; but it seems likely that by skillful management the balance can be dressed through price inflation and taxation. The final effect on the well-to-do bondholder will be a good deal the same as though his bonds had been repudiated; but the softer method will not outrage his feelings or upset the country's credit system.

Following Public Opinion

THERE is no doubt at all as to how opinion in this country reacted to the war in the first instance. "Keep out of it!" was the word on everybody's lips. If ever a representative government had unequivocal sailing orders from the sovereign public it was then. The President has been industriously keeping out of it ever since, and, broadly speaking, he seems to have pleased hardly anybody. Colonel Roosevelt would have had him protest against the invasion of Belgium. Colonel Bryan would have had him moderate the Lusitania note and order Americans to keep off ships flying belligerent flags. There are two specific criticisms. The others are mainly of an indefinite nature. Though Americans were perishing on torpedoed boats, he merely "made phrases." Just how he could present this Government's demands on another government without embodying them in phrases is not specified. He only "wrote notes."

True, the notes secured from Germany and Austria a declaration that unarmed, unresisting merchant ships would not be attacked without due warning and due provision for safety of passengers and crew, which was the only contention. To accomplish this purpose by use of the pen, however, is held rather contemptible. The only alternative to the pen in such cases is the sword. The national purpose having been accomplished by the pen no critic would have had Mr. Wilson resort to the sword. Yet many critics are profoundly dissatisfied.

The first view shows public opinion responding to the shock of war with a practically unanimous demand for strict neutrality. The second view—a year and a half later—shows a considerable section of it, especially along the Atlantic seaboard, churned into a wrathy foam. It does not know exactly what it wants, but is thoroughly convinced it wants something different from what it has.

The Inflation Habit

THE danger in the present situation, say the ablest critics, is that we shall get inflated. A billion dollars or so of idle money is lying round—national banks alone recently reporting nine hundred millions of excess reserve. As a dollar of reserve money is good for four or five dollars of credit, this means banks could lend four or five billions more. If it is borrowed to buy stocks, bonds, farms, cottages, ingrain carpets, overcoats, cookstoves, and so on, we shall probably become inflated. Prices will go up. Then Europe will stop buying here and begin selling. Prices will go down and we shall deflate painfully. That, in a general way, is the process the critics have in mind, and they can point to the melancholy fact that, on a broad view, it is always happening.

It is not particularly the fault of the currency system, for the increase in the country's stock of money last year was wholly in gold. It is not the fault of any particular institution or of any special set of people. When inflation occurs it is the fault of pretty much everybody who is in a position to command credit at all. Farmers, infected by a spirit of agricultural optimism, buy more land; bookkeepers take a chance on a couple of lots in the new subdivision; their wives respond to the general buoyancy by refurnishing the front bedroom on the installment plan. All these contribute as much to it according to their means as the gentlemen in Wall Street.

We have the inflation habit. It has made the country rich—and at times very miserable. The number of men who live habitually at the last notch in their belts, and then just a little more, is positively great. Anybody whose quick assets are not at least fifty per cent ahead of his current liabilities is inflated. If your monthly bills are a hundred dollars and you have not a hundred and fifty of free cash in the bank you are in a position where a jolt will upset you.

Parks for Posterity

A PRIME object in establishing the National Parks was to preserve their scenic attractions for future generations. They have been managed pretty exclusively to that end. The scenery is all there for future generations to enjoy. But scenery does not wear out with use, like clothing. The big travel to the San Francisco Exposition was only one of many signs that this generation has a lively interest in it; and not even Yellowstone Park has been made as available for present inspection as it might have been.

The trouble is that the National Parks, properly speaking, have not been managed at all. There has been no proper machinery for managing them. Each has been treated as a separate thing. The broad problems that affect all of them pretty much alike have never been handled as a whole. No expert staff has ever been available to handle them. The bill now before Congress for a National Park Service would remedy this at an expense that is trifling in view of the importance of the parks. The present situation is essentially that of a city with a dozen splendid but largely undeveloped parks, each of them under a separate management, which had to wrestle with the problems of that particular park as best it could without reference to any of the others. Of course no city would tolerate any such absurd arrangement. It would immediately establish a park board or bureau to manage all the parks coördinately.

That is precisely what the National Park Service Bill proposes to accomplish for the National Parks. The wisdom of this plan is so self-evident that no room is left for argument; in fact, the obstacle is not based on argument. It is based merely on inertia. Presidents, Secretaries of the Interior, and virtually all those who have really examined the subject favor unified management. Congress has simply put it off.

Let Congress do it now.

Our Poor Condition

WE DO not recall a time when the United States was more criticized and commiserated at home than it is at present. As a sign of mental unrest this may be encouraging, for mental unrest is often a useful condition. But the particular reasons for it are rather obscure. There is no need to remind you of what you see when you look across the Atlantic. The broad aspects of the view are fairly familiar. When you look on this side you see a large number of people toddling about their day's work in as high a degree of peace and security as any human society has yet achieved, with the largest measure of actual, essential liberty that ever was known among men, and, on the whole, in the highest state of material prosperity that has yet been reached anywhere.

We think it within the facts to say that, whatever any individual man or woman wants to do—from inviting a friend to dinner, and having the dinner, on up to inviting his soul into any sort of high enterprise—he has, broadly speaking, the freest chance to do it here that has ever been known. Such is the net result to this writing of the American system. The net result to this writing of the European system is what you see in the newspaper headlines every day.

Positively, no doubt, our condition is poor and vile; but comparatively it is not so bad.

Speculation

PROBABLY the United States is less addicted to gambling than it used to be. That is a broad assumption for which exact proof is necessarily lacking; but we do not believe the notion of getting rich quick, with no more effort than that involved in a lucky guess, is as prevalent as it formerly was. The riotous outburst of speculative activity in war shares last year might be cited as evidence to the contrary.

It is true that stocks valued at nearly thirteen billion dollars were bought on the New York Exchange in 1915, against less than four billions the year before. But back in 1901 trade in stocks exceeded twenty billions. Since 1901 the country's bank clearings have increased sixty per cent. Take that as a rough measure of the country's business. In 1901 the stock trade was over one-sixth of the clearings. Last year it was one-fourteenth. Of course 1901 was a big stock year, yet it was exceeded in 1905 and 1906.

Probably there is less inclination toward gambling and more toward slower and surer methods.

Reform for Banks

THE Comptroller of the Currency recommends twelve amendments to the National Bank Act, with a view to minimizing the danger of bank failures. But a reform of the banking system more important than any he recommends could easily be accomplished—to wit, by abolishing the office of comptroller of the currency.

There is no longer any good reason for that office. The Federal Reserve Board is vested with power to examine member banks and require reports from them. It can perform those duties better than the comptroller can. He is always a political appointee, with a limited tenure of office. His contact with the banking system, then, is comparatively brief and incidental. His successor may hold views and establish policies quite different from his.

The Federal Reserve Board is a continuing body. Its other functions will make it in time an intimate part of the banking system. Banks will have the habit of looking to it pretty much as they look to their own clearing-house associations. The most efficient bank examination in the country, we believe, is that exercised by the clearing-house associations in large cities. It enlists the hearty coöperation of sound bankers. It is inside and less liable to be fooled than an examination from the outside, happening once in six months or so.

The Reserve Board can perform the duties of the comptroller's office better and probably more cheaply than the comptroller can.

Turning the Corner

IT IS excessively humiliating, both to statesmanship and to journalism—which are theoretically doing the steering—that our troubles mostly cure themselves, so far as they get cured at all. For many months, up to about September last, the railroad system had been in a languishing state. Many and eloquent were the appeals to do something about it. Nothing was done about it—until the invalid gave a groan and a yawn, got out of bed, and started up the road like a thoroughbred in the home stretch.

Since about September railroad earnings have been climbing in a manner that, to the best of our recollection, is entirely without precedent in the country's history. Two great systems recently reported gains of a hundred per cent in net earnings for a month. Probably the Interstate Commerce Commission's report, not yet available, will show that the roads of the country, as a whole, gained a hundred million dollars net in November and December.

This means more railroad building, more buying of materials, more employment of labor, and finally higher wages. It is one of the best signs of sound prosperity. So far as leadership anywhere is concerned, it just happened of itself.

THE INNER ANGLE

By Samuel G. Blythe

THE preliminary tom-toms have been beaten, the preliminary war whoops whooped, the preliminary predictions predicted, the preliminary guff guffed; and Washington has now settled down to the real, serious business that is the object of the meeting. That business, as the Democrats hold it, is to pass such legislation and do such things as will aid in the election of their man as President this fall, and thus continue themselves in power; and, as the Republicans see it, is to make that Democratic enterprise as difficult as possible.

The piff of the piffle has cleared away to some extent, albeit there will be plenty of political posing, parading, posturing and punk, and the windjammers will jam the wind for hours without end; but the men on the inside, who will have most to say concerning the final shaping of legislation and policies, have now a rather clear idea of what they want to do, what they will try to do, and some intimations of what they can do. Also, there is a definite program in mind in the White House; and, all in all, the plans are in terms subject, of course, to future exigencies and to necessary compromises, and to such pulling and hauling as cannot be avoided. The leaders expect that Congress will be in session until midsummer at least, and possibly until September. The things that are in mind will take time to do. There are many rough places to be smoothed out and a considerable number of rough necks.

To begin at the beginning, which always is a good place to begin, there will be no war—that is to say, there will be no war, so far as this country is concerned, on any entering basis at present apparent or at present conceivable. The United States will not go to war with Austria, or with Germany, or with England, or with any other European country whatsoever. Furthermore, the United States will not go to war either in or for or against Mexico. The President of the United States will see to that.

The war urgers may as well quit, unless they can bring stronger pressure to bear than they have brought, or unless some utterly great disaster of war-producing size overwhelms us; and it must be both great and disastrous in the full sense of the terms to involve us in a resort to arms.

The difficulty with the war urgers, as their activities and urgings are viewed in responsible quarters, is that they mostly have political motives, and that they think only concerning to-day and rarely consider to-morrow. Of course any person who has any acquaintance with Washington methods realizes that the ranting in the Senate and the House by the Republicans, after the killing of Americans by bandits, was largely political and engaged in as a political device to make trouble for the majority, the Democrats. That is all there was to that. Not Mr. Borah nor Mr. Gallinger nor Mr. Smoot nor Mr. Lodge, nor any of the rest of them, wants to rush headlong into war with Mexico or with any other country, or to proceed slowly into such a state. What they do want is to embarrass the majority; and they can do that, for they, being in the minority, have no responsibilities. They are politicians talking politics.

The War Urgers

DISMISSING these and future similar demonstrations by partisans, the statement may be repeated that this country is not going to war with anybody. The thing that escapes most of the war protagonists and the jingoes and the yawpers about the honor of the country and the assaults on the integrity of the dear old flag, and the thing that especially and entirely escapes the partisan yammerers in the Congress, is that any man in power can by any possibility think of war, and this country at war, in any perspective save the perspective of to-day, or at most in the perspective of the presidential election next fall.

They do not and cannot assimilate the idea that possibly there is one man in this country, and a man of considerable importance in a directing sense, who thinks of war and this country at war, not alone in terms of to-day or of next November, but in terms of ten years from now. They have not grasped, and apparently cannot grasp, the thought that it may be there is something of more importance to the Republic than the temporary emotions of to-day, and that that important thing is not the excited thought of the people at the present moment, or at any other hectic moment, but the matured thought, not only of our people but of the world, ten or twenty years from now, or a hundred. The war urgers are for letting the future take care of itself. There are others—notably one other—who have an idea, and a well-defined one, that the future is deserving of some consideration. Anyhow, it is to have consideration, and whether it deserves it or not will be left for that very future to determine.

Emotion minus responsibility produces noise principally; but emotion plus responsibility may make disaster. It is seemingly incomprehensible to the war urgers that any person could be so altruistically impossible in politics or in government as to have an eye for anything but the main and immediate chance. There is not a war shouter in this country who is unbiased enough of vision to see farther ahead than the presidential election next fall; but there are some people—not many, but a few—who hold that the future status of the country and the matured thought of our people, and of the world, should not be considered negligible quantities, even in these perfervid days.

The howl that arose in politically interested quarters over the sinking of the Persia has subsided to some extent, and will probably be renewed should there be another similar event; but, for the information of all concerned, it may be said that that howl made absolutely no impression on any responsible person, and that facts constitute the only commodity dealt with or to be dealt with in crises of that kind, no matter how loud the yowls may be. A few times, in the early days of this affair, some things were done under emotional stress, and those usually turned out to be mistakes. There will be a fact basis, and an absolute fact basis, hereafter, and, as I have said, a consideration from other angles than the angle of the immediate present. Let it be set down that the two certain things in our governmental policy are that this country will not enter the European war in any way, on any basis that is now discernible, and that this country will not go to war in, for or about Mexico. It must be understood, of course, that something epochal might come which would change this situation; but it can be put this way: Nothing that has occurred has pulled us into war, and if future events are similar to those of the past nothing will occur that can pull us into war. We are going to keep out.

Take Mexico; for Mexico is the howling point at the hour this is written—the vehicle of outcry—the partisan horrible example. Admitting that we have not been very fortunate in Mexico since this trouble began, there is no intention of repeating former mistakes. It was a mistake to go to Vera Cruz as we did go—an emotional mistake, a jingo mistake; and it was a bigger mistake not to stay there after we had gone. Nobody I know is making any apologies for such mistakes as that and all are grimly taking their medicine; but it will be found that there is no disposition to make other and similar mistakes.

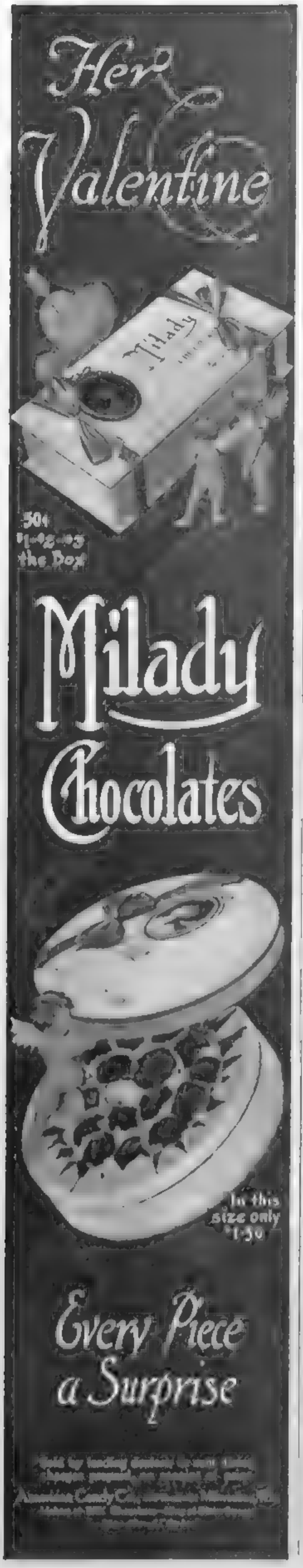
No Jingoes Need Apply

IT WOULD require an army of at least two hundred and fifty thousand, and most likely five hundred thousand, men to deal effectively with Mexico if we did go in there on any pretext whatsoever; and, once in, it is not likely we should get out in a very long time. We have not an army of five hundred thousand men and we could not raise an army of five hundred thousand men on a Mexican incentive in a year. It would take another year to equip and train such an army. Nobody knows how long that army would be employed. Furthermore, the minute we went into Mexico all our Pan-American labors would go by the board; and there are other and vital reasons that need not be developed here. Those I have given are minor ones. The sum of the Mexican business is, as it stands when I write this, that this country is not going to war with Mexico; that all efforts to force intervention in Mexico will be resisted to the utmost unless something epochal occurs; and that is all there is to it. Furthermore—and this is something that escapes the war urgers—even if we were going to war with Mexico, or in Mexico, the attitude of this Government toward that war or intervention would of necessity be precisely the attitude which has evoked so much criticism. The United States would not go blustering into Mexico, or bullying into Mexico, but would hold off until the latest possible moment, and not go until forced. If irresistibly forced that is another matter. Nothing that has yet occurred has that quality.

I set these facts down as the general policy of this Administration toward war, with the full knowledge that some specific thing may happen which will sweep this policy into the dust heap. However, until that thing does happen—and it probably will not—war is the last extremity. War urgers cannot frighten or taunt or drive or coax this Administration into war. Only facts can do that, and epochal facts—some tremendous thing. The going to war because jingoes want it, or because partisans, seeking to make partisan difficulties, insincerely urge it, or because interested persons demand it, or for any other reason than a vital one—a vital, national one—is not on the program. That is the situation as it exists when this is written.

The leaders in Congress, knowing this, are making their plans accordingly. There has been no agreement on the most important

Counting Them Out



matter of the session, which is the providing of additional revenues for the increase in our defense that shall be the outcome of all the wrangling and compromise which must ensue before a decision is made. There are half a hundred plans, probably a hundred, ranging from another revision of the tariff, which has its supporters even among Democrats, to a bond issue. The revenue end of the program is in a mess.

The trouble is with the House of Representatives. The Democratic majority in the Senate is large and stable, and the leaders there are confident that, as soon as the right decisions are made, the Senate, probably after long debate, will adopt the accepted plan, so far as circumstances will admit. There is so much fixing and smoothing out, and contriving, and bringing back to line, and ameliorating, and justifying, and bludgeoning, and coaxing, and cajoling and hammering to be done that it will be many weeks before anything like a coherent plan is adopted. The difficulties are so great that the leaders have in mind the combining of the revenue features with the preparedness program, making the two interlocking and putting the combination up to the Congress; thus, they hope, getting a whip hand not only over the opposition but also forcing the revenue dissenters, who are not opposed to the general scheme of preparedness, to take the prescribed dose in one swallow.

It is the plan to put the preparedness and the revenue for it on one bill, or two, as riders—the army preparedness on the army appropriation bill, and the naval preparedness and the revenue for it on the naval bill—and say to the Congress: Here they are, and what are you going to do with them? As it is planned to arrange this, it will be impossible to defeat the revenue items without defeating the preparedness for which that revenue will provide, whether the revenue methods please or not. It shows how desperate the revenue situation is, not because taxable resources are not available, but because there is such a wide divergence of opinion as to the sort of taps to be made.

The question of retaining the tax on sugar, which was hinted at in the President's address to the Congress and has been fully discussed, is a vexatious one. Some of the leaders are in favor of letting sugar remain in its tariff situation as provided in the Underwood Bill, at present in force, and fixing an internal revenue tax on sugar, thus whipping the obstreperous devil round the stump. The probabilities are that there will be a strong attempt made to provide for the bulk of the increased expenditures by revising upward the income taxes on the incomes of greater size. There is much opposition to lowering the taxable unit to two thousand dollars, or to any sum below its present exemption point.

Army and Navy Plans

The Colonial Army scheme has few friends in Congress and is likely to die on the hands of its proponents. The increase and development of the militia has some support. The truth of it is that the project—any project—for a much-increased army has little favor, especially in the House of Representatives. There is weak enthusiasm among the people for a much larger army, and consequently there is no enthusiasm among the legislators. When Congress assembled, and for a few months before, it seemed that there would be small difficulty in providing for a larger standing army; but it soon became apparent, when sentiment began to crystallize, that our people, and especially our people of the Middle West, do not favor a large standing army. Hence, the gentlemen of the House of Representatives who must go out for reëlection this fall withdrew and revised their opinions, and a big army has no friends.

The Administration sensed this and put out its Colonial Army compromise; but that was held to be the subterfuge it is, and the Colonial Army has fewer friends than a large standing army of regulars. Any way you look at it, the project for increasing the army will have hard sledding in the Congress, and especially in the House of Representatives. Ears are acutely to the ground in the House; and an army is not needed, as those patriots view it, half so much as their individual returns to the House at the forthcoming elections.

There will be many fantastic army schemes proposed; and the sentiment in Congress ranges between advocacy of a standing organization of two million men and the opinion, expressed by some extreme pacifists, that two constables and a water boy would be about enough. However, most of those who will provide for whatever sort of army is provided are not impressed with the idea that we need a big one, and the legislation undoubtedly will take that shape.

The probabilities are that the Congress will be more generous in its naval increases. Though the army in greater form has not many friends, there is a general consent to build up an efficient navy, and the advocates of greater increases than have been the rule are much encouraged over the outlook. There is a disposition to accept the increases outlined by Secretary Daniels as about what we need; and, though there will be much pother over the details, the leaders are of the opinion that what will come out of the box ultimately, after the compromises are all made and the naval experts are satisfied—the Congress has many naval experts, you understand—will be a provision for a satisfactory increase and the outlining of a suitable and adequate program.

So they will pound along in both wings of the Capitol on these and allied topics, with revenues as the sore spot, until a day when there will come an explosion that will rattle all the glass in the building, provided the plans that were being perfected in mid-January are carried out. They are nursing a sensation—those leaders. They have a surprise in the incubator.

The Nation's Sore Toe

Numerous attempts have been made and are being made to cast adrift the Philippines, and certain feelers already have been prepared and introduced in addition to the regular independence bill and the resolution of Senator Clarke, of Arkansas, which in itself was the first of the real feelers, and which was vigorously discussed when the Philippine Bill was up in January, but which had not been disposed of at the time this was written.

There is in the Congress, or rather among the Democratic leaders, a well-developed and constantly increasing desire to get rid of that impeding archipelago—a desire which amounts almost to an obsession—to cut the islands loose, give the natives their immediate independence or near-immediate independence, and to absolve this Republic from all further connection with the little brown brothers save that as kindly wishers-well.

So, whatever happens to the Clarke resolution, the event of its success or failure will not alter the determination of the men who want to lose the Philippines to lose them, and the work of shaping the majority in the Congress for just that enterprise will continue. The final plan will have a resemblance to Senator Clarke's plan, in that it will instruct the President to negotiate with all interested Powers treaties that shall guarantee to the Filipinos an undisturbed chance for five years after the ratification of the treaties for proving up on their capacity for self-government. It will be requested that all nations which may desire to include the Philippines in their colonial possessions shall not take steps so to include them until the Filipinos have shown what they can do. Special attention is to be paid to getting Japan to consent to this.

There was a disposition, not fully developed at the time this was written, to make the term twenty years or some other period; but, no matter what the fate of that resolution may be or how the bill may resolve itself, unless the immediate sloughing off of the Philippines is arranged for, these leaders intend to continue their efforts to get rid of them, and later in the season to try again. They consider the Philippines our national sore toe; and, though they hope the Clarke resolution, or its amendments, may help them, they will not be content until the toe is amputated.

If, perchance, it is not possible to negotiate such treaties as are desired, safeguarding the Philippines for a short term of years, then it is in the minds of these leaders to instruct the President to make such arrangements as he may be able to make for the protection of the islands from nations that may desire them—though there seems to be no wild outcry for them—and cut them adrift anyhow. In short, it is the policy of these leaders to kiss the Filipinos a fond good-by whether the Filipinos want that parting kiss or not, wish them a pleasant journey, and provide no facilities for

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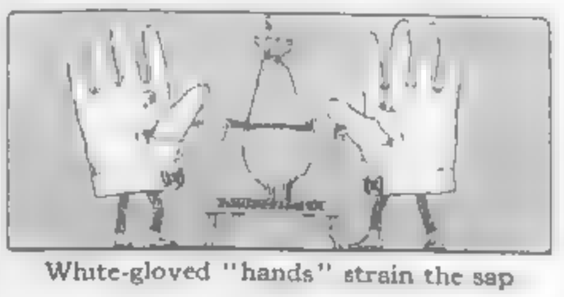
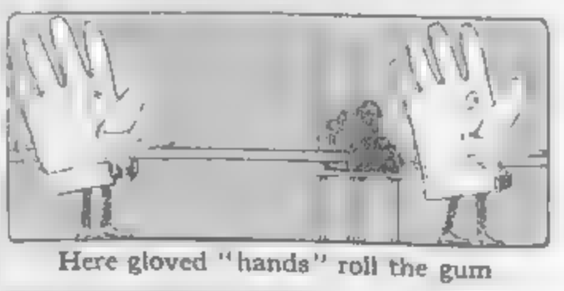
Look!!! These pictures show why your Sterling Gum is untouched by hands.

Every Sterling worker starts the day with a fresh-washed pair of clean white gloves. These white gloves are worn through all fourteen processes of Sterling Gum making.

Gloved "hands" boil the Sapota Tree sap


White-gloved "hands" strain the sap

In kneading, too, white gloves are worn


Here gloved "hands" roll the gum

Gloved "hands" gather the sticks

The 7-point gum

Point 1—Crowded with flavor
Point 2—Velvety body—NO GRIT
Point 3—Crumble-proof
Point 4—Sterling purity
Point 5—From a daylight factory
Point 6—Untouched by hands
Point (7) What?

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Sterling

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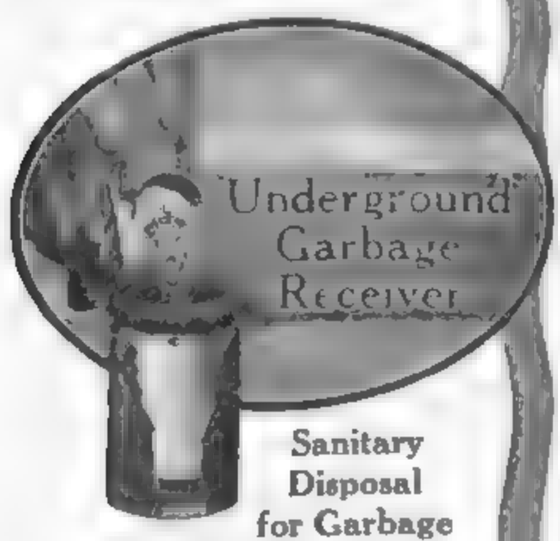
The Majestic Coal Chute is a cellar window as well. When not in use for coal, the protected glass door serves as a window and [illegible] To The Majestic locks from the inside [illegible] It is extra heavy and well [illegible] It has [illegible] body—cast-iron door frame and boiler plate hopper. When open, the hopper comes out automatically, catching all the coal without [illegible] Can be installed in new or already built home. Thousands in use. They are endorsed and recommended by Architects and Builders.



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You can bury the Majestic Can close to your kitchen door where it is handy—but never unsightly. It is rain and frost proof and confines no disagreeable odors.

It [illegible] the fly [illegible] and will keep your garbage safely, hidden away. [illegible] Cannot expose it and attract the dogs.

It is always closed, opens and shuts with the foot and lies flat when not in use. Can be [illegible] Average size $8.00. Larger size [illegible]

Milk & Package Receiver

Another Majestic Specialty [illegible] below [illegible] Can be [illegible] for receiving milk bottles and packages from the outside. This receiver locks [illegible] matically, keeps the contents safe from theft and from unsanitary exposure to the hot sun in Summer and from cold and frost in Winter. It also protects the milk, [illegible] etc., from flies, cats and dogs.

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Also Manufacturers of All Metal Basement Windows, Rubbish Burners, Sheet and Pure Rolled Metal Plant Boxes, Hose Reels, Pipe and [illegible] Hose Supporters, etc.

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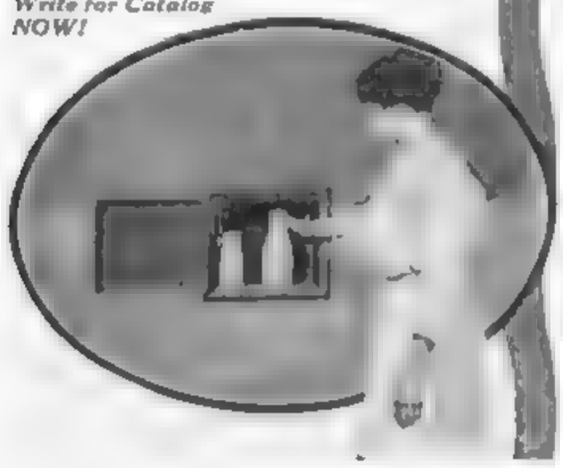


their return to the protection of the Stars and Stripes.

The determination to get out of the Philippines, which has had for its talking point the independence of that people, has been in the minds of many men for a long time. They consider the Philippines an encumbrance, a weak point in any scheme of defense we may have, a very bad investment; and they are radically for radical action. This inner determination was the basis for the acrimonious discussion between Secretary Garrison and Mr. Taft, and has been strong in the minds of many statesmen for a long time. There have been various political declarations about independence for the Filipinos "when ready," and that sort of thing, and many bills and resolutions having that ecstatic benefit for them have been introduced and discussed. The discussion in mid-January was a sample of that.

The real phase of it is that, no matter what may be the outcome of the discussion in the first weeks of the session of Congress, the men who are behind the plan will press their project, and if there is any way by which it can be brought about they will have the amputation of the sore toe progressed as far, at least, as the preparation of the patient for the anæsthetic. They may get a mild or a long-term provision, but they will not stop with that. They want an immediate operation and they will continue working to that end. If they have their way the little brown brothers will soon be paddling their own canoes, the millions and millions of money spent there by this Government will be charged off to loss, the men who died there will be considered as martyrs to a mistaken notion of expansion, and the Americans who have invested there will be condoled with politely.

There is a disposition among some of the stronger men in the Congress to devise some plan whereby the Supreme Court of the United States shall be put in what the Congress considers its proper place—that is, as an arm of the Government at least not more than on a par with the Congress, instead of the dominating influence it is. These men say that the Supreme Court has arrogated to itself powers that were not contemplated under the Constitution; and that by presuming, as it does, to pass on the constitutionality of laws passed by the Congress, thereby making those laws valid or invalid, it has arrogated to itself a position that was not contemplated and is highly undesirable.

These men argue that until the time of the Dred Scott decision the Supreme Court had invoked no such powers, and that it always follows the indications given by the people. They say there has been for years a growing congressional resentment to the oligarchic attitude assumed by the Court, and that it would not be at all improbable if this Congress should adopt a resolution putting the Court in its proper constitutional place, and declaring it, by means of that resolution, as not superior to the Congress, where, by virtue of its practice, it tacitly held itself and where it demands to be held.

There is no defined plan to do this. It is one of the things that is a constant basis for inside discussion, and it would not be surprising if some brave person should try to get the temper of the Congress on the matter one of these days. When that is tried, if it is tried, there will be another explosion; but these are explosive days, and no person need be surprised if this one comes along.

Congenital Cold Feet

Presidential politics, of course, will be the main and actuating impulse and motive for all legislation, albeit the men who are thinking of abandoning the Philippines and of rebuking the Supreme Court do not think so much in terms of party politics as they do in terms of national politics. The Senate contains on the Republican side five candidates for the Presidential nomination: Weeks, Cummins, Borah, Sherman, and Smith, of Michigan, with several who consider themselves as the proper sort of material for compromise junctures—very dark, dark horses, so to say. The Democrats in the Senate seem reconciled to the renomination of the President, and it is not at all probable that the maneuverings of Mr. Bryan will have any effect on their support.

It is the House that is running wild. There is a Democratic majority of but twenty-five in the House—which is not many in a total membership of four hundred and thirty-five; and of the two hundred and twenty-eight Democrats, about eighty are running wild at present on preparedness, revenues, pork, and various other pretexts. The chief disturbing factor over the plans of the leaders who really want to be of service to Mr. Wilson is the attitude of Representative Kitchin, who, because of his position as floor leader, acts as referee, and who is not at all tractable.

Politics in Washington jigs up and down Pennsylvania Avenue, between the Capitol and the White House, and thinks its jigging shakes the nation, when really it merely wears out the shoes of the jiggers. The idea that actuates a good many of the House rebellious ones is that it is up to them to counteract individually what they interpret as a national trend, when, in reality, it is mostly a local and Washington or New York incident—that is, the intense introspective view in Washington is likely to influence men who stay in it too long.

Now there is no doubt that, as Washington conceives it, this Mexican business and some other things have caused a slump in the popularity of the President, which the friends of the President recognize, and for which they are thankful on the ground that it is better to have that slump now than later. Cold feet are congenital to Washington and epidemic in the Congress at stated times.

The Bryan-Clark Yarn

One can hear in Washington from Democrats definitive stories of how the German vote is a total loss, and no insurance; how the Catholic vote is gone beyond recall; how the pacifist vote has evaporated because Mr. Wilson is too militaristic; how the militaristic vote has vanished because he is too pacific; how the business vote is lost because there must be additional taxes; how the American vote is gone because he has not been American enough; how the foreign vote will not come to him because he has been too patriotic; how the hyphenates resent his drastic condemnation of them; how the nonhyphens feel that he has been too weak and flabby in dealing with the hyphenates—and thus and so. And on top of all this William Jennings Bryan has left him flat.

Naturally all this has produced its proportion of cold-footed brethren. Some of these are operating in the House and a few in the Senate, and a favorite medium for their operations is the one-term plank in the Baltimore Platform, which it is believed Mr. Bryan also has up his sleeve. They shudder to think of the tremendous wave of protest that would sweep across the country if any single inhibition or pledge or statement or hint in that long document should be trespassed on. It is held to be in the nature of a sacred obligation between the party, as represented in convention, and the nominee—so held for purposes of obstruction and for purposes of personal use and usufruct.

Wherefore there has been observed a sort of combination of the cold-feet brethren, and the story goes that they had designs on Champ Clark and were of the mind to approach him and ask him to hold himself in readiness to grab the standard should it not be wise to intrust it again to Mr. Wilson. Then came the further yarn that Mr. Bryan had this very idea in mind and had sent emissaries to Mr. Clark himself, which is a rather nervy thing inasmuch as Mr. Bryan had as much as any dozen others to do with the defeat of Mr. Clark for the nomination in 1912.

This crossing of the wires of the cold-feet brethren and Mr. Bryan rather made a mess of the proceeding, and that mess was made more apparent when the President's friends saw to it that his letter to Mr. Palmer, dated February, 1913, a month before he became President in fact, was given out for publication. After that the opposition, which never was more than feeble, languished still more, and it is giving the friends of the President no concern. They are confident he will be renominated at St. Louis next June. They laugh at the apprehensions of the cold-feet brethren.

The Republicans have no very definite plan, save the pressing of every partisan point against Mr. Wilson and the Democrats. They can and probably will make plenty of medicine in the House, but they are not in a position in the Senate to do much more than talk. However, both in the House and in the Senate there will be provided plenty of talk ingredients, and it has already become evident that this Congress will be even more raucously vocal than its immediate predecessors.

Moulded—Not Cemented

Cemented seams open up—crack—leak. Kantleek is seamless—cementless.

By a secret, patented process, we *mould* the Kantleek hot-water bottle, making it practically one piece of pure rubber. There is not a weak spot! Edges, top and bottom are as strong, elastic and leak-proof as the sides.

But that is not all.

Kantleeks are over weight. They are made of super quality rubber. They don't dry up and crumble like a cheap composition bag. They outlast by years water bags that cost only a little less.

Two-Year Guarantee

as Good as Gold

We guarantee Kantleek [illegible] two years. A new bag if yours goes wrong. We dare to make this guarantee because Kantleek [illegible] cannot go wrong. Ask your druggist how many Kantleeks he has replaced on the guarantee.

Our Gift to Your Little Girl

You can secure this perfect [illegible] water bottle by sending [illegible] name of one druggist [illegible] Kantleek water bottles or two druggists who do not sell them.

Or we will send you the doll's water bottle for 10c in stamps or coin. Little girls love them.

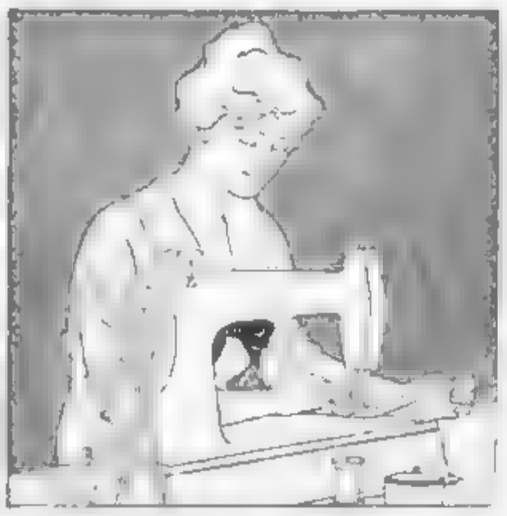
We will also send valuable facts about Kantleek Water Bottles and other rubber [illegible]

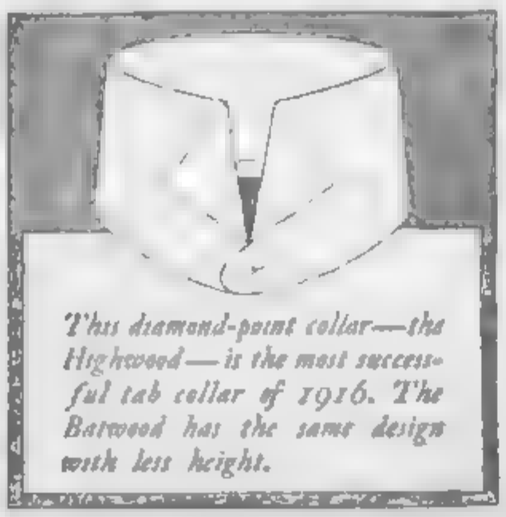
Send for the doll's Kantleek—before you forget.

The Seamless Rubber Co., New Haven, Conn.

Doll's Water Bottle Actual Size

—and those men will always prefer them





This diamond-point collar—the Highwood—is the most successful tab collar of 1916. The Batwood has the same design with less height.

Perhaps, at some time or other, you have heard your haberdasher speak of Earl & Wilson as "a fine old house."

What did he mean? A great deal more than that E & W Collars are good to look at.

Your haberdasher knows that for many years Earl & Wilson made only 25c collars. He realizes that the E & W *2 for 25c* Collar—"Troy's Best Product"—started with 25c collar equipment.

And perhaps he has visited our workrooms and laundry. If so, he saw the collars cut by skilled American workmen. He saw American workwomen guiding the firm, even stitching in true lines. His eyes opened wide at the cleanliness of the E & W laundry.

He learned with surprise that the majority of our skilled help have been with us for over five years. Why, two months back, one of our stitchers celebrated her 49th year with the house of Earl & Wilson.

But more than that. The haberdasher is one of the few classes of men who know intimately the style trend. The haberdasher sees an encouraging growth in the good taste with which American men select their clothes. He knows that men are rapidly learning that "style" is no style at all unless it is a true expression of the wearer's personality.

• •

Men who truly understand the current styles are gravitating naturally to E & W 2 for 25c Collars—and to the dealer who handles them.

E & W

EARL & WILSON

2 for 25 cent

Collars

The best Style is your Style

Put your plate right here!

Discover the appetizing taste of luscious tomatoes prepared with just enough pure spices to add piquancy.

You'll want to EAT Blue Label Ketchup—a small taste won't be enough to satisfy you.

BLUE LABEL KETCHUP

Adds zest to all it touches

Contains only those ingredients Recognized and Endorsed by the U. S. Government.

The kind that *keeps* after it is opened.

Our chili sauce, soups, jams, jellies, preserves, meat, canned fruits and vegetables are equally as high quality and satisfying as Blue Label Ketchup.

Write for booklet, "Original Menus." A postal mentioning your grocer's name will bring it.

Curtice Brothers Co.
Rochester, N. Y.

THIS IDEAL BUNGALOW $786

Build a BETTER Home for LESS

money than possible by old-style methods. All lumber for Lewis-Built Homes is Cut-to-Fit, saving one-half the labor and time in erecting. Lowest wholesale *factory prices* on *all* material necessary for *complete* house, shipped *direct to you*. You pocket every possible saving in cost of material and labor. You save time, save work, save worry, save money, avoid waste of lumber, delays and mistakes in building.

100 HOMES—From $298 to $3000

Newest designs with every modern convenience. Not portable or "knock-down," but of permanent construction. Our Free Book shows 100 artistic, up-to-date, well-built homes, with floor plans, prices, etc. A postal will bring it. Address nearest office. Don't delay. Don't make a mistake!

BUNGALOWS COTTAGES HOUSES IN THIS BOOK

Send for Catalog

180 selected homes. *Write today.* Enclose postage 4c stamps.

LEWIS MFG. CO.
Dept 291
Bay City Mich.

LEWIS-BUILT HOMES

WHAT IS COMING

(Concluded from Page 7)

Now this Braintree-Bocking boundary which runs down the middle of the road is to be found all over the world. You will find it in Ireland and the gentlemen who trade on the jealousies of the north side and the gentlemen who trade on the jealousies of the south. You will find it in England among the good people who would rather wreck the empire than work honestly and fairly with labor. There are not only parish boundaries, but park boundaries and class and sect boundaries. You will find the Bocking-Braintree line, too, at a dozen points on a small-scale map of Europe. These Braintree-Bocking lines are the barbed-wire entanglements between us and the peace of the world. Against these entanglements in every country the new spirit struggles in many thousands of minds. Where will it be strongest? Which country will get clear first? Will any country go altogether to pieces in hopeless, incurable discord?

Now I believe that the answer to that last question is "No." And my reason for that answer is the same as my reason for believing that the association of the Pledged Allies will not break up after the war; it is that I believe that this war is going to end, not in the complete smashing up and subjugation of either side, but in a general exhaustion that will make the recrudescence of the war still possible, but very terrifying. The thought of war will sit like a giant over all human affairs for the next two decades. It will say to us all:

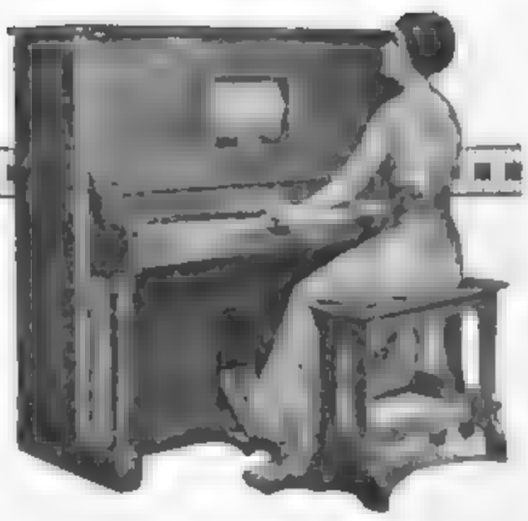
The Giant's Threat

"Get your houses in order. If you squabble among yourselves, waste time, litigate, muddle, snatch profits and shirk obligations, I will certainly come again. I have taken all your men between eighteen and fifty, and killed and maimed such as I pleased—millions of them. I have wasted your substance contemptuously. Now you have multitudes of male children between the ages of nine and nineteen running about among you, delightful and beloved boys. And behind them come millions of delightful babies. Of these I have scarcely smashed and starved a paltry hundred thousand perhaps. But go on muddling, each for himself and his parish and his family, and none for all the world, go on in the old way, stick to your rights, stick to your claims, each one of you, make no concessions and no sacrifices, obstruct, waste, squabble, and presently I will come back again and take all that fresh harvest of life—all those millions that are now sweet children and dear little boys and youths—and I will squeeze it into red jam between my hands, and mix it with the mud of trenches and feast on it before your eyes, even more damnably than I have done with your grown-up sons and young men. And I have taken most of your superfluities already; next time I will take your barest necessities."

So—war; and in these days of universal education the great mass of people will understand plainly now that that is his message and intention. Men who cannot be swayed by the love of order and creation may be swayed by the thought of death and destruction. There, I think, is the overriding argument that will burst the proprietorships and divisions and boundaries, the web of ineffectiveness that has held the world so long. Labor returning from the trenches to its country and demanding promptness, planning, generous and devoted leadership and organization, demanding that the usurer and financier, the landlord and lawyer shall, if need be, get themselves altogether out of the way, will have behind its arguments the thought of the enemy, still formidable, recovering.

Both sides will feel that. This world is a more illuminated world than in 1816; a thousand questions between law and duty have been discussed since then; beyond all comparison we know better what we are doing. I think the broad side of John Smith—and Sir John Smith and John Smith, K. C.—will get the better of his narrow ends; and that so it will be with Jean Dupont and Hans Meyer and the rest of them. There may be riots here and there; there may be some pretty considerable rows; but I do not think there is going to be a chaotic and merely destructive phase in Great Britain or any Western European country. I cast my guess for reconstruction and not for revolt.

NOT merely to make music but to give you the pleasure of actually playing the piano—that is the purpose of the



Baldwin Manualo

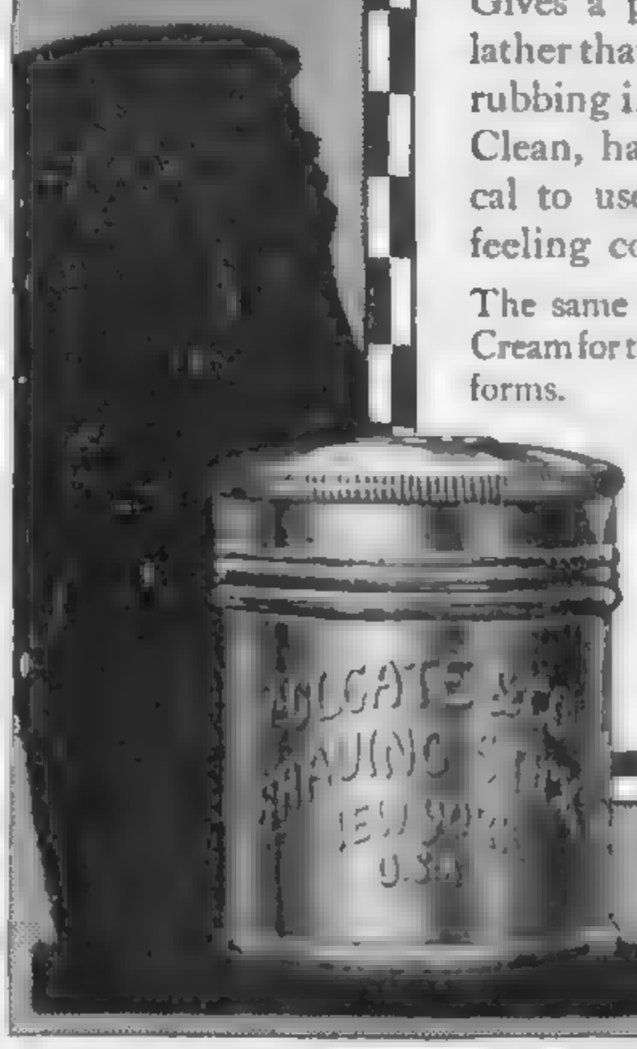
The ▪ Player-Piano ▪ that ▪ is ▪ all ▪ but ▪ human

You really *play* it through the pedals in the same sense that an artist plays it through the keys. Just as he secures his effects merely by giving his musical feeling full sway in the fingering, so does one at the Manualo secure equally intimate effects merely through the *instinctive* expression of his musical impulses in the pedaling. The Manualo is controlled from the pedals as from the keys. It is a piano to you who cannot play by hand the same as to those whose fingers have years of training.

The Baldwin Piano Company

CINCINNATI 142 West Fourth Street
CHICAGO 323 South Wabash Avenue
ST. LOUIS 1111 Olive Street
NEW YORK 665 Fifth Avenue
DENVER 1636 California Street
SAN FRANCISCO 310 Sutter Street
INDIANAPOLIS 18 N. Pennsylvania Street
LOUISVILLE 425 South Fourth Avenue

COLGATE'S SHAVING STICK



Gives a plentiful, soothing lather that needs no "mussy" rubbing in with the fingers. Clean, handy and economical to use—leaves the face feeling cool and refreshed.

The same lather in Powder or Cream for those who prefer those forms.

Sold everywhere — or a Trial Size (a little smaller than shown here) sent for 4 cents in stamps.

COLGATE & CO.
Dept. P.
199 Fulton St., New York
Canadian address:
Drummond Bldg., Montreal
Makers of Cashmere Bouquet Soap — luxurious, lasting, refined.

World-Wide Call for New Inventions

By a WASHINGTON PATENT ATTORNEY

War Closes Factories in Europe—America Has Become Bread Wagon for the World—American Manufacturers Must Have New Inventions to Meet World-Wide Demand

This is why there is such an unusual demand for new inventions. Inventors, take heed—now is the opportunity to realize on your ideas. Get that new invention patented. Get it in action. The call for new inventions is insistent and it is world-wide.

Buffer for Window Shade Stick. A Woman's valuable invention.

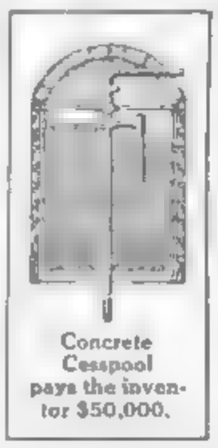
Our manufacturers must take up the manufacture of goods where Europe left off—must supply those articles European men, women and children need. Also those articles which Europe has been selling to us.

Nothing hard or especially unusual is wanted—just everyday things. New things to be used here and abroad, and improvements in old things that will do the work better, or will cost less, are in demand.

A big business built on a small invention of Towel Holder

As showing what may be done with even a simple article, the rubber-faced metal clip to go on the end of the curtain shade stick to prevent noise when it blows against the window frame is having wonderful success. Another simple thing is the Sure-Grip Towel Holder that the inventor is selling with wonderful returns. The Concrete Cesspool illustrated has brought the inventor more than $50,000 in the sale of state and county rights in addition to royalties.

The demand for good inventions was never better than at present. For instance the firm of attorneys of which the writer is a member has more than forty requests for patents on dish washers and drainers, sixteen requests for devices for turning sheet music; twenty-eight requests for attachments for automobiles; twenty-four for vacuum cleaners and many others for advertising novelties, ash receptacles, clothes pressing devices, envelope fasteners, fly traps, fruit pickers, games, mail boxes, toys, vegetable slicers, water filters, window cleaners, window screens and other things.



Concrete Cesspool pays the inventor $50,000.

Our firm advertises for manufacturers to consult us if they wish to buy patents and requests pour in from all over the country. Some say just what they want. Others say they want any good invention. We give the names and addresses of these manufacturers to our clients free of charge. Our book, "What to Invent," gives a valuable list of suggestions. Send for it, and ask for our book "How to Obtain a Patent." They are both free. Send a sketch and description or model of *your* invention and we will give you a free opinion regarding patentability. Get our books and learn what inventions are really needed. Chandlee & Chandlee, Patent Attorneys, 814 F St., Washington, D. C.

Wear a Liberty Ring

EVERY girl and woman who is an American and proud of it will want to wear the beautiful Liberty Ring.

It is made of Sterling Silver, finished in French gray, or dull green gold, and set with thirteen bright, gleaming, red, white and blue stones to represent the original thirteen American Colonies.

The Statue of Liberty, symbol of Freedom, Justice and Peace, exquisitely embossed and holding aloft a fiery Siam Ruby, stands out just as gloriously as it does to the incoming ships in New York Harbor.

The Liberty Ring is a fashion that will never die out so long as America is the land of liberty.

All jewelry and department stores show the Liberty Ring or will obtain it for you. Price $1.00.

COHN & ROSENBERGER, Inc
Manufacturing Jewelers, 1428 Broadway, N Y City
Factory at 46 Chestnut St., Providence, R. I.

SENSE AND NONSENSE

The National Passion

AN ENGLISHMAN of means, staying in New York, was talking with one of his Yankee friends.

"Old top," he said, "I've done it! I've done it at larst. I've bought a section out in Australia, and I'm going out there and settle."

"That's fine! How many acres?"

"Oh, thousands and thousands!"

"Great! And what are you figuring on raising?"

"Oh, sheep; nothing but sheep. I'm going in for sheep very extensively—spect I shall raise millions of the bally things. Spect I shall get a lot out of them. Pretty fine for me—eh, what?"

"You bet! There's a lot of money in wool, the way the market is."

"Wool? Hang the wool, old top! I'm thinking of the kidneys."

Home Talent

JOHN MASON opened not long ago in a new show. On the night of the opening he received from his two colored maids at his country place on Long Island the following telegram:

"Hurrah for Mr. John Mason! Here he comes again! Wishing you a grand and happy success, as you always do,

"FLORENCE and JULIA."

That Telltale Tea

"HOW old is your big sister?" asked a caller of a little girl who was entertaining him in a Washington home until said big sister came in.

"Well," replied the little girl, "I don't know just how old she is; but she has got to the age when tea rests her."

Americans All

"A VERY good crowd," commented Colonel Roosevelt to the newspaper men accompanying him after one of his speeches in Berlin, when he was coming home from Africa.

"Yes," assented Fred Grundy. "There were several hundred Americans there of all nationalities."

Optimistic

PRIVATE JOHN ALLEN was discussing himself.

"I do not feel at liberty to claim much for my past," he said, "but I can truthfully assert that my future is spotless."

Some Tight

TOM PENCE was discussing the penurious proclivities of a senatorial statesman.

"Why," said Pence, "he's so stingy he wouldn't pay fifteen cents to see the Battle of Gettysburg staged with the original cast."

A Cold Steak

COMMODORE WILL LYDON, of the Chicago Yacht Club, ordered a small steak, some potatoes and coffee in a Chicago Loop restaurant the other day. An Irish waiter took the order. The steak was tough. The commodore tried to cut it and could not; then he called the waiter.

"Take this steak away," he said. "It's not tender."

The waiter grabbed at the platter.

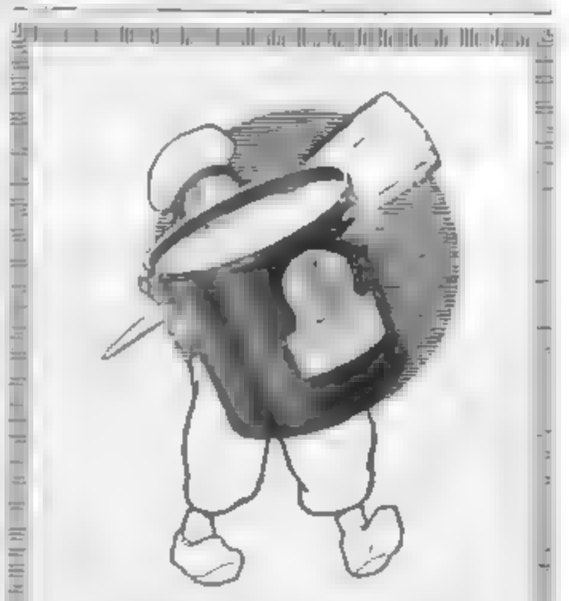
"Not tinder!" he shouted. "Not tinder! Did oo expect it to le'p up an' kiss oo?"

Luxury

THE late Arthur McEwen in his early California days had to take a job as laborer on a railroad construction contract in order to live. It was the custom of the workingmen, who shoveled rocks with short-handled shovels all day, to gather round a table in the bunkhouse at night after their meal and state their views on various topics.

One night somebody asked what those present would do if each one had a million dollars.

"I'd go up to San Franciaky," said one, "an' I'd get a job as coachman drivin' th'



Paint is a familiar word; "white lead" is not. 'Twould pay house-owners to learn to think

Dutch Boy White Lead

where they now think simply "paint."

Send for Paint Tips 121

NATIONAL LEAD COMPANY

[illegible] Boston Cincinnati Cleveland
[illegible] Chicago [illegible] St. Louis
[illegible] [illegible] [illegible]
[illegible] [illegible] [illegible]

SALESMEN WANTED to sell Shinon Products to retailers and jobbers
All trades handle. Consumption big [illegible]
No [illegible] required. [illegible]
[illegible]

PATENTS That Protect and Pay
Send Sketch or Model for Search
BOOKS AND ADVICE **FREE**
Watson E. Coleman, *Patent Lawyer*, Washington, D. C.

Why Not Improve the Flavor of Your Home Cooking?

Nearly every woman can cook some foods better than she can others. Why is this?

Why is it that a woman will say, "I didn't have much luck with my roast"? What does she mean?

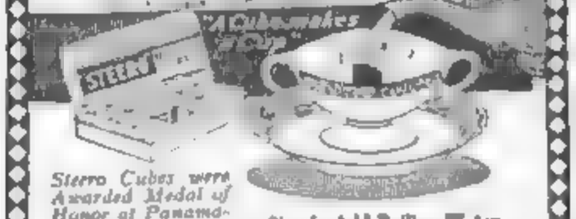
She means she has failed somehow to retain all the flavors that were in the meat—her roast lacked flavor.

When there are Steero Cubes in the kitchen, every meat or soup can have flavor, for Steero is a condensed, concentrated extract. It is the flavor of beef, of vegetables, of spices.

One or two Steero Cubes in a roast, a gravy, a sauce or a soup will impart fragrance, palatability, snap and tastiness.

Steero Cubes are sold by Druggists, Grocers and Delicatessen Dealers in boxes of 12, 50 and 100 Cubes. Look for the word "Steero" on the box and accept no other. If your dealer can't supply you, a box of 12 Cubes will be sent to you postpaid for 30c.

STEERO CUBES



Steero Cubes were Awarded Medal of Honor at Panama-Pacific Exposition

Simply Add Boiling Water

Sample Steero Cubes Sent FREE

Merely send your name and address and sample Steero Cubes will be sent you without charge. If you enclose 10c we will send with the samples our 64-page Cook Book—helpful to every housewife.

Schieffelin & Co., 235 William St., New York

Distributors of Steero Cubes for

American Kitchen Products Co., New York

SONGS THE WHOLE WORLD SINGS

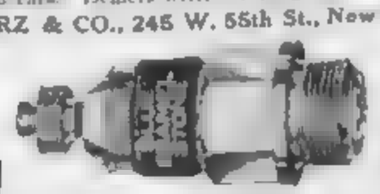
256 pages of standard home, sentimental operatic, sacred children's, college Southern patriotic and national songs, arranged for singing or playing. The largest and best collection published. For sale by all up to date music and book dealers. Free illustrated catalogue of the "Whole World" Music Series on request.

D APPLETON & COMPANY 35 West 32nd Street NEW YORK CITY

HERZ PLUG

The fat, hot spark from the Herz "Clover-Leaf" electrode burns up the soot. The double-stone insulator is unbreakable. The Herz Plug (famous Bosch Meteor of Europe) saves gasoline and grinding of valves. Guaranteed 1 year. Herz Dual PRIMER FOR Special Plug for hard cars. Dealers write for Plug Directors.

HERZ & CO., 245 W. 55th St., New York



WANTED—AN IDEA! Who can think of some simple thing to patent? Protect your ideas; they may bring you wealth. Write for "Needed Inventions" and "How to Get Your Patent and Your Money." RANDOLPH & CO., Dept. 139, Patent Attorneys, Washington, D. C.

pritty loidies round. I'd have a fine blue coat, with brass buttons; an' I'd have a foine job!"

Another, whose cousin was an iron-molder in Cleveland, and who had sent on tales of his big wages, said he would get an easy job in an iron factory. A third put his desires this way:

"Faith an' if I had a million dollars all I'd ask iv anny man'd be a long-handled shovel an' a pile av sand."

The Lady or the Tiger

BEFORE marrying a charming and wealthy widow, a young author consulted with some of his friends concerning the advisability of the step. One of these friends was a man from San Francisco, who was in hard luck financially. The writer explained the circumstances to him.

"Do you think a man should marry a woman with so many millions of dollars?" he asked.

"How many millions?" asked the friend.

"Three millions at least."

"Huh!" said the friend. "For thirty dollars I'd marry a Bengal tiger and live in the cage!"

An L-e-g

NOW ON loved sweet MLE,
And quite B9 was Fate,
B4 he did with NRG
SA 2 AV8.

He flew with EZ XTC,
Nor NE did XL.
A B caused him 1 day, ah, me!
2 DV8. He fell!

They gave 2 ON ODV
And XS OP8.
His brow grew IC, 4, U C,
Y then it was 2 late.

"O, ON," MLE did say,
"No more an NTT,
I NV even grim DK,
Your MT FEG."

Louis B. Cuprow.

Oklahoma Geography

AN OKLAHOMA lawyer was examining a witness. "What is your nationality?" he asked.

"I am a Dane."

"Ah, yes; and when did you come over from Dane?"

True Spanish Courtesy

A SOUTHWESTERN lawmaker had a seat in the territorial legislature of New Mexico, from Luna County. Most of his colleagues were Mexicans, speaking Spanish.

On a ballot one day the first four men whose names were called voted "*si*," which is the Spanish for yes. The American voted fifth and shouted "aye."

The rest of those voting all voted "*si*."

At the conclusion of the ballot the American legislator rose and said: "Mr. Speaker, in the interest of harmony and to make this vote unanimous I desire to change my answer from 'aye' to '*si*.'"

Speeding the Parting

EVEN conceding the theatrical season of 1914–15 to have been as bad a season as undoubtedly it was, still there was hardly justification for a witty Chicago paragrapher to be so cruel.

On a Monday evening in the latter part of February he stepped into a place much frequented by Chicago newspaper men and other writers.

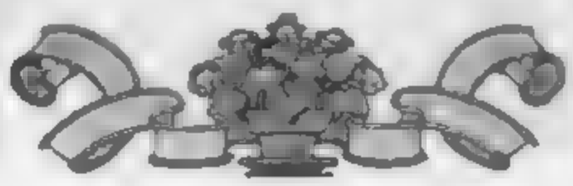
"Come on, fellows," he said, holding up a sheaf of passes; "let's all go over to the Blank Theater and see the closing of the show that's opening there to-night."

An Official Bulletin

AN AGED Southern man lay dying. A friend met his old negro bodyservant on the street.

"How's your master?" he asked.

"'Deed, suh," the negro replied, "he's mighty po'ly. He's bin on a transom all day."



Coal Bill $40 Less

More Heat—Few Ashes—Healthful Air

Here's the Letter

"The UNDERFEED is giving the best of satisfaction and I am well pleased with it. I wish you success.

"We used to burn coal costing $4.50 per ton. Last year our coal bill was $5[illegible]. I could not keep warm on $40 less coal this winter. For instance, every morning at 10 A. M. I forget how many times I put on coal and fuss and I consume about one ton a week and have only a small quantity. Besides we could not grow flowers on account of gas from other furnace. Now we can. To my mind it is the best heating apparatus to be had. I am pleased to be the owner of one."

(Signed) R. E. LORD, Peterboro, Canada

A Big House in a Cold Part of Canada

Saving of ½ to ⅔ Coal Cost Guaranteed the UNDERFEED Way

When a big successful concern says to you: "We guarantee to cut your coal bills ½ to ⅔," you've simply got to listen.

And when on top of this saving you can have cleaner and better heat, it all means that you cannot afford to let the opportunity go unheeded.

For instance, read the letter shown to the left. It is from a [illegible], Canada. It tells of *more* and *better* heat for *less* money with the UNDERFEED way. And it is one of the many of just such letters we will send you for the asking.

Please [illegible] coupon and get more money-saving facts about the Williamson UNDERFEED which [illegible] saving money in 1,000 homes all over the country. You incur [illegible] no expense or obligation in sending the coupon.

WILLIAMSON NEW-FEED UNDERFEED Furnaces and Boilers CUT COAL BILLS ½ to ⅔

The "Candle" Principle

Coal is fed from *beneath* the New-Feed UNDERFEED. That means the clean, live coal is always on top, never smothered, but in direct contact all the time with the hot fire that gives out the heat.

No smoke, gas or soot, because these valuable heat elements must pass up through the fire and be converted into clean usable heat.

Easy to Operate

A boy of twelve can easily operate the UNDERFEED. No stooping. Everything [illegible] No [illegible] is not under a cloud. Because of [illegible] has the cleanest grates of any as effect yet [illegible] great saving [illegible]

Send [illegible] book. From cellar to [illegible] and dependable.

THE WILLIAMSON HEATER CO.
81 West Fifth Avenue CINCINNATI, OHIO

The Williamson Heater Co., 81 West Fifth Ave., Cincinnati, O.
Tell me how to cut my coal bills from ½ to ⅔ with a Williamson New-Feed
Warm Air.... Steam or Hot Water.... (Mark X after system interested in)
Name.... Address....
My Dealer's Name is....
DEALERS: Let us tell you about the New-Feed UNDERFEED and our 1916 proposition. Both are winners.

Send for This Book

You send out form letters at great expense. You receive hundreds issued at great expense by others. You feel that this sort of thing is unprofitable, yet you know that real letters ought to pay, have paid, and will pay.

Old Hampshire Bond

The book, "Why your Form Letters do not pay," points out one reason after another why the usual form letter does not pay. Although we make the paper we have said nothing in this book about Old Hampshire Bond.

All that we ever expected this book to accomplish was to shed a light on some of the major principles of letter writing—principles which the average form letter ridiculously and consistently violates.

The book is free. We want you to have it. It can be read through, with the more forceful paragraphs read twice, in half an hour. Every person in your business who writes letters for the firm will profit by reading it. Send for it.

HAMPSHIRE PAPER COMPANY, South Hadley Falls, Mass.

The Only Paper Makers In The World Making Bond Paper Exclusively

What the Victor is doing to edu

Millions of school children throughout the United States owe their knowledge and appreciation of music to the Victor.

The Victor is in practical every-day use in the schools of more than 3000 cities.

252	schools	in	Philadelphia	use	the	Victor
237	"	"	New York	"	"	"
183	"	"	Chicago	"	"	"
134	"	"	Boston	"	"	"
100	"	"	Minneapolis	"	"	"
81	"	"	Los Angeles	"	"	"
79	"	"	Columbus	"	"	"
71	"	"	Kansas City	"	"	"
70	"	"	St. Louis	"	"	"
67	"	"	Buffalo	"	"	"

The Victor in the schools is a mighty national force for education. It is an important factor in every branch of school work from the kindergarten to the university.

In the interpretation of music alone it gives such a clear and thorough understanding of music as is possible in no other way—teaches music with the real music itself.

But the V
studies. It
faculties. It
the process o

The Nati
ment that is

The Vic
development
familiarize th
factor, and as
the United S

There are Vi
Victor dealers in
you wish to hear.

Victor T

Always
the co

New Victo

cate Young America

Victor does more than that. It stirs the interest in all develops the perceptive, imaginative, and emotional uplifts the ideals and tastes of the children, and aids in forming their lives and characters.

on-wide use of the Victor in the schools is an endorse- full of significance to all the people.

tor is inseparably linked with the appreciation and of music in the United States. It has done more to e people with the world's best music than any other its influence keeps on extending it will eventually make tates the most musical of all nations.

ctors and Victrolas in great variety of styles from $10 to $400, and there are very city in the world who will gladly demonstrate them and play any music

alking Machine Co., Camden, N. J., U. S. A.

Berliner Gramophone Co., Montreal, Canadian Distributors

use Victor Machines with Victor Records and Victor Needles—
nbination. There is no other way to get the unequaled Victor tone.

r Records demonstrated at all dealers on the 28th of each month

Victor XXV, $67.50
For school use only

Caroline Says—
French Meat-Treat Sandwiches are delicious
And French Meat-Treat is just as good sliced (hot or cold)
It's one of the 98 varieties of
FRANK'S MEAT-TREATS
THE NATIONAL DELICATESSEN
Made in Milwaukee
If your dealer does not sell them, just write to us
FREE Send for our book—let "Suggestions"—recipes for many dainty dishes
L. FRANK & SON CO.
DEPT. N-G MILWAUKEE, WIS.
RETAILERS: Write for "Frank-Ness," the magazine on profitable delicatessen
BROKERS. Write

Burpee's Sweet Peas

Six Superb Spencers
For 25c we will mail one regular 10-cent packet (40 to 50 seeds) each of ELFRIDA PEARSON, a lovely pink, of gigantic size; KING WHITE, the best of all White Spencers, ALICE ROUTZAHN, rich buff, suffused delicate pink, VERMILION BRILLIANT, the most brilliant scarlet Spencer, and [illegible], a beautiful light blue shade. Also one large packet (90 to 100 seeds) of the BURPEE BLEND of SIX PURE SPENCERS for 1916, the finest mixture of Spencers ever offered. Purchased separately, would cost 60c.
The Burpee leaflet on Sweet Pea culture is enclosed with each collection.
Burpee's Annual for 1916
The Forty-fifth Anniversary Edition of the Leading American Seed Catalog is brighter and better than ever before. It is mailed free. Write for it today and please mention this publication.
W. ATLEE BURPEE & CO.
Burpee Buildings Philadelphia
Trees—Roses—Vines
in small or large lots at wholesale prices. Catalog and Green's Fruit Book FREE. Green's Nursery Co.
19 Wall St., Rochester, N. Y.
MONEY-MAKING POULTRY
Our new book for 1916 tells about our leading varieties of land & water fowls, also incubators, brooders & supplies of high quality at low prices. 31st year. 90 page catalog FREE. H. M. JONES CO., Box 98, Des Moines, Ia.

A WESTERN WARWICK

(Continued from Page 23)

and Prosperity" on the clouds each night, and send up flocks of balloons bearing that symbol, to vaudeville singers who would sing Rogers songs for so much a week. We got enough lithographs of Rogers to fill Lake Erie and enough buttons to fill Lake Superior.

We opened a Speakers' Bureau that corralled every man who had the power of connected thought while he was on his feet, and some who had not, and sent this vast army of spellbinders to all four quarters of the country—professional spellbinders, who worked for so much a night; amateur spellbinders, who worked for their expenses; politicians and statesmen that I forced out for the party loyalty of it, but most of whom collected good wages in one way or another just the same. We sent them about in special trains, in private cars, on local trains, on freight trains. We had them on horseback and on foot. I have often regretted that the automobile industry was in its infancy then, or we should have used automobiles; and if there had been flying machines there also would have been a corps of aviating orators—you may be sure of that. I'd like to run another campaign so I might be able to utilize these modern improvements. Think what I might do with moving pictures!

Song writers wrote songs for us. Musicians composed music for us. Play writers constructed plays for us. We harmonized James Jason Rogers, visualized him, dramatized him, always connecting him with that magic word, "Prosperity." We put his face in every window we could reach, nailed it on every dead wall, filled the newspapers with it. That calm, complacent set of features became the chief decoration of all our hoardings; that face became a household word, as P. A. McGinnis, who was in charge of our Celtic section, said. Every morning our press bureau put out the definite claim that we should win, and every evening that claim was reiterated. We used no ifs or buts. We asserted victory, sweeping and tremendous, and stuck to it from the first.

We established Italian bureaus, German bureaus, Slavonic bureaus, Scandinavian bureaus, negro bureaus; and if there was any publisher of a paper in a foreign tongue, including Greek, Yiddish and Hungarian, who did not derive a subsidy from me to keep alive his firm conviction that the election of James Jason Rogers would be of inestimable benefit to his countrymen, he overlooked a chance. I bought them all. We had college sections, women sections, old-soldier sections, fraternal sections, religious sections, actor sections—and each section gave employment to earnest citizens whose hearts were in the cause, but who felt their efforts merited a weekly check in addition to the proud and patriotic consciousness of duty well performed. I hired ministers and I hired burglars. I played no favorites. Every man who could show me even a ghost of a way where he might be useful got on the pay roll. There never was such an advertising campaign.

One cute little contrivance was the college section. I never knew it, but it developed that early in his life James Jason Rogers graduated from a Western college and belonged to a fraternity. Well, before I finished with that college section I learned a few things. One is that this earth is literally cumbered with men who have no other distinction than that they attained a degree at some college or university. Their development stopped at the exact moment when they were dubbed A. B. or Q. X., or whatever they were dubbed, and they spend all their time talking about the "Glorious class of such a year," or "Our dear old alma mater!" That is their occupation—being a college man.

Likewise, no matter how inconspicuous a fraternity may be, when a one-time member of it gets into the limelight he invariably discovers that most of the people in the city directories of our leading cities, and on the polling lists in our smaller places, are fraternity brothers with him. They came up out of the high grass in all parts of the habitable globe to remind Rogers that they took the same obligation he did, and knew the mystic grip and the secret password, and fraternally to inquire what were the chances for preferment, in the name of the sacred old frat. Lord, I'm glad I didn't go to college! If I had, Central Park wouldn't have held all the brothers I should have been forced to employ.

We were well squared away by the first of August. Our spellbinders were devastating all parts of the country, and our publicity bureaus were producing claims and copy by the mile. Our various sections were trying to justify the expense of them, and most of the badge, button, lithograph, printing and other similar contracts were let. I had spent my time in this work of organization, for I long before had discovered that in politics, if you want a thing done—not well, but in any sort of fashion—you must do it yourself.

It is entirely without the scope and beneath the dignity of a man you hire to do political work, to do political work. He considers, in almost every case, that he is retained because of his influence. He willingly advises and more willingly, even eagerly, criticizes; but as soon as he gets on a political pay roll he becomes a statesman. I desire to make the broad, inclusive statement that there is more all-round general inefficiency and lack of interest in anything but the salary check in a national headquarters than anywhere else. You should have seen my aggregation of has-beens and never-wases and hope-to-bes, and other political riffraff, thrust on me by politicians who thus fulfilled obligations they had. I held a sack as big as the Gulf of Mexico in that regard.

Details settled, I took my first big survey of the country. I had sent Pliny Peters to scout in the doubtful states. He had brought back the news. In general things looked good, but there were some sore spots. Old Cato Enders wasn't toting straight, and there were difficulties in the Middle West and on the Pacific Coast. There was some harmonizing to be done. There were some bruises, made at the convention, to be salved.

Besides, I needed money. Janes had been collecting diligently and had had fair success; but, for all that, I had mapped out expenditures that far exceeded what was in sight. I sent for Uncle Lemuel Sterry.

"Lem," I said, "how are your ideas about money—wide and handsome, or narrow and constricted?"

"Depends on whose money you refer to. Do you mean my personal money or somebody else's money?"

"Well, speaking generally, I mean other people's money—the kind of money handled by our friends down in the lower end of New York, for example."

"I watch them spend it with equanimity."

"Then you have no compunctions over helping me separate them from another large gob of it? Am I correct?"

"Entirely so."

"That being the case, let us resolve ourselves into a board of strategy and plan an assault in force."

"Can't Janes reach them?" he asked.

"I suppose so, but there's no merit in that, from my view. If Janes goes to them they will contribute the usual amount and in the usual restricted manner. Now I have milked them for two millions already, and that is only fifty per cent of the milking I intend to do—maybe only thirty-three per cent; but I know that before I can do any more milking I must get them so they will stand. Every time one of them sees me now he runs across the street."

"Broad doesn't, does he?"

"I've kept away from Broad. He is the big bonanza, and I don't want to hit him until I can smash him with a pile driver."

"Well, what do you want me to do?"

"Go down in the Street and get me every detail you can about the big projects they have in mind—the big ones. Find out all the advance information there is. Get figures showing prospective profits, if possible. I know they've got astounding operations in mind, for if they hadn't I never should have been able to get as much as I have. Don't let them suspect, and when you have found out we'll form a plan."

Uncle Lemuel meditated.

"Seems like a rotten thing to do," he said; "but if we get to thinking over the putrescence of politics we'll retire to monasteries. Besides, Bill ——"

"What is it?"

"It's for their own good."

XVIII

THE routine for Rogers was definitely established. Though I had no compunctions over making a circus display of him—advertising him and our policies—in all parts of the country outside his home city, I was extremely careful to create and preserve an attitude of dignified receptivity for him at the point of personal contact. One section of my organization, headed by Talbot and working at Rogers' home, arranged for all his appearances and all his speeches. We organized pilgrimages, sent delegations of prominent citizens journeying to him, in order that they might meet him and hear the well-modulated and carefully considered words of wisdom that fell from his lips, revised for the press in each instance by the canny Talbot, who never let a word get out that would lose a vote or create a wrong impression.

Rogers was tractable. He refused to listen to men who wanted place for themselves. He maintained a skillful, detached, impersonal relation toward me and all my works—in public. In private he was keenly interested, and I often slipped down to his home on the night train and discussed conditions with him. He had advice and suggestions, but he kept himself free from knowledge of my bargains for support. He didn't want to know any more than he had to know, and I didn't want him to either.

"Senator," he said to me one day, "shall I be elected?"

"I think so," I replied. "It is a little too early to say positively. Reports are good, but there is much to do. I want not only to elect you, but to elect you so overwhelmingly that there can be no criticism of our procedure after we get in office. I want to make this a popular uprising, not merely a political victory on a narrow margin."

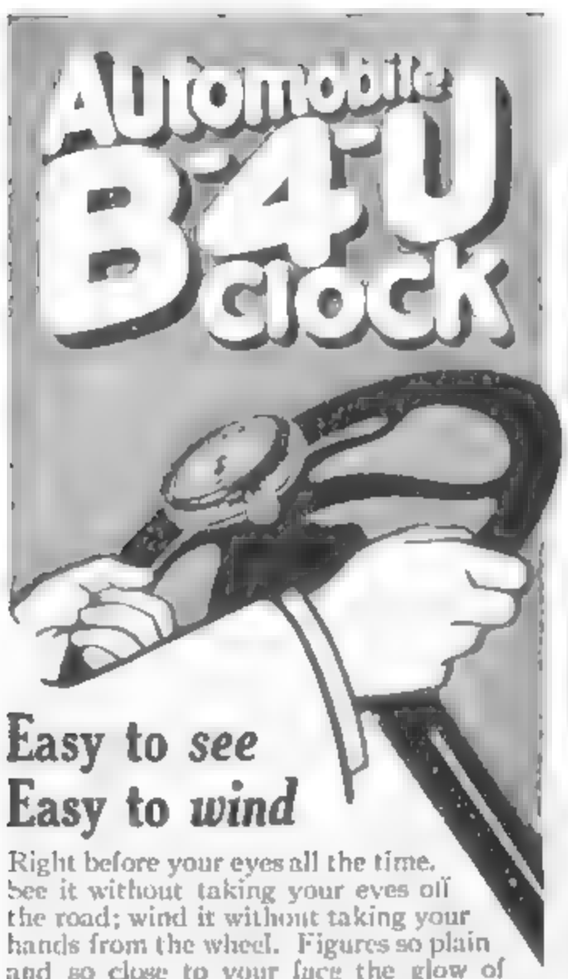
He sat and drummed on the table with his fingers. I smoked my cigar and watched him.

"Senator," he said after a minute or two, "if I am elected I shall make a reasonably expert President, because of my knowledge of the mechanics of government due to my long service in the House of Representatives. A large amount of the difficulties many Presidents have had in the White House has arisen because, though they were able and patriotic men, they were not versed in the ways things are done in Washington; and friction necessarily came while they were learning. I shall be a partisan President, because I believe in partisanship in its best sense. I shall be an organization President, because I know that I should not have been possible without organization, and because united and unified effort is better than personal direction. I shall be an honest President to the extent of my abilities and lights; but"—he rose, put his hands on my shoulders and looked squarely in my eyes—"I shall never forget my obligations to you. Rest assured of that."

I went back to my work all keyed up. I had no intention of asking Rogers to do anything that wasn't necessary and within the strict limits of propriety, as I viewed it. I sort of pledged myself to keep him clear, so far as I could; but I shivered a little over the thought that there might come a time when he would have to perform for the benefit of those pirates who supplied the funds for his campaign. However, I soon dismissed that from my mind. It was not time to think of such things. Even if I desired to I couldn't quit, and had no intention of doing anything but keep every compact I had made. Still, the thought of Broad and his gigantic schemes gave me a sort of chill.

The concluding phase of the campaign was at hand. The advertising features were all arranged for. It astonished even me, who paid for it, to see what a quantity of enthusiasm we had created for this man. Personally he meant nothing to the great mass of the people, for he was not a man to inspire sentimental attraction; but politically and as a bringer of prosperity he was pedestaled and sublimated. It was merely the working of the oldest truth in the world—the truth of self-interest. I had, through my advertising, created the opinion that if Rogers was elected times would be better. That meant, reduced to the personal equation, that individuals expected to be in easier case. They thought they should have more money. I was bartering them hope for votes.

My methods were not new. They were more extensive—that was all. I was operating on a colossal scale. Where others had been retail I was wholesale. Bigness imparts novelty and importance with our people. When a man raises ten acres of wheat

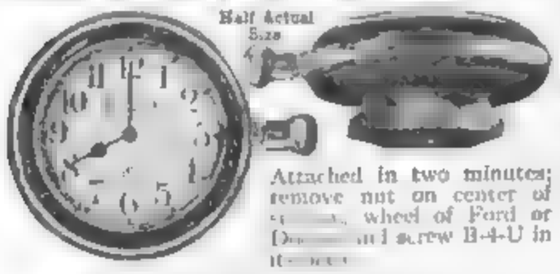


Easy to *see*
Easy to *wind*

Right before your eyes all the time. See it without taking your eyes off the road; wind it without taking your hands from the wheel. Figures so plain and so close to your face the glow of your cigar makes the time visible at night. The B-4-U

For Ford or Dodge Cars

[illegible] the right *time* in the right *place*. A sturdy clock [illegible]



Attached in two minutes; remove nut on center of [illegible] wheel of Ford or Dodge and screw B-4-U in its place

Price $2.50—Canada $3.

See it today—if you don't find it at your dealer's—auto store, hardware or jeweler's—write us his name, and we'll see that you get one.

DEALERS: There are [illegible] Ford and Dodge [illegible]

Eisenstadt Manufacturing Co.
Manufacturing Jewelers, St. Louis, Mo.

Learn Tree Surgery

Positions Guaranteed

[illegible] Write promptly for particulars. Address the Secretary

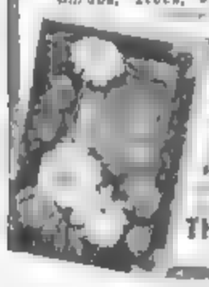
The Davey Institute of Tree Surgery
Box 99 Kent, Ohio

FREE!

1916 Nursery Catalog—America's Authority
SEND TODAY! PLANT EARLY!

Seeds, Roses, Plants

Shrubs, Trees, etc. [illegible]



Hardy Perennials, Hedge Plants, Bulbs and Vines [illegible] satisfaction guaranteed. [illegible] etc., all told in free catalog. Write today

THE STORRS & HARRISON CO.
Dept. 197, Painesville, Ohio

DINGEE ROSES
Sturdy as Oaks

are always grown on their own roots, 65 years' experience. Satisfaction and safe arrival guaranteed. Dingee's Guide to Rose Culture," Describes [illegible] and how to grow them [illegible] free. Send to-day

The Dingee & Conard Co., Box 242, West Grove, Pa.

it is commonplace. When he raises ten thousand it is news. Moreover, though we talk knowingly of big things, we do not comprehend them. It never occurred to the political writers who were putting out yards and yards of fact and fiction about me and my campaign to solve the problems and pretensions of it on the basis of its elaboration of ordinary methods. They sought for the ulterior. Not finding the ulterior, they invented it.

I worked on the simple and effective process of buying what I needed. They didn't grasp that. They made me a strategist instead of a merchant.

Peletiah Mortor came in one day, removed his wool hat—he always wore a wool hat; a wool hat is common-peoplish—and walked round my desk, viewing me from every angle, but saying nothing.

"What's the object of the parade?" I asked him.

"Oh, nothin'—nothin'. I was merely takin' a close view of the modern successor to Machiavelli, Talleyrand, Disraeli, Richelieu, Pitt, Danton, Napoleon and Julius Cæsar."

"Meaning me?"

"Meanin' you. Have a seegar?"

"I will if you take it out of the cigar case you carry in your inside pocket, and not out of your vest pocket."

He laughed.

"Know that vest-pocket brand, do ye? That's my home brand—fine, domestic cabbagerio, made right in my own city, and put up in boxes of fifty, under the title of Quintessence de la Habana de Cuba. All the boys in that factory vote for me. Named one after me, once. Called it the Pride of Peletiah. Almost killed myself smokin' the durned things! Ought to have a seegar named after Rogers—the Rogers Panetela, six for a quarter. Don't you make the mistake of lettin' them name any ten-cent seegar after him. Six for a quarter is the kind. Can't afford to put on any frills—just a plain, common-people seegar is the kind to name after him."

I jabbed a push button and Limpton came in.

"Limpton," I asked, "is that a ten-cent cigar or a five-cent cigar they have named Our Candidate?"

"Five-cent, of course," Limpton replied, and I was much relieved.

"As I was sayin'," continued Mortor, "I have been readin' a lot of things about you in the papers, some of 'em good and some not so good; but what struck me most is this reputation you are gettin' for political strat-tee-gee. By ginger, you're quite a strat-tee-gist, ain't ye? How does it feel? I should think you'd be all puffed up over it—suddenly blossomin' out as one of the great masters of the science of political manipulation."

He had in mind a long article in the Sunday newspapers in which I was adjectively and adverbially, voluminously and extravagantly described as the wonder of the age at that sort of thing; and I squirmed uncomfortably.

"Know how it is myself," he went on. "They've been ascribin' strat-tee-gee to me for many years, and I'm about as much of a strat-tee-gist as a hungry man at the dinner table. Same with you, I reckon. Durned if it don't amuse me the way them writin' fellers cook up this strat-tee-gical stuff. Why, say, Bill, ninety per cent of all the strat-tee-gee they is in politics is imagination, and the remaining ten per cent don't come through. I reckon it has been the same since the beginnin' of time. If you look into the histories of them wily old gents who are put down in the books as bein' wonderful strat-tee-gists and diplomats, and so on, you'll find that most of them was fakes. They wasn't strat-tee-gists. What they was was gents who had the power to put things over, or the age in the game, and the nerve to go through. But you can't get a writin' feller to understand the obvious. Anythin' that's as simple as cold water is mysterious to him, because he is too durned wise to accept the simplicity of it.

"So here you be, proceedin' in this campaign just like you was a country merchant buyin' a bill of goods, and with no more strat-tee-gee or mystery or manipulation or finesse about it; and they are writin' you up as a phee-nomenal sort of performer who never does anything out in the open, but always is diplomatizin' behind closed doors, plannin', plottin' and intriguin', with a conspiracy in your inside pocket and a cabal in each hand. I tell you if it wasn't fer them writin' fellers we politicians would be a purty durned common, ordinary lot of folks, who hain't got the intelligence or the plottin' or strat-tee-gic ability they crack us up to have."

He stopped and took a chew of tobacco, another common-people trait that endeared him to his constituents and helped him hold the pose.

"Well," I said, "admitting all that—then what?"

"Oh, nothin'—nothin' a-tall. Only I jist dropped in to have a look at ye an' see if they was foolin' ye any about yourself. I've knowed a heap of men who fell fer that sort of stuff and begun thinkin' they was diplomats when they was just ordinary dubs. Don't let 'em fool ye, Bill. You ain't no political strat-tee-gist and there's durned little of that in politics. What politics is based on is inducements fer the politicians and hope for the voters. That's all they is to it. I'd let 'em start Machiavelli, Disraeli and old Zach Chandler agin me in my deestrict, and I'd wallop 'em all if I had the most campaign funds. The slickest political strat-tee-gist I know is a sizable checkin' account at the bank. Don't never forget that!"

I didn't forget it, and for that reason I anxiously awaited the report Sterry was to make concerning the plans of the big interests. He came in a few days later, tweet-tweeted a little about the campaign, and whispered:

"Are we alone?"

"Unless you have somebody concealed about your person, we are."

"Well, I've got that information. They are planning big things—incomprehensible things. When those men get into the upper levels of high finance they make me dizzy. I confess that when they tie seven figures on a bundle of money they have about reached the limits of my comprehension; but they talk about billions down there as though they owned all the wall-paper factories in the world and used them to make thousand-dollar bills with instead of wall paper."

"What are they planning to do exactly?"

Sterry took a little red book out of his pocket.

"I've jotted down a few of the figures. Listen: There isn't any big, profitable branch of manufacturing industry or transportation or distribution that they do not intend to combine—steel, railroads, ships, electric roads, telephones, telegraphs, public utilities, chemicals, tobacco, machinery for harvesting—everything.

"And on top of that they are planning enormous combinations of banking capital, figuring to finance these flotations that way, control them that way, derive tremendous profits for underwriting, and even greater profits by the unloading of surplus of the inflated capitalizations on the investing public.

"Take steel. They have a plan for forming a billion-dollar steel corporation, buying such steel subsidiary plants as they need to make their competition effective, reduce competition, and control the market. A billion dollars—not ten millions, or twenty millions, or a hundred millions, but a thousand-million-dollar combination! They have their plans all laid for that as soon as they are assured Washington will not trouble them."

He read me a startling list of figures for other projected combinations, and what he said about the combination of banking capital was incredible. The sums were beyond my grasp.

"They've gone trust crazy. They see a return to easy times, which they can promote, and will; and they figure that after these lean years the public will be eager to come in and recoup. I tell you the amount of watered stock they are going to sell is incredible, unless you can think in terms of all the Seven Seas at once. They are keeping this information closely to themselves. They are banking on you and on Rogers. They will squeal, of course; but they will pay again and again, for they are all dazzled at the hugeness of the profits they have in sight and the power they can exert. If they get this thing going they feel they will be so potent nothing can stop them, and they can go on plundering comfortably and profitably until the end of time."

I took his little book and wrote down the figures from it on a slip of paper.

"Sure these are right?" I asked him.

"In round numbers they are right."

"Well," I said, "I reckon I'll have to have another conversation with Robert Almighty Broad."

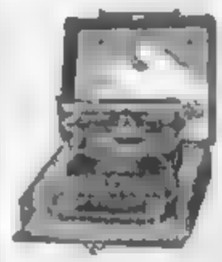
(TO BE CONTINUED)

Take a Corona with you

SOME firms have a double standard of efficiency, as measured by their correspondence—one for the office, where every letter is perfectly typewritten—the other for the traveling men, who are allowed to write illegible long-hand letters on trains and in hotels.

Hundreds of firms have seen the weakness of this policy—the poor impression on customers, the danger of errors, the waste of time or the expense of hotel-dictation. They now have but *one* standard of efficiency, made possible by equipping their traveling men with the

CORONA
Folding Typewriter



Weighs but six pounds. Complete with every necessary feature. The ideal machine for personal use.

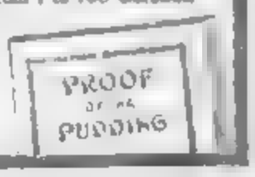
Costs but $50.00—carrying case included. Built to stand up under hard service—our guarantee is behind every machine.

In the office, at home and "on the road" there are over 50,000 Coronas making good.

Send for Free Booklet

Write for Catalogue No. 1 and "Proof of the Pudding" containing hundreds of names of firms and individuals who have bought from 1 to 100 Coronas.

Corona Typewriter Co., Inc.
Groton, N. Y.
New York Chicago
San Francisco
Agencies in all principal cities



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Protect them with a "Gunn"

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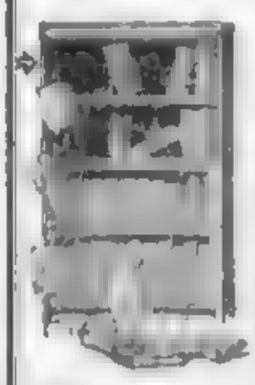

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71 Cities Show How Goodyear Leads All Others

The Goodyear Tire & Rubber Company has just completed a tire census in 71 principal cities.

The chief — in fact, the only significant — result of this count of thousands of tires, is the unmistakable indication that, though Goodyear Tires cost more than most, the public prefers them above all others.

In spite of the further fact that there are nearly 200 brands of tires, the grand average of the cities covered in the census shows that more than 21 per cent of all the tires counted were Goodyear.

We do not offer this as conclusive evidence, but as indicative of the trend of public preference in tire-buying.

This census was, of course, limited in comparison with the number of motor cars in use; yet its definite figures do substantiate Goodyear leadership in the country at large.

Tires were counted on the cars at rest in the business sections of 71 cities, during the working hours of five succeeding days.

The total was 353,859. Of these, 75,631 were Goodyear, as compared with the next highest figure of 50,672, and the third of 44,250.

This means that every fifth car is equipped with Goodyear Tires.

There are two hundred brands of tires on the market, all competing for business.

Were the tire business of the country equally divided it would mean that every two hundredth car would be equipped with Goodyear — instead of which every fifth car is Goodyear tired.

When you seek the reason for this Goodyear preference, you are necessarily led to this conclusion:

That if all the Goodyear users are willing to pay more for Goodyear than they would have to pay for other tires, it must of course be proof positive that Goodyears cost them less in the end.

And that has always been the aim of The Goodyear Tire & Rubber Company, to build tires so good there can be no better; to put into them every element that tends to longest life and service, with the least trouble and expense to the user.

A Preference Based On Tire Quality, Not Price

We have repeatedly told you that Goodyear users far outnumber the users of any other single brand of tires.

This statement is confirmed by the overwhelming Goodyear preference revealed in the tire census of 71 leading cities.

The figures, which show more than 21 per cent of the tires used in these cities to be Goodyear, may be accepted as representative of the Goodyear standing in the country at large.

And that this standing is virtually the same as in the individual cities is borne out by the striking consistency of the Goodyear showing everywhere.

In only two instances did the proportion of Goodyears in the total fall below 16 per cent, and it ran as high as 43 per cent.

These figures can have but one meaning, and that is decidedly clear—Goodyear is the favored tire with the great majority of buyers.

The basis for this emphatic public preference can not be price; for dozens of tires sell for less than Goodyear.

It is found in Goodyear quality—and there is no higher tire quality than that.

It is found in Goodyear features of construction—and no other tire, we believe, incorporates so many features designed to prolong tire life by preventing most of the common troubles.

These troubles are guarded against in five ways. We fortify Goodyear No-Hook Tires:

Against rim-cutting by our No-Rim-Cut feature; against blowouts by our "On-Air" Cure; against loose treads by our Rubber Rivets; against insecurity by our multiple braided piano wire base, and against punctures and skidding by our double-thick All-Weather tread.

Goodyear quality and Goodyear construction are cash-value advantages to the Goodyear user.

He buys Goodyear Tires and Tubes because they *are* Goodyear Tires and Tubes.

He knows that in the end—whether he previously paid more or paid less for his tires—Goodyears will show the lowest last cost.

The Goodyear Tire & Rubber Company
AKRON, OHIO

Williams'

Have It Your Own Way

Stick, Powder, Cream, Liquid

Here's Shaving Soap, men, that makes your razor your pet toy and shaving the day's event.

Touch your brush to it and you have a lather like whipped cream. None of that on-again-off-again-Finnegan stuff about Williams' lather. It stays, holds its moisture like a sea fog and makes the razor's work a pastime.

It's as pure as the food you eat and as mild as a day in June. Whether yours is a once-over or a repeat, the result is the same—no bite or sting; no hard, dry feel.

Williams' Shaving Soap has been encouraging the daily shave habit for 75 years, and that's about 74 years, 11 months and 27 days longer than a poor soap could last.

Therefore, don't say "shaving soap" to the dealer. His judgment as to what your face needs cannot possibly be as good as your own. Say *Williams'* Shaving Soap.

Send 10 cents in stamps for a trial size of all four forms, and then decide which you prefer. Or send 4 cents in stamps for any one.

THE J. B. WILLIAMS COMPANY, *Dept. A*, Glastonbury, Conn.

Add the finishing touch to your shave with Williams' luxurious Talc Powder

NON PLUSH ULTRA

(Continued from Page 6)

about the impudence of it when you remember these here trained efficiency experts she was competing with. Yet so it was. She would drop in on me after school for a cup of tea and tell me frankly how distinguished his manner was and what shapely features he had and what fine eyes, and how there was a certain note in his voice at times, and had I ever noticed that one stubborn lock of hair that stuck out back of his left ear? Of course that last item settled it. When they notice that lock of hair you know the ship has struck the reef and all hands are perishing.

"And it seemed that the cuss had not only shown her more than a little attention at evening functions but had escorted her to the midspring production of Hamlet by the Red Gap Amateur Theatrical and Dramatic Society. True, he had conducted himself like a perfect gentleman every minute they was alone together, even when they had to go home in Eddie Pierce's hack because it was raining when the show let out—but would I, or would I not, suspect from all this that he was in the least degree thinking of her in a way that—you know!

"Poor child of twenty-eight, with her hungry eyes and flushed face while she was showing down her hand to me! I seen the scoundrel's play at once. Hetty was the one safe bet for him in Red Gap's social whirl. He was wise, all right—this Mr. D. He'd known in a second he could trust himself alone with that girl and be as safe as a babe in its mother's arms. Of course I couldn't say this to Hetty. I just said he was a man that seemed to know his own mind very clearly, whatever it was, and Hetty blushed some more and said that something within her responded to a certain note in his voice. We let it go at that.

"So I think and ponder about poor Hetty, trying to invent some conspiracy that would fix it right, because she was the ideal mate for an assistant cashier that had a certain position to keep up. For that matter she was good enough for any man. Then I hear she has joined the riding club, and an all day's ride has been planned for the next Saturday up to Stender's Spring, with a basket lunch and a romantic ride back by moonlight. Of course I don't believe in any of this spiritualist stuff, but you can't tell me there ain't something in it, mind-reading or something, with the hunches you get when parties is in some grave danger.

"Stella Ballard it was tells me about the picnic, calling me in as I passed their house to show me her natty new riding togs that had just come from the mail-order house. She called from back of a curtain and when I got into the parlor she had them on, pleased as all get-out. Pretty they was too—riding breeches and puttees and a man's flannel shirt and a neat-fitting Norfolk jacket, and Stella being a fine, upstanding figure.

"'They may cause considerable talk,' says she, smoothing down one leg where it wrinkled a bit, 'but really I think they look perfectly stunning on me, and wasn't it lucky they fit me so beautifully? They're called the Non Plush Ultra.'

"'The what?' I says.

"'The Non Plush Ultra,' she answers. 'That's the name of them sewed in the band.'

"'What's that mean?' I wanted to know.

"'Why,' says Stella, 'that's Latin or Greek, I forget which, and it means they're the best, I believe. Oh, let me see! Why, it means nothing beyond, or something like that; the farthest you can go, I think. One forgets all that sort of thing after leaving high school.'

"'Well,' I says, 'they fit fine and it's the only modest rig for a woman to ride a horse in, but they certainly are non plush, all right. That thin goods will never wear long against saddle leather, take my word for it.'

"But of course this made no impression on Stella—she was standing on the center table by now, so she could lamp herself in the glass over the mantel—and then she tells me about the excursion for Saturday and how Mr. Burchell Daggett is enthused about it, him being a superb horseman himself, and, if I know what she means, don't I think she carries herself in the saddle almost better than any girl in her set, and won't her style show better than ever in this duck of a costume, and she must get her tan shoes polished, and do I think Mr. Daggett really meant anything when he said he'd expect her some day to return the masonic pin she had lifted off his vest the other night at the dance, and so on.

"It was while she was babbling this stuff that I get the strange hunch that Hetty Tipton is in grave danger and I ought to run to her; it seemed almost I could hear her calling on me to save her from some horrible fate. So I tell Stella yes, she's by far the finest rider in the whole Kulanche Valley, and she ought to get anything she wants with that suit on, and then I beat it quick over to the Ezra Dutton house where Hetty boards.

"You can laugh all you want to, but that hunch of mine was the God's truth. Hetty was in the gravest danger she'd faced since one time in early infancy when she got give morphine for quinine. What made it more horrible, she hadn't the least notion of her danger. Quite the contrary.

"'Thank the stars I've come in time!' I gasps as I rushes in on her, for there's the poor girl before her mirror in a pair of these same Non Plush Ultras and looking as pleased with herself as if she had some reason to be.

"'Back into your skirts quick!' I says. 'I'm a strong woman and all that, but still I can be affected more than you'd think.'

"Poor Hetty stutters and turns red and her chin begins to quiver, so I gentled her down and tried to explain, though seeing quick that I must tell her everything but the truth. I reckon nothing in this world can look funnier than a woman wearing them things that had never ought to for one reason or another. There was more reasons than that in Hetty's case. Dignity was the first safe bet I could think of with her, so I tried that.

"'I know all you would say,' says the poor thing in answer, 'but isn't it true that men rather like one to be—oh, well, you know—just the least bit daring?'

"'Truest thing in the world,' I says, 'but bless your heart, did you suspicion riding breeches was daring on a woman? Not so. A girl wearing 'em can't be any more daring after the first quick shock is over than—well, you read the magazines, don't you? You've seen those pictures of family life in darkest Africa that the explorers and monkey hunters bring home, where the wives, mothers and sweethearts, God bless 'em! wear only what the scorching climate demands. Didn't it strike you that one of them women without anything on would have a hard time if she tried to be daring or did it? No woman can be daring without the proper clothes for it,' I says firmly, 'and as for you, I tell you plain, get into the most daring and immodest thing that was ever invented for woman—which is the well-known skirt.'

"'Oh, Ma Pettengill,' cries the poor thing, 'I never meant anything horrid and primitive when I said daring. As a matter of fact I think these are quite modest to the intelligent eye.'

"'Just what I'm trying to tell you,' I says. 'Exactly that; they're modest to any eye whatever. But here you are embarked on a difficult enterprise, with a band of flinty-hearted cutthroats trying to beat you to it, and, my dear child, you have a staunch nature and a heart of gold, but you simply can't afford to be modest.'

"'I don't understand,' says she, looking at herself in the glass again.

"'Trust me anyway,' I implores. 'Let others wear their Non Plush Ultras which are No. 9872'—she tries to correct my pronunciation, but I wouldn't stop for that. 'Never mind how it's pronounced,' I says, 'because I know well the meaning of it in a foreign language. It means the limit, and it's a very desirable limit for many, but for you,' I says plainly, 'it's different. Your Non Plush Ultra will have to be a neat, ankle-length riding skirt. You got one, haven't you?'

"'I have,' says she, 'a very pretty one of tan corduroy, almost new, but I had looked forward to these, and I don't see yet ——'

"Then I thought of another way I might get to her without blurting out the truth. 'Listen, Hetty,' I says, 'and remember not only that I'm your friend but that I know a heap more about this fool world than you do. I've had bitter experiences, and one of them got me at the time I first begun to wear riding pants myself, which must have been about the time you was beginning to bite dents into your silver mug that Aunt Caroline sent. I was a handsome young hellion, I don't mind telling you, and they looked well on me, and when Lysander John urged me to be brave and wear 'em

outside I was afraid all the men within a day's ride was going to sneak round to stare at me. My! I was so embarrassed, also with that same feeling you got in your heart this minute that it was taking an unfair advantage of any man—you know! I felt like I was using all the power of my young beauty for unworthy ends.

"'Well, do you know what I got when I first rode out on the ranch? I got just about the once-over from every brute there, and that was all. If one of them ranch hands had ever ogled me a second time I'd have known it all right, but I never caught one of the scoundrels at it. First I said: "Now, ain't that fine and chivalrous?" Then I got wise. It wasn't none of this here boasted Western chivalry, but just plain lack of interest. I admit it made me mad at first. Any man on the place was only too glad to look me over when I had regular clothes on, but dress me like Lysander John and they didn't look at me any oftener than they did him. Not as often, of course, because as a plain human being and man's equal I wasn't near as interesting as he was.'

"'But then, too,' says Hetty, who had only been about half listening to my lecture, 'I thought it might be striking a blow at the same time for the freedom of woman.'

"Well, you know how that freedom-of-the-sex talk always gets me going. I was mad enough for a minute to spank her just as she stood there in them Non Plush Ultras she was so proud of. And I did let out some high talk. Mrs. Dutton told her afterward she thought sure we was having words.

"'Freedom from skirts,' I says, 'is the last thing your sex wants. Skirts is the final refuge of immodesty, to which women will cling like grim death. They will do any possible thing to a skirt—slit it, thin it, shorten it, hike it up one side—people are setting up nights right now thinking up some new thing to do to it—but women won't give it up and dress modestly as men do because it's the only unfair drag they got left with the men. I see one of our offended sex is daily asking right out in a newspaper: "Are women people?" I'd jest like to whisper to her that no one yet knows.

"'If they'll quit their skirts, dress as decently as a man does so they won't have any but a legitimate pull with him, we'd have a chance to find out if they're good for anything else. As a matter of fact, they don't want to be people and dress modestly and wear hats you couldn't pay over eight dollars for. I believe there was one once, but the poor thing never got any notice from either sex after she became—a people, as you might say.'

"Well I was going on to get off a few more things I'd got madded up to, but I caught the look in poor Hetty's face, and it would have melted a stone. Poor child! There she was, wanting a certain man and willing to wear or not wear anything on earth that would nail him, and not knowing what would do it, and complicating her ignorance with meaningless worries about modesty and daringness and the freedom of her poor sex, that ain't ever even deuce-low with one woman in a million.

"And right then, watching her distress, all at once I get my big inspiration—it just flooded me like the sun coming up. I don't know if I'm like other folks, but things do come to me that way. And not only was it a great truth, but it got me out of the hole of having to tell Hetty certain truths about herself that these Non Plush Ultras made all too glaring.

"'Listen,' I says: 'You believe I'm your friend, don't you? And you believe anything I tell you is from the heart out and will probably have a grain of sense in it. Well, here is an inspired thought: Women won't ever dress modestly like men do because men don't want 'em to. I never saw a man yet that did if he'd tell the truth, and so this here dark city stranger won't be any exception. Now, then, what do we see on Saturday next? Why, we see this here gay throng sally forth for Stender's Spring, the youth and beauty of Red Gap, including Mr. D., with his nice refined odor of Russia leather and bank bills of large size—from fifties up—that haven't been handled much. The crowd is of all sexes, technically, like you might say; a lot of nice, sweet girls along but dressed to be mere jolly young roughnecks, and just as interesting to the said stranger as the regular boys that will be present—hardly more so. And now, as for poor little meek you—you will look wild and Western, understand me, but feminine; exactly like the colored cigarette picture that says under it "Rocky Mountain Cow Girl." You will be in your pretty tan skirt—be sure to have it pressed—and a blue-striped sport bloose that I just saw in the La Mode window, and you'll get some other rough Western stuff there too: a blue silk neckerchief and a natty little cow-girl sombrero—the La Mode is showing a good one called the La Parisienne for four fifty-eight—and the daintiest pair of tan kid gauntlets you can find, and don't forget a pair of tan silk stockings ——'

"'They won't show in my riding boots,' says Hetty, looking as if she was coming to life a little.

"'Tush for the great, coarse, common-sense riding boots,' I says firmly; 'you will wear precisely that neat little pair of almost new tan pumps with the yellow bows that you're standing in now. Do you get me?'

"'But that would be too dainty and absurd,' says Hetty.

"'Exactly!' I says, shutting my mouth hard.

"'Why, I almost believe I do get you,' says she, looking religiously up into the future like that lady saint playing the organ in the picture.

"'Another thing,' I says: 'You are deathly afraid of a horse and was hardly ever on one but once when you were a teeny girl, but you do love the open life, so you just nerved yourself up to come.'

"'I believe I see more clearly than ever,' says Hetty. She grew up on a ranch, knows more about a horse than the horse himself does, and would be a top rider most places, with the cheap help we get nowadays that can hardly set a saddle.

"'Also from time to time,' I goes on, 'you want to ask this Mr. D. little, timid, silly questions that will just tickle him to death and make him feel superior. Ask him to tell you which legs of a horse the chaps go on, and other things like that; ask him if the sash that holds the horrid old saddle on isn't so tight it's hurting your horse. After the lunch is et, go over to the horse all alone and stroke his nose and call him a dear and be found by the gent when he follows you over trying to feed the noble animal a hard-boiled egg and a couple of pickles or something. Take my word for it, he'll be over all right and have a hearty laugh at your confusion, and begin to wonder what it is about you.

"'How about falling off and spraining my ankle on the way back?' demands the awakening vestal with a gleam in her eye.

"'No good,' I says; 'pretty enough for a minute, but it would make trouble if you kept up the bluff, and if there's one thing a man hates more than another it's to have a woman round that makes any trouble.'

"'You have me started on a strange new train of thought,' says Hetty.

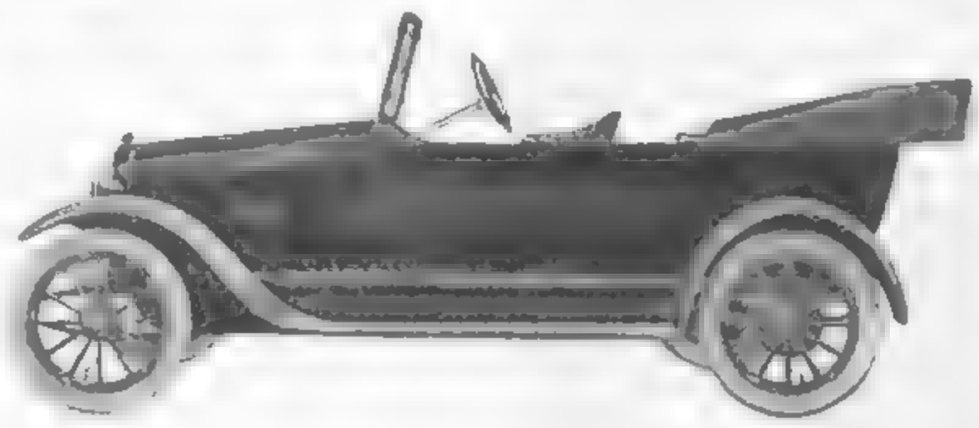
"'I think it's a good one,' I tells her, 'but remember there are risks. For one thing, you know how popular you have always been with all the girls. Well, after this day none of 'em will hardly speak to you because of your low-lifed, deceitful game, and the things they'll say of you—such things as only woman can say of woman!'

"'I shall not count the cost,' says she firmly. 'And now I must hurry down for that sport bloose—blue-striped, you said?'

"'Something on that order,' I says, 'that fits only too well. You can do almost anything you want to with your neck and arms, but remember strictly—a skirt is your one and only Non Plush Ultra.'

"So I went home all flushed and eager, thinking joyously how little men—the poor dubs—ever suspect how it's put over on 'em, and the next day, which was Friday, I thought of a few more underhand things she could do. So when she run in to see me that afternoon, the excitement of the chase in her eye, she wanted I should go along on this picnic. I says yes I will, being that excited myself and wanting to see really if I was a double-faced genius or wasn't I? Henrietta Price couldn't go on account of being still lame from her ride of a week ago, so I could go as chaperone, and anyway I knew the dear girls would all be glad to have me because I would look so different from them—like a genial old ranch foreman going out on rodeo—and the boys was always glad to see me along anyway. 'I'll be there,' I says to Hetty. 'And here—don't forget at all times to-morrow to carry this little real lace handkerchief I'm giving you.'

"I was at the meeting place next morning at nine. None of the other girls was on time, of course, but that was just as well, because Aggie Tuttle had got her father to come down to the sale yard to pack a mule



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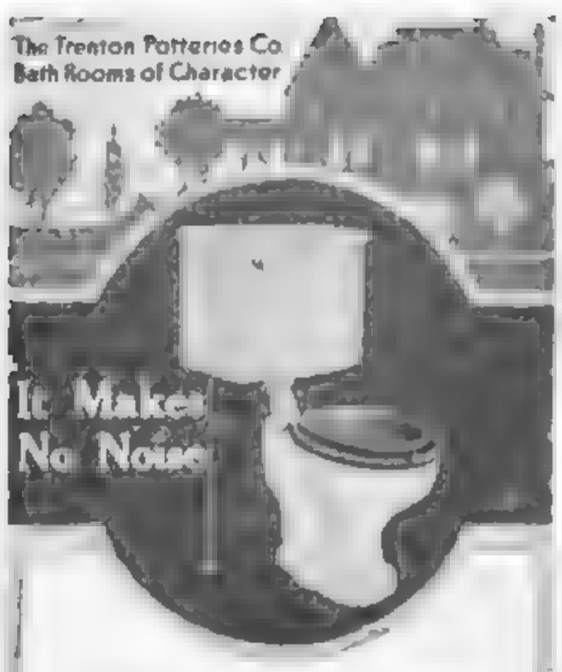

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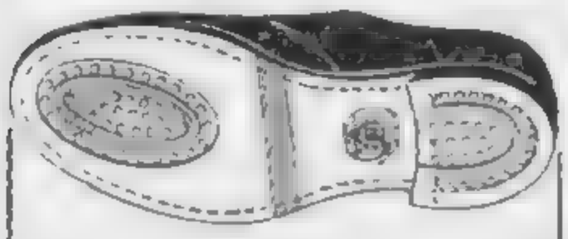

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The Press Co., Meriden, Conn.

with the hampers of lunch. Jeff Tuttle is a good packer all right, but too inflamed in the case of a mule, which he hates. They always know up and down that street when he's packing one; ladies drag their children by as fast as they can. But Jeff had the hitch all throwed before any of the girls showed up, and all began in a lovely manner, the crowd of about fifteen getting off not more than an hour late; Mr. Burchell in the lead and a bevy of these jolly young rascals in their Non Plush Ultras riding herd on him.

"Every girl cast cordial glances of pity at poor Hetty when she showed up in her neat skirt and silly tan pumps with the ridiculous silk stockings and the close-fitting blue-striped thing, free at the neck, and her pretty hair all neated under the La Parisienne cow-girl hat. Oh, they felt kinder than ever before to poor old Hetty when they saw her as little daring as that, cheering her with a hearty uproar, slapping their Non Plush Ultras with their caps or gloves, and then giggling confidentially to one another. Hetty accepted their applause with what they call a pretty show of confusion and gored her horse with her heel on the off side so it looked as if the vicious brute was running away and she might fall off any minute, but somehow she didn't, and got him soothed with frightened words and by taking the hidden heel out of his slats—though not until Mr. D. had noticed her good and then looked again once or twice.

"And so the party moved on for an hour or two, with the roguish young roughnecks cutting up merrily at all times, pretending to be cowboys coming to town on pay day, swinging their hats, giving the long yell, and doing roughriding to cut each other away from the side of Mr. D. every now and then, with a noisy laugh of good nature to hide the poisoned dagger. Daisy Estelle Maybury is an awful good rider, too, and got next to the hero about every time she wanted to. Poor thing, if she only knew that once she gets off a horse in 'em it makes all the difference in the world.

"The dark city stranger seemed to enjoy it fine, all this noise and cutting up and cowboy antics like they was just a lot of high-spirited young men together, but I never weakened in my faith for one minute. 'Laugh on, my proud beauties,' I says, 'but a time will come, just as sure as you look and act like a passel of healthy boys.' And you bet it did!

"We hadn't got half way to Stender's Spring till Mr. D. got off to tighten his cinch, and then he sort of drifted back to where Hetty and I was. I dropped back still farther to where a good chaperone ought to be and he rode in beside Hetty. The trail was too narrow then for the rest to come back after their prey, so they had to carry on the rough work among themselves.

"Hetty acted perfect. She had a pensive, withdrawn look—'aloof,' I guess the word is—like she was too tender a flower, too fine for this rough stuff, and had ought to be in the home that minute telling a fairy story to the little ones gathered at her decently clad knee. I don't know how she done it, but she put that impression over. And she tells Mr. D. that in spite of her quiet, studious tastes she had resolved to come on this picnic because she loves Nature oh! so dearly, the birds and the wild flowers and the great rugged trees that have their message for man if he will but listen with an understanding heart—didn't Mr. D. think so, or did he? But not too much of this dear old Nature stuff, which can be easy overdone with a healthy man; just enough to show there was hidden depths in her nature that everyone couldn't find.

"Then on to silly questions about does a horse lie down when it goes to sleep each night after its hard day's labor, and isn't her horse's sash too tight, and what a pretty fetlock he has, so long and thick and brown—Oh, do you call that the mane? How absurd of poor little me! Mr. Daggett knows just everything, doesn't he? He's perfectly terrifying. And where in the world did he ever learn to ride so stunningly, like one of those dare-devils in a Wild West entertainment? If her own naughty, naughty horse tries to throw her on the ground again where he can bite her she'll just have Mr. D. ride the nassy ole sing and teach him better manners, so she will. There now! He must have heard that—just see him move his funny ears—don't tell her that horses can't understand things that are said. And, seriously now, where did Mr. D. ever get his superb athletic training, because oh! how all too rare it is to see a brain-worker of strong mentality and a splendid athlete in one and the same man. Oh, how pathetically she had wished and wished to be a man and take her place out in the world fighting its battles, instead of poor little me who could never be anything but a homebody to worship the great, strong, red-blooded men who did the fighting and carried on great industries—not even an athletic girl like those dear things up ahead—and this horse is bobbing up and down like that on purpose, just to make poor little me giddy, and so forth. Holding her bridle rein daintily she was with the lace handkerchief I'd give her that cost me twelve fifty.

"Mr. D. took it all like a real man. He said her ignorance of a horse was adorable and laughed heartily at it. And he smiled in a deeply modest and masterful way and said 'But, really, that's nothing—nothing at all, I assure you,' when she said about how he was a corking athlete—and then kept still to see if she was going on to say more about it. But she didn't, having the God-given wisdom to leave him wanting. And then he would be laughing again at her poor-little-me horse talk.

"I never had a minute's doubt after that, for it was the eyes of one fascinated to a finish that he turned back on me half an hour later as he says: 'Really, Mrs. Pettengill, our Miss Hester is feminine to her finger tips, is she not?' 'She is, she is,' I answers. 'If you only knew the trouble I had with the chit about that horrible old riding skirt of hers when all her girl friends are wearing a sensible costume!' Hetty blushed good and proper at this, not knowing how indecent I might become, and Mr. D. caught her at it. Aggie Tuttle and Stella Ballard at this minute is pretending to be shooting up a town with the couple of revolvers they'd brought along in their cunning little holsters. Mr. D. turns his glazed eyes to me once more. 'The real womanly woman,' says he in a hushed voice, 'is God's best gift to man.' Just like that.

"'Landed!' I says to myself. 'Throw him up on the bank and light a fire.'

"And mebbe you think this tet-à-tet had not been noticed by the merry throng up front. Not so. The shouting and songs had died a natural death, and the last three miles of that trail was covered in a gloomy silence, except for the low voices of Hetty and the male she had so neatly pronged. I could see puzzled glances cast back at them and catch mutterings of bewilderment where the trail would turn on itself. But the poor young things didn't yet realize that their prey was hanging back there for reasons over which he hadn't any control. They thought, of course, he was just being polite or something.

"When we got to the picnic place, though, they soon saw that all was not well. There was some resumption of the merrymaking as they dismounted and the girls put one stirrup over the saddle-horn and eased the cinch like the boys did, and proud of their knowledge, but the glances they now shot at Hetty wasn't bewildered any more. They was glances of pure fright. Hetty, in the first place, had to be lifted off her horse, and Mr. D. done it in a masterly way to show her what a mere feather she was in his giant's grasp. Then with her feet on the ground she reeled a mite, so he had to support her. She grasped his great strong arm firmly and says: 'It's nothing—I shall be all right presently—leave me please, go and help those other girls.' They had some low, heated language about his leaving her at such a crisis, with her gripping his arm till I bet it showed for an hour. But finally they broke and he loosened her horse's sash, as she kept quaintly calling it, and she recovered completely and said it had been but a moment's giddiness anyway, and what strength he had in those arms, and yet could use it so gently, and he said she was a brave, game little woman, and the picnic was served to one and all, with looks of hearty suspicion and rage now being shot at Hetty from every other girl there.

"And now I see that my hunch has been even better than I thought. Not only does the star male hover about Hetty, cutely perched on a fallen log with her dainty, gleaming ankles crossed, and looking so fresh and nifty and feminine, but I'm darned if three or four of the other males don't catch the contagion of her woman's presence and hang round her, too, fetching her food of every kind there, feeding her spoonfuls of Aggie Tuttle's plum preserves, and all like that, one comical thing after another. Yes, sir; here was Mac Gordon and Riley Hardin and Charlie Dickman and Roth Hyde, men about town of the younger dancing set, that had knowed Hetty for years and hardly ever looked at her—here they was paying attentions to her now like she was some prize beauty, come down from Spokane for over Sunday, to say nothing of Mr. D., who hardly ever left her side except to get her another sardine sandwich or a paper cup of coffee. It was then I see the scientific explanation of it, like these high-school professors always say that science is at the bottom of everything. The science of this here was that they was all devoting themselves to Hetty for the simple reason that she was the one and only woman there present.

"Of course these girls in their modest Non Plush Ultras didn't get the scientific secret of this fact. They was still too obsessed with the idea that they ought to be ogled on account of them by any male beast in his right senses. But they knew they'd got in wrong somehow. By this time they was kind of bunching together and telling each other things in low tones, while not seeming to look at Hetty and her dupes, at which all would giggle in the most venemous manner. Daisy Estelle left the bunch once and made a coy bid for the notice of Mr. D. by snatching his cap and running merrily off with it about six feet. If there was anyone in the world—except Hetty could make a man hate the idea of riding pants for women, she was it. I could see the cold, flinty look come into his eyes as he turned away from her to Hetty with the pitcher of lemonade. And then Beryl Mae Macomber, she gets over close enough for Mr. D. to hear it, and says conditions is made very inharmonious at home for a girl of her temperament, and she's just liable any minute to chuck everything and either take up literary work or go into the movies, she don't know which and don't care—all kind of desperate so Mr. D. will feel alarmed about a beautiful young thing like that out in the world alone and unprotected and at the mercy of every designing scoundrel. But I don't think Mr. D. hears a word of it, he's so intently listening to Hetty who says here in this beautiful mountain glade where all is peace how one can't scarcely believe that there is any evil in the world anywhere, and what a difference it does make when one comes to see life truly. Then she crossed and recrossed her silken ankles, slightly adjusted her daring tan skirt and raised her eyes wistfully to the treetops, and I bet there wasn't a man there didn't feel that she belonged in the home circle with the little ones gathered about, telling 'em an awfully exciting story about the naughty, naughty, bad little white kitten and the ball of mamma's yarn.

"Yes, sir; Hetty was as much of a revelation to me in one way as she would of been to that party in another if I hadn't saved her from it. She must have had the correct female instinct all these years, only no one had ever started her before on a track where there was no other entries. With those other girls dressed like she was Hetty would of been leaning over some one's shoulder to fork up her own sandwiches, and no one taking hardly any notice whether she'd had some of the hot coffee or whether she hadn't. And the looks she got throughout the afternoon! Say, I wouldn't of trusted that girl at the edge of a cliff with a single pair of those No. 9872's anywhere near.

"After the lunch things was packed up there was faint attempts at fun and frolic with songs and chorus—Riley Hardin has a magnificent bass voice at times and Mac Gordon and Charlie Dickman and Roth Hyde wouldn't be so bad if they'd let these Turkish cigarettes alone—and the boys got together and sung some of their good old business-college songs, with the girls coming in while they murdered Hetty with their beautiful eyes. But Hetty and Mr. D. sort of withdrew from the noisy enjoyment and talked about the serious aspects of life and how one could get along almost any place if only they had their favorite authors. And Mr. D. says doesn't she sing at all, and she says, Oh! in a way; that her voice has a certain parlor charm, she has been told, and she sings at—you can't really call it singing—two or three of the old Scotch songs of homely sentiment like the Scotch seem to get into their songs as no other nation can, or doesn't he think so, and he does, indeed. And he's reading a wonderful new novel in which there is much of Nature with its lessons for each of us, but in which love conquers all at the end, and the girl in it reminds him strongly of her, and perhaps she'll

be good enough to sing for him—just for him alone in the dusk—if he brings this book up to-morrow night so he can show her some good places in it.

"At first she is sure she has a horrid old engagement for to-morrow night and is so sorry, but another time, perhaps —— Ain't it a marvel the crooked tricks that girl had learned in one day! And then she remembers that her engagement is for Tuesday night—what could she have been thinking of!—and come by all means—only too charmed—and how rarely nowadays does one meet one on one's own level of culture, or perhaps that is too awful a word to use—so hackneyed—but anyway he knows what she means, or doesn't he? He does.

"Pretty soon she gets up and goes over to her horse, picking her way daintily in the silly little tan pumps, and seems to be offering the beast something. The stricken man follows her, the second he can without being too raw about it, and there is the adorably feminine thing with a big dill pickle, two deviled eggs and a half of one of these Camelbert cheeses for her horse. Mr. D. has a good masterly laugh at her idea of horse fodder and calls her 'But, my dear child!' and she looks prettily offended and offers this chuck to the horse and he gulps it all down and noses round for more of the same. It was an old horse named Croppy that she'd known from childhood and would eat anything on earth. She rode him up here once and he nabbed a bar of laundry soap off the back porch and chewed the whole thing down with tears of ecstasy in his eyes and frothing at the mouth like a mad dog. Well, so Hetty gives mister man a look of dainty superiority as she flicks crumbs from her white fingers with my real lace handkerchief, and he stops his hearty laughter and just stares, and she says what nonsense to think the poor horses don't like food as well as anyone. Them little moments have their effect on a man in a certain condition. He knew there probably wasn't another horse in the world would touch that truck, but he couldn't help feeling a strange new respect for her in addition to that glorious masculine protection she'd had him wallowing in all day.

"The ride home, at least on the part of the Non Plush Ultra cut-ups, was like they had laid a loved one to final rest out there on the lone mountain side. The handsome stranger and Hetty brought up the rear, conversing eagerly about themselves and other serious topics. I believe he give her to understand that he'd been pretty wild at one time in his life and wasn't any too darned well over it yet, but that some good womanly woman who would study his ways could still take him and make a man of him; and her answering that she knew he must have suffered beyond human endurance in that horrible conflict with his lower nature. He said he had.

"Of course the rabid young hoydens up ahead made a feeble effort now and then to carry it off lightly, and from time to time sang My Bonnie Lies Over the Ocean, or Merrily We Roll Along, with the high, squeaky tenor of Roth Hyde sounding above the others very pretty in the moonlight, but it was poor work as far as these enraged vestals was concerned. If I'd been Hetty and had got a strange box of candy through the mail the next week, directed in a disguised woman's hand, I'd of rushed right off to the police with it, not waiting for any analysis. And she, poor thing, would get so frightened at bad spots, with the fierce old horse bobbing about so dangerous, that she just has to be held on. And once she wrenched her ankle against a horrid old tree on the trail—she hadn't been able to resist a little one—and bit her under lip as the spasm of pain passed over her refined features. But she was all right in a minute and begged Mr. D. not to think of bathing it in cold water because it was nothing—nothing at all, really now—and he would embarrass her frightfully if he said one more word about it. And Mr. D. again remarked that she was feminine to her finger tips, a brave, game little woman, one of the gamest he ever knew. And pretty soon—what was she thinking about now? Why, she was merely wondering if horses think in the true sense of the word or only have animal instinct, as it is called. And wasn't she a strange, puzzling creature to be thinking on deep subjects like that at such a time! Yes, she had been called puzzling as a child, but she didn't like it one bit. She wanted to be like other girls, if he knew what she meant. He seemed to.

"They took Hetty home first on account of her poor little ankle and sung Good Night, Ladies at the gate. And so ended a day that was wreck and ruin for most of our sex there present.

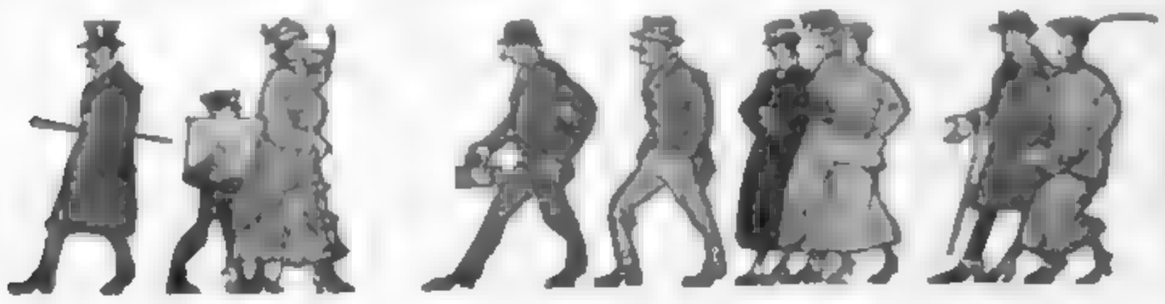
"And to show you what a good, deep scientific cause I had discovered, the next night at Hetty's who shows up one by one but these four men about town, each with a pound of mixed from the Bon Ton Kandy Kitchen, and there they're all setting at the feet of Hetty, as it were, in her new light summer gown with the blue bows, when Mr. D. blows in with a two-pound box and the novel in which love conquered all. So excited she was when she tells me about it next day. The luck of that girl! But after all it wasn't luck, because she'd laid her foundations the day before, hadn't she? Always look a little bit back of anything that seems to be luck, say I.

"And Hetty with shining eyes entertained one and all with the wit and sparkle a woman can show only when there's four or five men at her at once—it's the only time we ever rise to our best. But she got a chance for a few words alone with Mr. D., who took his hat finally when he sees the other four was going to set him out; enough words to confide to him how she loathed this continual social racket to which she was constantly subjected, with never a let-up so one could get to one's books and to one's real thoughts. But perhaps he would venture up again sometime next week or the week after—not getting coarse in her work, understand, even with him flopping round there out on the bank—and he give her one long, meaning look and said why not to-morrow night, and she carelessly said that would be charming, she was sure she didn't think of any engagement at this minute—and it was ever so nice of him to think of poor little me.

"Then she went back and gave the social evening of their life to them four boys that had stayed. She said she couldn't thank them enough for coming this evening—which is probably the only time she had told the truth in thirty-six hours—and they all made merry. Roth Hyde sang Sally in Our Alley, so good on the high notes that the Duttons was all out in the hall listening; and Riley Hardin singing Down, Diver, Down, 'Neath the Deep Blue Waves! and Mac Gordon singing his everlasting German songs in their native language, and Charlie Dickman singing a new sentimental one called Ain't There at Least One Gentleman Here? about a fair young lady dancer being insulted in a gilded café in some large city; and one and all voted it was a jolly evening and said how about coming back to-morrow night, but Hetty said No, it was her one evening for study and she couldn't be bothered with them, which was a plain, downright so-and-so and well she knew it, because that girl's study was over for good and all.

"Well, why string it out? I've give you the facts. And my lands! Will you look at that clock now? Here's the morning gone and this room still looking like the inside of a sheep-herder's wagon! Oh, yes, and when Hetty was up here this time that she wouldn't wear my riding pants down, she says, 'Not only that, but I'm scrupulously careful in all ways. Why, I never even allow dear Burchell to observe me in one of those lace boudoir caps that so many women cover up their hair with when it's their best feature, but they won't take time to do it.'

"Now was that spoken like a wise woman or like the two-horned Galumpsis Caladensis of East India, whose habits are little known to man? My Lord! Won't I ever learn to stop? Where did I put that dusting cloth?"



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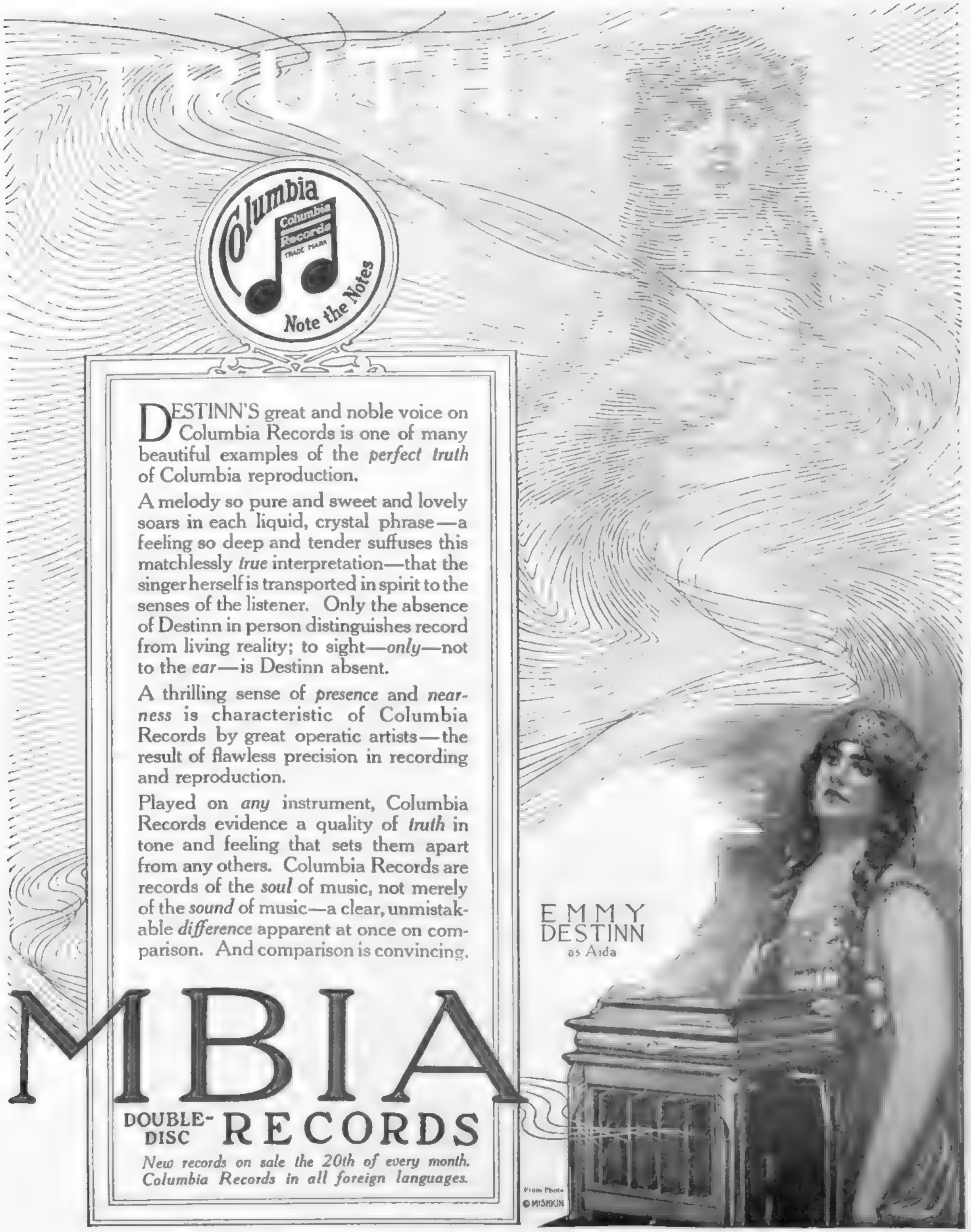

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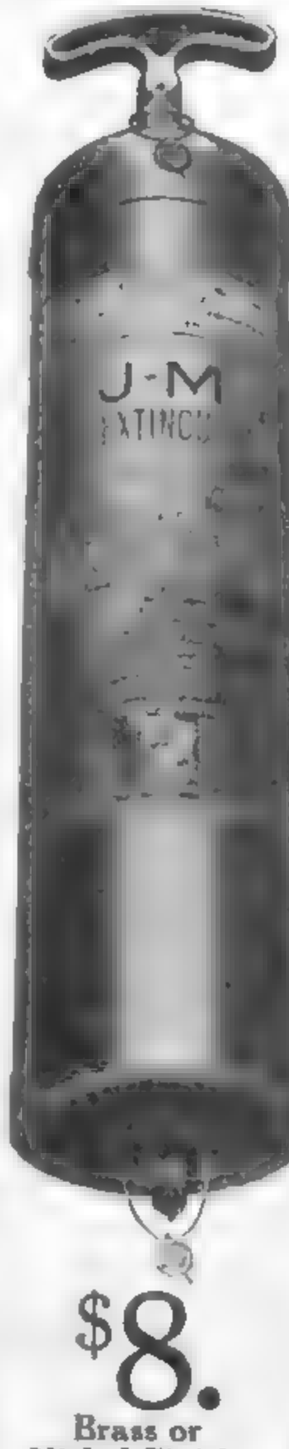

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WILD ORANGES

(Continued from Page 20)

and insist upon Millie's hearing him, when unexpectedly she appeared in a somber, fluttering cloak, with her head uncovered and hair blown back from her pale brow. He waited until she had passed him, and then rose, softly calling her name.

She stopped and turned, with a hand pressed to her heart.

"I was afraid you'd gone out," she told him. "The sea is like a pack of wolves." Her voice was a low complexity of relief and fear.

"Not alone," he replied; "not without you."

"Madness," she murmured, gathering her wavering cloak about her breast. She swayed, graceful as a reed, in the wind, charged with potency. He made an involuntary gesture toward her with his arms; but in a sudden access of fear she eluded him.

"We must talk," he told her. "There is a great deal that needs explaining, that—I think —I have a right to know, the right of your dependence on something to save you from yourself. There is another right, but only you can give that——"

"Indeed," she interrupted tensely, "you mustn't stand here talking to me."

"I shall allow nothing to interrupt us," he returned decidedly. "I have been long enough in the dark."

"But you don't understand what you will, perhaps, bring on yourself—on me."

"I am forced to ignore even that last."

She glanced hurriedly about. "Not here then, if you must."

She walked from him, toward the second ruined pile that fronted the bay. The steps to the gaping entrance had rotted away and they were forced to mount an insecure side piece. The interior, as Woolfolk had seen, was composed of one high room, while, above, a narrow, open second story hung like a ledge. On both sides were long counters with, behind them, mounting sets of shelves.

"This was the store," Millie told him. "It was a great estate."

A dim and moldering fragment of cotton stuff was hanging from a forgotten bolt; above, some tinware was eaten with rust; a scale had crushed in the floor and lay broken on the earth beneath; while a ledger, its leaves a single, sodden film of gray, was still open on a counter. A precarious stair mounted to the flooring above, and Millie Stope made her way upward, followed by Woolfolk.

There, in the double gloom of the clouds and a small dormer window obscured by cobwebs, she sank on a broken box. The insane building shook perilously in the blasts of the wind. Below they could see the empty floor, and through the doorway the somber, gleaming greenery without.

All the patient expostulation that John Woolfolk had prepared disappeared in a sudden tyranny of emotion, of hunger for the slender, weary figure before him. Seating himself at her side, he burst into a torrential expression of passionate desire that mounted with the tide of his eager words. He caught her hands, held them in a painful grip, and gazed down into her still, frightened face. He stopped abruptly, was silent for a tempestuous moment, and then baldly repeated the fact of his love.

Millie Stope said:

"I know so little about the love you mean." Her voice trailed to silence; and in a lull of the storm they heard the thin patter of rats on the floor below, the stir of bats among the rafters.

"It's quickly learned," he assured her. "Millie, do you feel any response at all in your heart—the slightest return of my longing?"

"I don't know," she answered, turning toward him a troubled scrutiny. "Perhaps in another surrounding, with things different, I might care for you very much ——"

"I am going to take you into that other surrounding," he announced.

She ignored his interruption. "But we shall never have a chance to learn." She silenced his attempted protest with a cool, flexible palm against his mouth. "Life," she continued, "is so dreadfully in the dark. One is lost at the beginning. There are maps to take you safely to the Guianas, but none for souls. Perhaps religions are —— Again I don't know. I have found nothing secure—only a whirlpool into which I will not drag others."

"I will drag you out," he asserted.

She smiled at him, in a momentary tenderness, and continued: "When I was young I never doubted that I would conquer life. I pictured myself rising in triumph over circumstance, as a gull leaves the sea. . . . When I was young . . . If I was afraid of the dark then I thought, of course, I would outgrow it; but it has grown deeper than my courage. The night is terrible now." A shiver passed over her.

"You are ill," he insisted, "but you shall be cured."

"Perhaps, a year ago, something might have been done, with assistance; yes—with you. Then, whatever is hadn't materialized. Why did you delay?" she cried in a sudden suffering.

"You'll go with me to-night," he declared stoutly.

"In this?" She indicated the wind beating with the blows of a great fist against the swaying walls of the demolished store. "Have you seen the sea? Do you remember what happened on the day I went with you when it was so beautiful and still?"

John Woolfolk realized, wakened to a renewed mental clearness by the threatening of all that he desired, that—as Millie had intimated—life was too complicated to be solved by a simple longing; love was not the all-powerful magician of conventional acceptance; there were other, no less profound, depths.

He resolutely abandoned his mere inchoate wanting, and considered the elements of the position that were known to him. There was, in the first place, that old, lamentable dereliction of Lichfield Stope's, and its aftermath in his daughter. Millie had just recalled to Woolfolk the duration, the activity, of its poison. Here there was no possibility of escape by mere removal; the stain was within; and it must be thoroughly cleansed before she could cope successfully, happily, with life. In this, he was forced to acknowledge, he could help her but little; it was an affair of spirit; and spiritual values—though they might be supported from without—had their growth and decrease strictly in the individual they animated.

Still, he argued, a normal existence, a sense of security, would accomplish much; and they hung upon the elimination of the second, unknown element—the reason for her backward glances, her sudden, loud banalities, yesterday's mechanical repudiation of his offered assistance and the implied wish for him to go. He said gravely:

"I have been impatient, but you came so sharply into my empty existence that I was upset. If you are ill you can cure yourself. Never forget your mother's 'brave heart.' But there is something objective, immediate, threatening you. Tell me what it is, Millie, and together we will overcome, put it away from you forever."

She gazed panic-stricken into the empty gloom below.

"No! no!" she exclaimed, rising. "You don't know. I won't drag you down. You must go away at once, to-night, even in the storm."

"What is it?" he demanded.

She stood rigidly erect with her eyes shut and hands clasped at her sides. Then she slid down upon the box, lifting to him a white mask of fright.

"It's Nicholas," she said, hardly above her breath.

A sudden relief swept over John Woolfolk. In his mind he dismissed as negligible the heavy man fumbling beneath his soiled apron. He wondered how the other could have got such a grip on Millie Stope's imagination?

The mystery that had enveloped her was fast disappearing, leaving them without an obstacle to the happiness he proposed. Woolfolk said curtly:

"Has Nicholas been annoying you?"

She shivered, with clasped, straining hands.

"He says he's crazy about me," she told him in a shuddering voice that contracted his heart. "He says that I must—must marry him, or ——" Her period trailed abruptly out to silence.

Woolfolk grew animated with determination, an immediate purpose.

"Where would Nicholas be at this hour?" he asked.

She rose hastily, clinging to his arm. "You mustn't," she exclaimed, yet not loudly. "You don't know! He is watching—something frightful would happen."

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give immediate relief to tired, aching feet, rest the body and aid Nature to restore normal strength to weakened arches. Relieve and prevent flat feet. Write for Booklet and FREE 10-day Trial Offer. Fit any shoe.

View of arch cut with knife

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"Nothing 'frightful,'" he returned tolerantly, preparing to descend. "Only unfortunate for Nicholas."

"You mustn't," she repeated desperately, her sheer weight hanging from her hands clasped about his neck. "Nicholas is not—not human. There's something funny about him. I don't mean funny, I——"

He unclasped her fingers and quietly forced her back to the seat on the box. Then he took a place at her side.

"Now," he asked reasonably, "what is this about Nicholas?"

She glanced down into the desolate cavern of the store; the ghostly remnant of cotton goods fluttered in a draft like a torn and grimy cobweb; the lower floor was palpably bare.

"He came in April," she commenced in a voice without any life. "The woman we had had for years was dead; and when Nicholas asked for work we were glad to take him. He wanted the smallest possible wages and was willing to do everything; he even cooked quite nicely. At first he was jumpy—he had asked if many strangers went by; but then when no one appeared he got easier. . . . He got easier and began to do extra things for me. I thanked him—until I understood. Then I asked father to send him away; but he was afraid; and, before I could get up my courage to do it, Nicholas spoke——

"He said he was crazy about me, and would I please try and be good to him. He had always wanted to marry, he went on, and live right, but things had gone against him.

"I told him that he was impertinent and that he would have to go at once; but he cried and begged me not to say that, not to get him 'started.'"

That, John Woolfolk recalled, was precisely what the man had said to him.

"I went back to father and told him why he must send Nicholas off, but father nearly suffocated. He turned almost black. Then I got frightened and locked myself in my room, while Nicholas sat out on the stair and sobbed all night. It was ghastly! In the morning I had to go down, and he went about his duties as usual. That evening he spoke again, on the porch, twisting his hands exactly as if he were making bread. He repeated that he wanted me to be nice to him. He said something wrong would happen if I pushed him to it.

"I think if he had threatened to kill me it would have been more possible than his hints and sobs. The thing drew out to a month, then six weeks, and nothing more happened. I started again and again to tell them at the store, two miles back in the pines, but I could never get away from Nicholas; he was always at my shoulder, muttering and twisting his hands.

"Then I found something." She hesitated, glancing once more down through the empty gloom, while her fingers swiftly fumbled in the band of her waist.

"I was cleaning his room—it simply had to be done—and had out a bureau drawer, when I saw this underneath. He was not in the house, and I took one look at it, then put the things back near as possible as they were. I was so frightened that I slipped it in my dress—had no chance to return it."

He took from her unresisting hand a folded rectangle of coarse gray paper; and, opening it, found a small handbill with the crudely reproduced photograph of a man's head with a long, drooping nose, sleepy eyes in thick folds of flesh, and a drooping underlip with a fixed, dull smile:

WANTED FOR MURDER!

The authorities of Coweta offer THREE HUNDRED DOLLARS for the apprehension of the below, Isaah Nicholas, convicted of the murder of Elizabeth Slakto, an aged woman.

General description: Age about forty-eight. Head receding, with large nose and stupid expression. Body corpulent but strong. Nicholas has no trade and works at general utility. He is a homicidal maniac.

WANTED FOR MURDER!

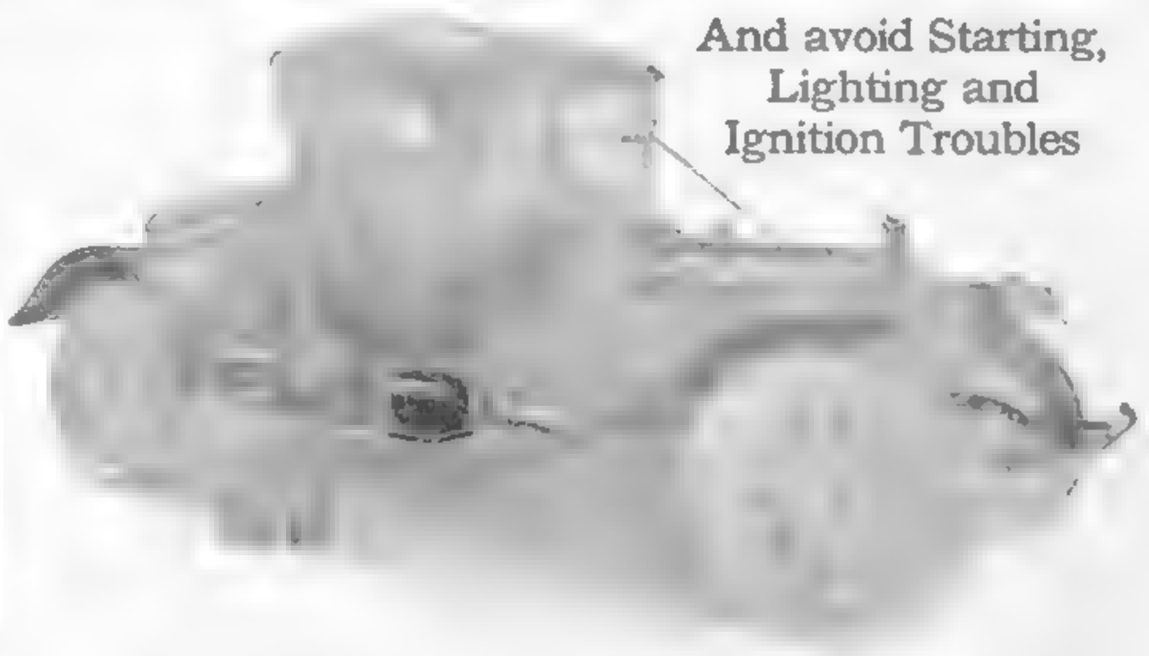
"He told me that his name was Nicholas Brandt," Millie noted in her dull voice.

A new gravity possessed John Woolfolk. "You must not go back to the house," he decided.

"Wait," she replied. "I was terribly frightened when he went up to his room. When he came down he thanked me for cleaning it. I told him he was mistaken, that I hadn't been in there, but I could see he was suspicious. He cried all the time he was cooking dinner, in a queer, choked

Take Care of Your Battery

And avoid Starting, Lighting and Ignition Troubles



Your battery gives you back in service just what you put into it

IF YOU start and stop your car frequently without making long runs between stops, the generator does not have an opportunity to keep the battery charged. Most starting and ignition troubles are due to this cause rather than to faults in the battery, motor or generator.

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Simply connect the terminals at the generator end to the battery, screw the motor plug into a convenient lamp socket and turn on the current. No further attention is required.

The Outfit automatically regulates the rate of charge to the state of discharge of the battery, and floats on the battery without injury when the latter becomes fully charged. Connect the Outfit when you leave your car for the night; in the morning your battery will be charged and ready to give its best service.

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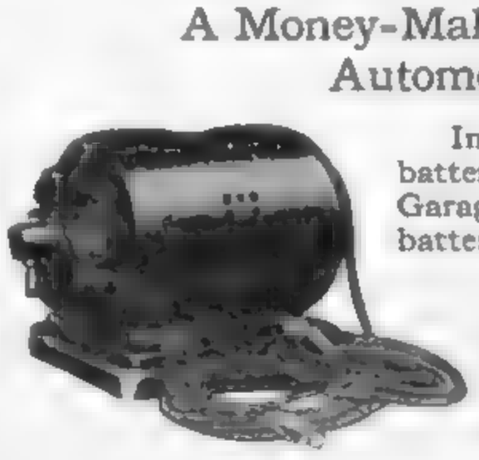

In addition to the small size for one battery, we make larger sizes for Public Garage service which will charge up to four batteries at a time.

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The highly polished blades of this little fan spin swiftly when the car is in motion, and attention is attracted everywhere.

Can be mounted directly on radiator cap or on a bracket which clamps around filler tube.

Finished in gloss black enamel and nickel or brass.

Sent anywhere by parcel post upon receipt of retail price, $1.50, plus 10 cents for postage and packing.

Descriptive folder upon request.

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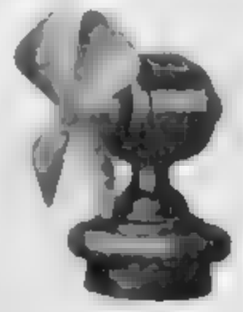

THE ROBBINS & MYERS CO.

SPRINGFIELD, OHIO

When the long day's work is over
Comes the pipe I like the best,
Sayin': "Peace to restless spirits
Time has come to take yo' rest."
All the daytime hustle-bustle
Dim an' distant-like it seems
When yo' good-night pipe of VELVET
Is a-wishin' "Pleasant dreams."

Velvet Joe

A PIPE of VELVET is *the* pipe for "lazy time."

There is something about the mellow mildness of VELVET that prepares the mind to receive those pleasant, peaceful thoughts that we should have at bedtime.

Try a pipe of VELVET with your book or paper tonight. See if *you*, too, can't find "pleasant dreams" in its fragrance, and peace of mind in this good old Kentucky tobacco burning so slowly and cool-ly.

See if you can't discover contentment in the smoothness that is aged into VELVET by its more than two years' *natural* maturing "in the wood."

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way; and afterward touched me—on the arm. I swam, but all the water in the bay wouldn't take away the feel of his fingers. Then I saw the boat—you came ashore.

"Nicholas was dreadfully upset, and hid in the pines for a day or more. He told me if I spoke of him it would happen, and if I left it would happen—to father. Then he came back. He said that you were—were in love with me, and that I must send you away. He added that you must go away to-day, for he couldn't stand waiting any more. He said that he wanted to be right, but that things were against him. This morning he got dreadful—if I fooled him he'd get you, and me, too, and then there was always father for something special extra. That, he warned me, would happen if I stayed away for more than an hour." She rose, trembling violently. "Perhaps it's been an hour now. I must go back."

John Woolfolk thought rapidly; his face was grim. If he had brought a pistol from the ketch he would have shot Iscah Nicholas without hesitation. Unarmed, he was reluctant to precipitate a crisis with such serious possibilities. He could secure one from the Gar, but even that short lapse of time might prove fatal—to Millie or Lichfield Stope. Millie's story was patently fact in every detail. He thought more rapidly still—desperately.

"I must go back," she repeated, her words lost in a sudden blast of wind under the dilapidated roof.

He saw that she was right.

"Very well," he acquiesced. "Tell him that you saw me, and that I promised to go to-night. Act quietly; say that you have been upset, but that you will give him an answer to-morrow. Then at eight o'clock—it will be dark early to-night—walk out to the wharf. That is all. But it must be done without any hesitation; you must be even cheerful, kinder to him."

He was thinking: She must be out of the way when I meet Nicholas. She must not be subjected to the ordeal that would release her from the dread that was fast crushing her spirit.

She swayed, and he caught her, held her upright, circled in his steady arms.

"Don't let him hurt us," she gasped. "Oh, don't!"

"Not now," he reassured her. "Nicholas is finished. But you must help by doing exactly as I have told you. You'd better go on now. It won't be long, hardly three hours, until freedom."

She laid her cold cheek against his face, while her arms crept round his neck. She said nothing; and he held her to him with a sudden throb of feeling. They stood for a moment in the deepening gloom, bound in a straining embrace, while the rats gnawed in the crazy walls of the store and the storm thrashed without. Then she reluctantly descended the stair, crossed the broken floor and disappeared through the gap of the door.

A sudden unwillingness to have her return alone to the sobbing menace of Iscah Nicholas, the impotent wraith that had been Lichfield Stope, carried him in an impetuous stride to the stair. But there he halted. The plan he had evolved held, in its simplicity, a larger measure of safety than any immediate, unconsidered course.

John Woolfolk waited until she had had time to enter the orange grove, then he followed, turning toward the beach.

He found Halvard already at the sand's edge, waiting uneasily with the tender, and they crossed the broken water to where the Gar's cabin flung out a remote, peaceful light.

XI

THE sailor immediately set about his familiar, homely tasks, while Woolfolk made a minute inspection of the ketch's rigging. He descended to supper with an expression of abstraction, and ate mechanically whatever was placed before him. Afterward he rolled a cigarette, which he neglected to light, and sat motionless, chin on breast, in the warm stillness.

Halvard cleared the table and John Woolfolk roused himself. He turned to the shelf that ran above the berths and secured a small, locked tin box. For an hour or more he was engaged in the alternation of writing and the careful reading of various papers sealed with vermilion wafers. Then he called Halvard.

"I'll get you to witness these signatures," he said, rising. Poul Halvard hesitated; then, with a furrowed brow, clumsily grasped the pen. "Here," Woolfolk indicated. The man wrote slowly, linking fortuitously the unsteady letters of his name. This arduous task accomplished, he immediately rose. John Woolfolk again took his place, turning to address the other, when he saw that one side of Halvard's face was bluish and rapidly swelling.

"What's the matter with your jaw?" he promptly inquired.

Halvard avoided his gaze, obviously reluctant to speak, but Woolfolk's silent interrogation was persistent. Then:

"I met that Nicholas," Halvard admitted; "without a knife."

"Well?" Woolfolk insisted.

"There's something wrong with this cursed place," Halvard said defiantly. "You can laugh, but there's a matter in the air that's not natural. My grandmother could have named it. She heard the ravens that called Tollfsen's death, and read Linga's eyes before she strangulated herself. Anyhow, when you didn't come back I got doubtful and took the tender in. Then I saw Nicholas beating up through the bushes, hiding here and there, and doubling through the grass; so I came on him from the back and—and kicked him, quite sudden.

"He went on his hands, but got up quick for a hulk like himself. Sir, this is hard to believe, but it's Biblical—he didn't take any more notice of the kick than if it had been a flag halyard brushed against him. He said 'Go away,' and waved his foolish hands.

"I closed in, still careful of the knife, with a remark, and got onto his heart. He only coughed and kept telling me in a crying whisper to go away. Nicholas pushed me back—that's how I got this face. What was the use? I might as well have hit a pudding. Even talk didn't move him. In a little it sent me cold." He stopped abruptly, grew sullen; it was evident that he would say no more in that direction. Woolfolk opened another subject:

"Life, Halvard," he said, "is uncertain; perhaps to-night I shall find it absolutely unreliable. What I am getting at is this: If anything happens to me—death, to be accurate—the Gar is yours, the ketch and a sum of money. It is secured to you in this box, which you will deliver to my address in Boston. There is another provision that I'll mention merely to give you the opportunity to repeat it verbally from my lips: The bulk of anything I have, in the possibility we are considering, will go to a Miss Stope, the daughter of Lichfield Stope, formerly of Virginia." He stood up. "Halvard," Woolfolk said abruptly, extending his hand, expressing for the first time his repeated thought, "you are a good man. You are the only steady quantity I have ever known. I have paid you for a part of this, but the most is beyond dollars. That I am now acknowledging."

Halvard was cruelly embarrassed. He waited, obviously desiring a chance to retreat, and Woolfolk continued in a different vein:

"I want the canvas division rigged across the cabin and three berths made. Then get the yacht ready to go out at any time."

One thing more remained; and, going deeper into the tin box, John Woolfolk brought out a packet of square envelopes addressed to him in a faded, angular hand. They were all that remained now of his youth, of the past. Not a ghost, not a remembered fragrance nor accent, rose from the delicate paper. They had been the property of a man dead twelve years ago, slain by incomprehensible mischance; and the man in the contracted cabin, vibrating from the elemental and violent forces without, forbore to open them. He burned the packet to a blackish ash on a plate.

It was, he saw from the chronometer, seven o'clock; and he rose charged with tense energy, engaged in activities of a far different order. He unwrapped from many folds of oiled silk a flat, amorphous pistol, uglier in its bleak outline than the familiar weapons of more graceful days; and, sliding into place a filled cartridge case, he threw a load into the barrel. This he deposited in the pocket of a black wool jacket, closely buttoned about his long, hard body, and went up on deck.

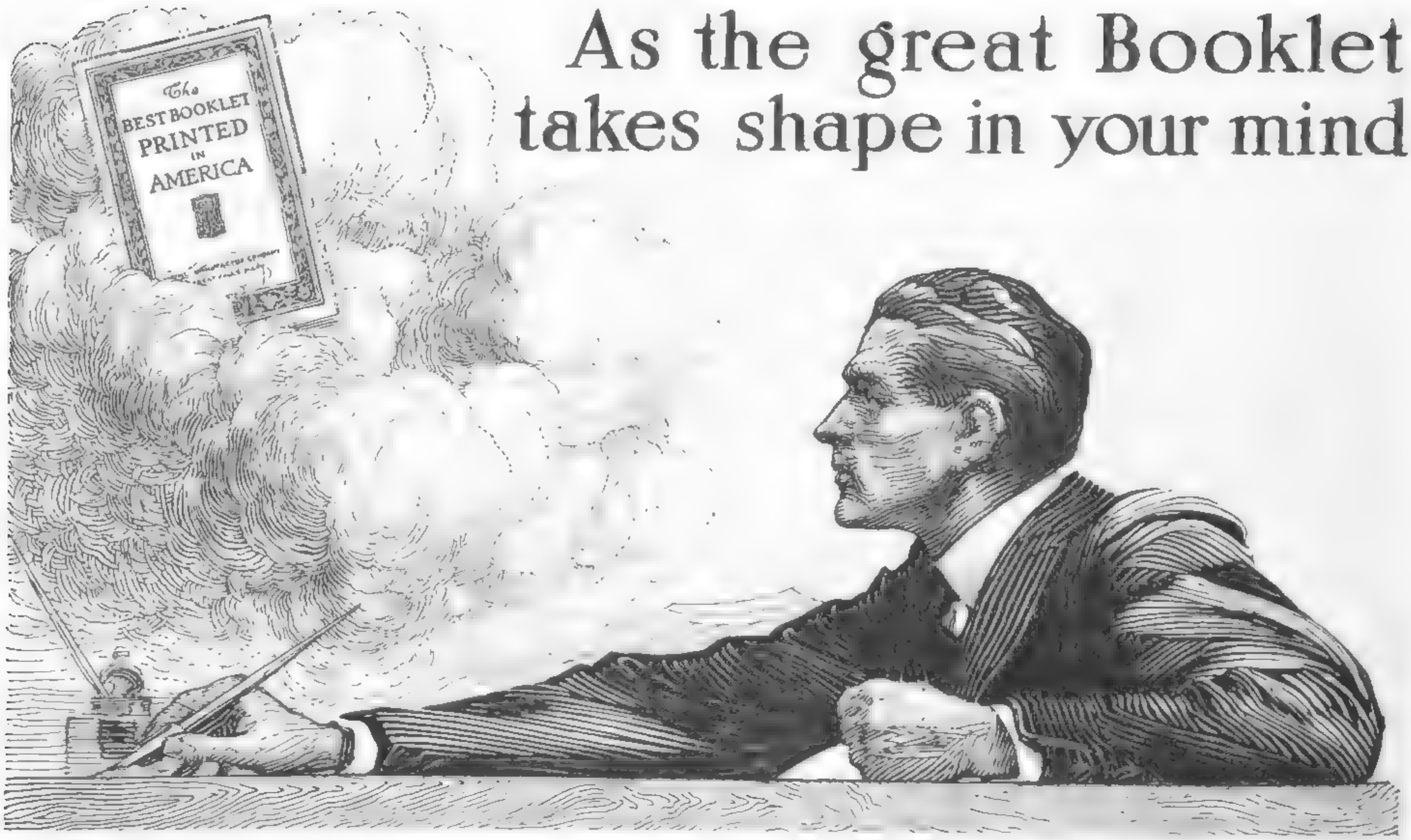
Halvard, in a glistening, yellow coat, came close up to him, speaking with the wind whipping the words from his lips. He said: "She's ready, sir."

For a moment Woolfolk made no answer; he stood gazing anxiously into the dark that enveloped and hid Millie Stope from him. There was another darkness about her, thicker than the mere night, like a black cerement dropping over her soul. His eyes narrowed as he replied to the sailor:

"Good!"

(TO BE CONCLUDED)

As the great Booklet takes shape in your mind



"Sammy," you say with ginger and enthusiasm, "Let's get out the corkingest booklet that ever broke the heart of a competitor. Let's distil into twenty-four pages the spirit of this splendid business—its dignity, prestige and ideals. Let's show the goods so graphically and tell of them so glowingly that we'll charm into our coffers a flood of golden dollars even as the Pied Piper charmed away the kiddies of Hamelin Town."

Such is the plan!

But Oh! what a heartache when the printed booklet appears—what a shattering of dream stuff! How could the blood have oozed so completely from your ideal, leaving this pale and spineless ghost?

Let's go back to the beginning. Did you make a partner or a victim of your printer? Did you call in the best printer in reach or did your system of competitive bids dig up a printer who was willing to do the job at a loss to keep his presses busy? Did you suggest that a great artist make the cover or did you look for one who yearned to eat regularly again? Were you generous to the engraver? Finally, did you study the question of paper? Did you prove up your plates on paper of different finishes in order to bring out all of their beauty and tone—or did you allow or force the use of a cheap, characterless paper of mediocre printing quality?

The best booklet printed in America in 1916 will be a powerful selling force—the cheapest booklet will be worse than worthless, for it will *misrepresent* the concern putting it out.

The efficiency of printed matter is in exact ratio to its quality.

But for heaven's sake, do grasp the fundamental, vital, inexorable, absolute importance of getting the right paper.

The paper *is the booklet.* All the finery in the world can't transform a scullery drudge into anything but a scullery drudge. You can adorn beauty but not ugliness. The best engravings ever made become inky puddles on poor paper.

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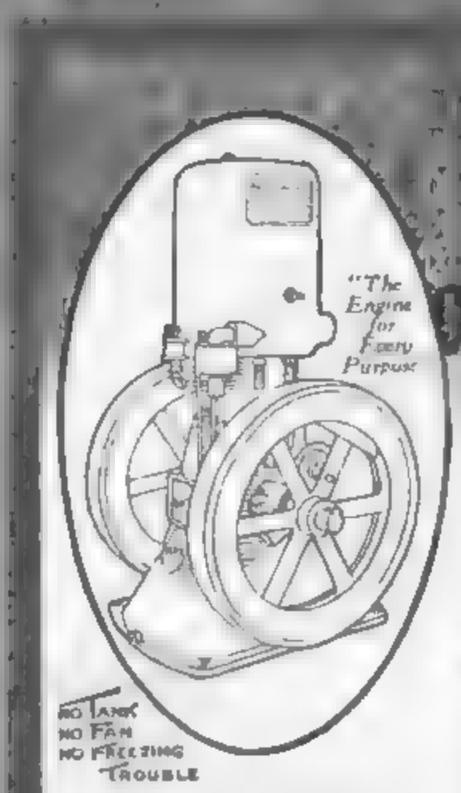
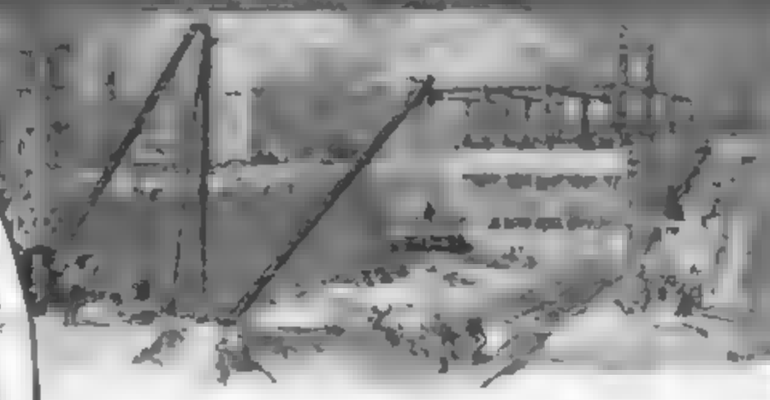
These Men—America's Foremost Manufacturers of Concrete Mixers, Pumps, Contractors' Machinery, etc.—have made Novo the Standard among Gas Engines





What does this tremendous endorsement mean?

These men make machines—not engines. But they must, on their own responsibility, install some engine as regular equipment. If the engines fail, their whole outfits may be condemned.

Is it not evident that these manufacturers must have subjected Novo to searching, brutal, absolutely *convincing* tests? And yet here they face you, each man saying in effect, "The Novo Engine is *right*"

Thirty-five leading American manufacturers gladly permit us to present them as unqualifiedly endorsing Novo for power work, adding the priceless support of their *reputations* to the reputation which Novo has earned for itself. The engine that satisfies these men will satisfy you.

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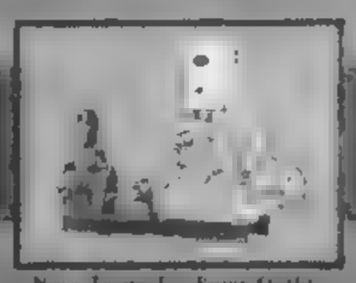


LUCKY 7

(Continued from Page 13)

take care of themselves and I take care of myself. Have a snort? I'm all shot to pieces this morning."

Thus amicably, m'sieu, did we smooth our misunderstanding. Whether he had informed his daughters of the incident, I could only conjecture. They were too well-bred to reveal it if he had, and when the father presented me to them, upon my earnest solicitation, they accepted me as a friend with the adorable frankness and freedom from reserve that are characteristic of your Western women.

Their names were Jane and Minnie May. Which was which provided a constant puzzle to acquaintances; M'sieu Joe stoutly asserted that the twins themselves weren't positive upon this point, so alike were they in figure, face and manner. And through mischief, or willful perversity, they made it harder by dressing alike.

My project was appreciably advanced, but you do not need to be told that it still presented difficulties. I did not know which of the sisters was the one I sought! But I remained undaunted. Surely my heart could be trusted to find the solution. In that faith I went tranquilly about the business.

We motored; we took in the concerts; we visited the theaters and the cinematograph palaces; we walked and dined together—always the three of us. Madame Patsy was convulsed over the arrangement and rallied me unmercifully.

"Naughty, naughty Henree! Going to marry 'em both?"

I did not mind; obstacles are as nothing when one is in earnest, my friend.

However, my heart was slow in indicating a preference. Sometimes I inclined toward one, sometimes toward the other. Now it would seem that Jane had won. Again, Minnie May would gain the lead in my esteem. Never had I been in a predicament so perplexing.

At last I determined to break through the web of uncertainty; I boldly singled out Minnie May for attentions. The choice was dictated by excellent considerations, m'sieu. She was much the more reserved, gentler in every way than her sister. I have said that the twins were alike as two peas in looks; in disposition they were as wide apart as the poles. One was quiet and prudent in speech and act, admirably fitted to make a dutiful and discreet wife. Jane, on the other hand, was assertive and imperious. She had a contempt for conventions that did not please me, and her language at times indicated even a decided antipathy to my sex.

"They're such hogs!" she declared.

I will not deny that this deplorable independence irritated and prejudiced me against her. Besides, the episode of the letter still rankled. The eight cents of change from her dime still reposed in my pocket for the hour of reckoning.

Yet her conduct, when she perceived my drift, was mystifying, to say the least. She laughed. Aye, my friend, she laughed. And after that she would never accompany us on any of our excursions.

"I'm not going to be in the way. You two run along by yourselves," she would say. "And for heaven's sake, Minnie, keep tight hold of his hand at the crossings."

So Minnie May and I indulged alone in the entertainment the place afforded. She was a sweet and alluring creature; no one could have desired a more sympathetic companion. Yet somehow, m'sieu, our jaunts lost their savor. Her laugh was musical, but it seemed to me occasionally to lack the spontaneity that made her sister's sparkling sallies so stimulating. Minnie May was responsive, but in a manner suggesting an unselfish desire to please rather than a fresh enjoyment of the *bon mot*.

Yes; more than once I caught myself analyzing our friendship, probing for the causes of my ennui; caught myself missing the other's glancing shafts, the rapierlike thrusts of her wit. While a woman of Jane's views was not, of course, to be considered for a wife, as a companion she could be truly delightful.

Therefore I urged her one afternoon to accompany us on a walk. Minnie May had not yet descended. She refused and, when I pressed the matter, flared into anger.

"There isn't enough of you for one, let alone two of us," she cried.

I was surprised and pained. Her gratuitous aspersion on my stature struck me as childish, and, nettled, I replied: "*Eh bien, ma'm'selle.* If you do not care to remain a friend, have it your own way. But permit me to return your money."

With a bow nicely compounded of dignity and reproof I handed her eight bright new pennies. She gazed at them a moment, a flush slowly spreading from neck to forehead, and knew not what to say. Her confusion was all I could have wished. My triumph was complete, and I was about to withdraw when she abruptly held out the coins toward me and said: "Would you mind doing me a favor? Take them and buy me some liniment."

Liniment! I whirled about. She was scarlet. Ah, my friend, what a light broke upon me then! Not a word could I find, but joy must have transfigured me, for she backed up and exclaimed breathlessly: "No, no, you mustn't. Let me go!" though I had not stirred a finger.

"You knew all along then?" I asked when I could find my tongue.

"Of course. Dad came upstairs perfectly raging and wanted to know all about it. I told him we didn't know you from a load of hay, and then he blessed us out on general principles. Honestly, Henree," she said, "that was the boneheadedest stunt I ever heard of. What made you go and do it?"

"Never mind now. How could you, on the other hand, bring yourself to be civil to one who had shown such stupidity?"

She laughed happily and her eyes gleamed with mischief.

"Shucks, I knew you were nice! And if a man's nice it doesn't matter if he is a nut."

"But how could you know I was nice?"

"Because," was her astounding reply, "when you tried to speak to me that day you looked so scared—that's one reason."

In all this not a word of love, my friend—and yet we both knew. Was it not prodigious?

How different had been my conception of the scene that would be enacted when I should find the one woman I desired for my wife! Often had I pictured that fervid moment; often lingered rapturously on its sweets; yet now I would not have had it otherwise for worlds. We remained ten feet apart—but the look in her eyes was enough. It was worth all the caresses ever bestowed. Here was perfect comprehension without a syllable of assurance. We were one in spirit and trust and understanding. All of which merely proves, m'sieu, that there is a wide gap between making love and loving, between love affairs and marriage.

I asked her simply: "Do you love me?" And she replied as simply: "Of course."

Upon that I approached nearer. She looked flurried, but raised her face as a child does, and I kissed her.

"Dad," she remarked, "will throw a cat fit when he hears about it."

I had entirely forgotten Old Man Huckens, and the reminder came like a dash of cold water. But I answered with spirit: "Let him. I am not afraid."

And then a thought struck me: "How overjoyed my mother will be!"

"Oh, do you think so? Do you think she will like me, Henree?" Her anxiety was so poignant that I was filled with the liveliest gratitude and satisfaction. Truly it augured well for the future.

"How could she help it?"

"Well, she might think I'm—you know they have such different ideas—tell me all about her, Henree. What is she like?"

"You will adore her," I returned, "and she will adore you. She is little and old, soft of speech, gentle with the wisdom of years and suffering—patient, always forgiving ——"

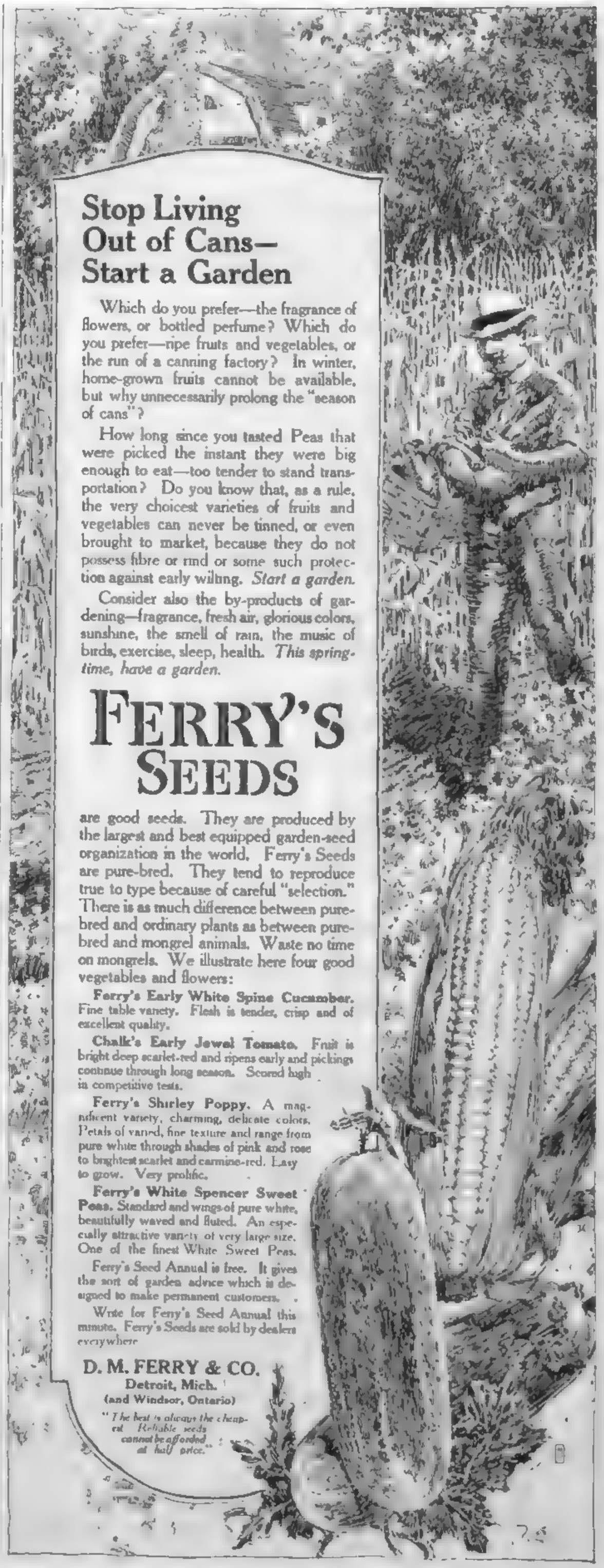
Tears dimmed her eyes. "Just a mother," she said.

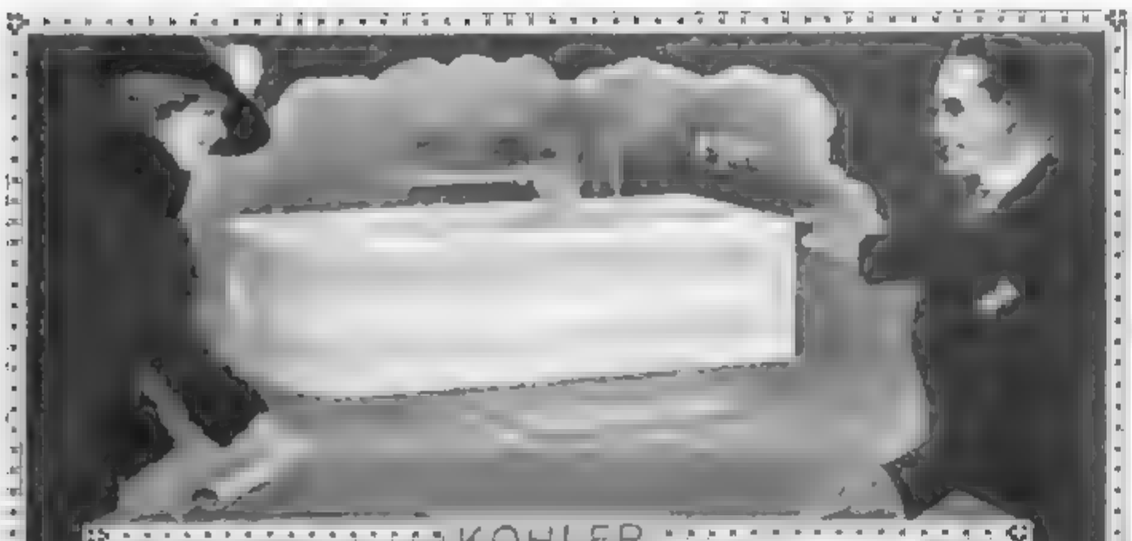
"Just a mother. Come, we will send her word at once."

"There's just one bit of advice I've got to give," M'sieu Joe told me. "Watch they don't dress up the wrong twin and ring her in on you."

That was ever the dear fellow's way. A laugh, a joke, and often a round oath—but the staunchest heart, my friend, that ever beat in human breast. Do I not owe the father's consent to him? Who else but M'sieu Joe coerced Old Man Huckens?

"Forget it, Huck," he said. "The days when fellers like me and you were all Nature's noblemen, and every foreigner or any


Stop Living
Out of Cans—
Start a Garden
Which do you prefer—the fragrance of flowers, or bottled perfume? Which do you prefer—ripe fruits and vegetables, or the run of a canning factory? In winter, home-grown fruits cannot be available, but why unnecessarily prolong the "season of cans"?
How long since you tasted Peas that were picked the instant they were big enough to eat—too tender to stand transportation? Do you know that, as a rule, the very choicest varieties of fruits and vegetables can never be tinned, or even brought to market, because they do not possess fibre or rind or some such protection against early wilting. Start a garden.
Consider also the by-products of gardening—fragrance, fresh air, glorious colors, sunshine, the smell of rain, the music of birds, exercise, sleep, health. This springtime, have a garden.
FERRY'S
SEEDS
are good seeds. They are produced by the largest and best equipped garden-seed organization in the world. Ferry's Seeds are pure-bred. They tend to reproduce true to type because of careful "selection." There is as much difference between pure-bred and ordinary plants as between pure-bred and mongrel animals. Waste no time on mongrels. We illustrate here four good vegetables and flowers:
Ferry's Early White Spine Cucumber. Fine table variety. Flesh is tender, crisp and of excellent quality.
Chalk's Early Jewel Tomato. Fruit is bright deep scarlet-red and ripens early and pickings continue through long season. Scored high in competitive tests.
Ferry's Shirley Poppy. A magnificent variety, charming, delicate colors. Petals of varied, fine texture and range from pure white through shades of pink and rose to brightest scarlet and carmine-red. Easy to grow. Very prolific.
Ferry's White Spencer Sweet Peas. Standard and wings of pure white, beautifully waved and fluted. An especially attractive variety of very large size. One of the finest White Sweet Peas.
Ferry's Seed Annual is free. It gives the sort of garden advice which is designed to make permanent customers.
Write for Ferry's Seed Annual this minute. Ferry's Seeds are sold by dealers everywhere
D. M. FERRY & CO.
Detroit, Mich.
(and Windsor, Ontario)
"The best is always the cheapest. Reliable seeds cannot be afforded at half price."



KOHLER

This trade-mark—KOHLER—is on every piece of KOHLER enameled plumbing ware. It is incorporated in faint blue in the enamel at point indicated on illustration.

Your architect knows—let him specify KOHLER enameled plumbing ware for your bathroom

The "Viceroy" built-in tub is just what you will want for your home.

It is of **one-piece** construction, hygienic design. There are no panels or sectional plates to make cleaning difficult.

The KOHLER trade-mark, permanent in the enamel, is **our guarantee** of excellence and your guide to quality.

Because of manufacturing economies the price of this attractive tub is low.

KOHLER

Enameled Plumbing Ware is always of one quality—the highest

The same attractive features that make KOHLER bathtubs notable are to be found in KOHLER lavatories and sinks.

The beautiful white enamel, the modern hygienic designs, the **one-piece** construction and the trade-mark, which prevents substitution of cheaper, inferior ware, enable you to identify KOHLER products.

We have made enameling one of the finer arts.

Ask your architect to be sure to specify a "Viceroy" built-in tub for your bathroom. It will add materially to the attractiveness of your home.

Write for copy of our interesting book—"KOHLER of KOHLER." It illustrates and describes the KOHLER process of manufacturing hygienic bathtubs and other attractive fixtures. Please state whether you are planning to build or remodel your bathroom or kitchen.

"It's in the Kohler Enamel"

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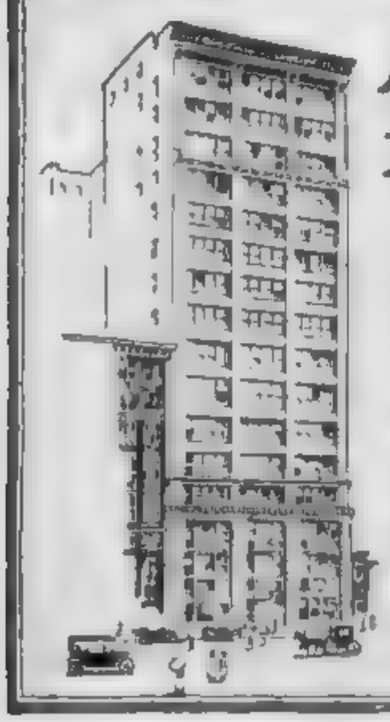

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A suite of offices fully equipped with telephone, stenographer and office boy service, reception room, private offices and board room, in charge of a discreet and capable manager, is at the service of any business house outside of New York having trade in New York City.

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Write for illustrated booklet and full particulars.

The New York Headquarters Company

Cuyler Building, 116–120 West 32nd Street, New York

other guy with a clean collar was fakers why, that notion's busted wide open. That did fine for the tent shows, but it don't go down no more. And Henree's all right. What if you do have to shake the blankets in the morning to find him? You ain't any giant yourself, Huck."

So we wrung from him a reluctant consent. A base canard was subsequently circulated concerning this interview, m'sieu, to the effect that Old Man Huckens fled through the hotel lest in my gratitude I embrace him; idle gossip designed by jealous rivals to raise mirth at my expense—nothing more, I assure you. Why, they even charged that I pursued him, whereas the facts are that M'sieu Hicks had solemnly warned me against any display of emotion, at the same time laying emphasis on the extremely hairy character of Old Man Huckens' physiognomy. No, I wrung his hand and tears of gratitude welled in my eyes, but that is all.

Waiting only until my dear mother could arrive from distant Sorel, we were married. M'sieu Joe was my groomsman and a very tower of strength in the strain of those hours.

Just before the ceremony he came to me and said: "No stateroom, Henree. They're all taken. Section 5 in Car 8 is best I can do."

It was annoying, but I gave it no particular thought until my wife and I had boarded the train that night, bound eastward for the Atlantic seaboard. Then, as she was preparing to retire, she took from her bag a collapsible cup and put it under her pillow.

"Madame," I said with an earnestness I could not conceal, "I beg of you—should you desire a drink in the course of the night—I beg you to permit me to go."

"Oh, Henree!" she said reproachfully.

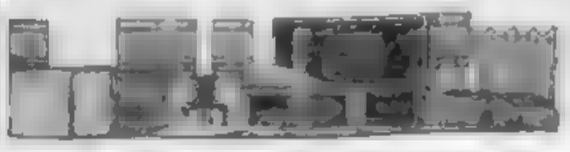
Charity Service

A ROCKEFELLER Foundation, a Carnegie Foundation and a Sage Foundation are luxuries that only the very rich can afford; but some time ago the enterprising president of a Cleveland trust company organized a foundation to which any philanthropist of modest means—say, possessing only a million or so—may bequeath such portion of his fortune as he wishes, all the bequests going into a common fund, to be managed by trustees, for ameliorating the lot of mankind.

This was an admirable stroke of business. Doubtless the banker had observed that most rich men, while feeling in duty bound to follow the fashion of bequeathing something for philanthropy, were much perplexed between the rival claims of a hundred and one philanthropic enterprises. By simply willing their money to his consolidated foundation they could avoid all the bother of picking out particular objects for it. And as the banker's trust company would handle the funds under direction of the trustees, it might reasonably expect an agreeable profit therefrom. Already, we hear, over thirty million dollars has been pledged to the fund.

Other enterprising trust companies in Spokane, Los Angeles, Milwaukee and Chicago have adopted the idea. No doubt it will be extended to other cities—vastly simplifying matters for the individual philanthropist, because, instead of laboriously investigating hospitals, foundling homes, colleges, and the like, to see which shall receive his benefaction, he can just will his money to the local foundation and be done with it. The general plan is that investment and control of the fund shall be left perpetually to the trust company, while the income shall be expended by trustees, appointed partly by the trust company and partly by persons presumed to represent the public's interest—such as mayor, probate judge, and so on.

If the Carnegie, Rockefeller and Sage Foundations would only consolidate now, and set up a good working agreement with the local foundations that are springing up under the fostering care of trust companies, pretty much all the philanthropy of the country could be directed from a single office on lower Broadway by a board of half a dozen men, and the rest of the population would have the vexatious subject of charity neatly off its hands.



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The New Nut Candy

Selected Virginia Peanuts roasted to a crisp, tasty brown—combined with Chocolate Candy of delicious flavor and consistency.

Nut Tootsie Rolls

It is impossible to describe how good they really are.

You must try them.

Made clean—Kept clean—Wrapped Dustproof.

A roll is divided into six parts for your convenience. Sold wherever Candy is sold.

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Turn Your

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"On or Off in 30 Seconds"

Use your motorcycle **alone** all you want that will fit on the new 3-passenger, non-skidding, non-tipping auto and share your joy rides with wife and kiddies

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Instantly converts any standard motorcycle into a whole-family car. Best auto design, finish; spring seat and back are chase leather upholstered, [illegible] (Crowfoot tires, extra.)

A Practical Pleasure Car

With Only Motorcycle Upkeep

Also regular and special body types for fast delivery.

Greatest invention since motorcycle itself

Write for catalog. Give name and model of your motorcycle. Agent's name appreciated.

Write now for early delivery.

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Dealers write for discounts and territory.

Don't wait — You can begin enjoying your HAYNES "Light Six" now

GET behind the wheel of the Haynes "Light Six" and you will understand why it is called "America's Greatest 'Light Six'."

You can throttle the car down to one mile per hour on "high"—and then, at a pressure on the foot throttle—feel the car pick up and get away instantly. In a few seconds you are going 25, 30, 35 and on up to 60 miles per hour.

It's exhilarating to drive a car like this and know that it has the power to pull through hub-deep mud, and take you up the toughest hills with full load, with seldom a change from "high".

It's great to drive a car so graceful and thoroughbred in appearance that you smile with pride every time you step in for a drive—and more important still, IS AS GOOD AS SHE LOOKS.

Get in touch with your nearest Haynes dealer NOW

Orders are pouring in right now. Soon will begin the same flood of telegrams and long distance calls—and the same disappointment among the buyers who failed to buy early. Be forehanded—get the car you want—get in touch with the Haynes dealer now.

THE HAYNES AUTOMOBILE CO.

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Model 34—Five-Passenger Touring Car	$1385
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All Prices F O B Kokomo

Catalog with full details of all Haynes models, "Light Six" and "Light Twelve," free on request.

"America's Greatest 'Light Six'"

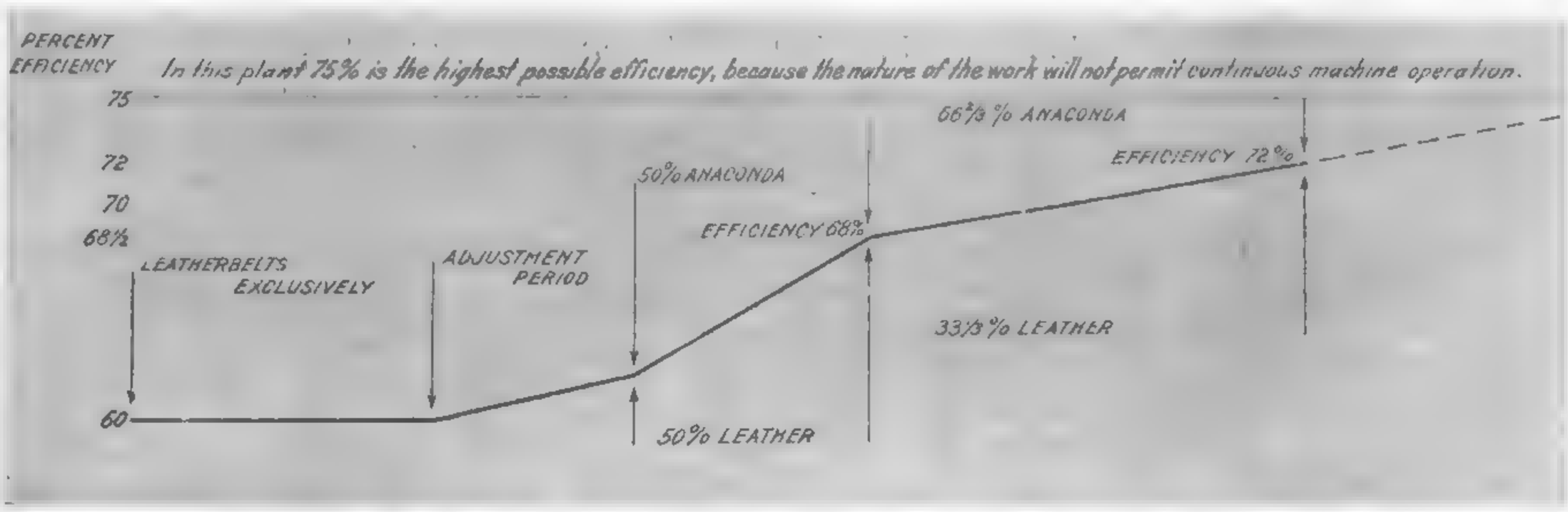

Chart of Power Transmission Tests in a Textile Manufacturing Plant

What Dividend Does Your Belting Pay You?

It's a Wise Man who gets Next Year's Profits out of Last Year's Power Figures

ON Monday morning, January 10th, 1916, six men gathered around a long oak table. Each held in his hand a typewritten paper.

The Chief called the meeting to order. With few preliminaries the papers were read.

The Power Department was heard from last.

Coal, labor, maintenance, repairs and belting upkeep figures were read and the totals checked against Production.

"Last year there were ten million machine-made parts turned out of the factory," said the Chief.

"These figures show that compared with 1914 each part had to bear an extra tax of one half a cent for increased power expense.

"If you could make that a saving instead of a tax the amount would pay our stockholders an extra dividend of one per cent."

The answer is—*deliver more power at the machine.*

Many a power department is wasting from ten to fifteen per cent. of the power generated because tradition has bound it to old-fashioned, unscientific belting.

Leviathan belts were brought out thirty-five years ago on the theory that you cannot *grow* a scientific belt but that it must be *built*.

The facts have proven the theory so sound that up to this time there have been over a million Leviathan-Anaconda belts fitted and run in the principal industrial plants in this country.

Engineers who are familiar with the methods of building and the performance of Leviathan-Anaconda belts are the first to recognize their superiority and their ability to deliver power.

Leviathan-Anaconda belts are totally unlike any other belts in the world, various ply, of solid fabric, so impregnated with a special composition, treated, stretched and aged as to form a pliable belting material well-nigh indestructible.

Symmetry in balance of moving parts is the ideal to which every power engineer works. There never has been another belting material so uniform, yard for yard, in weight and tractiveness, as Leviathan-Anaconda.

The power-saving facts about Leviathan-Anaconda are available for every great industry.

When a weave-shed speeds up and its yardage is increased twenty per cent. without the use of any more power, it gives the textile man an appetite for more figures.

When a screw machine which has been regularly turning out three thousand screws a day, suddenly begins to produce 3500 with no extra expense in the power plant, machine shop foremen are apt to be interested.

When a great door factory starts to make twelve doors grow where only ten grew before, simply because of a new equipment of Leviathan belts, woodworking men everywhere see a chance to speed up their own production.

When an immense food plant takes care of an increased grind of two thousand bushels of corn a day without the expenditure of a single extra cent for coal, help, engines or boilers, production experts recognize a new world to conquer right at hand.

When a great exhaust fan handles an increased volume of 500 cubic feet a minute, ventilating a new shaft with no power increase at the engine, mining men look for other installations of Anaconda belting.

And when a battery of Anaconda driven hacksaws in a Canadian munitions factory makes a daily average of 3000 cuts against but 1700 cuts on a similar battery driven by the "traditional" belting—every factory production man should be keen for the facts about his own industry.

* * *

A hundred million dollar corporation has just contracted for $200,000 worth of Leviathan-Anaconda belting to be used in 1916 *after the use of $100,000 worth last year.*

* * *

Leviathan-Anaconda Belts are sold by us direct to the users.

Leviathan-Anaconda Service is available at first hand to every user of our belts, no matter how long they may be in use.

Buyers of belting will find valuable information in the new Catalog just issued by this Company.

This will be sent without charge. The demand is greater than expected. Write at once.

LEVIATHAN—ANACONDA BELTING — ELEVATING, TRANSMITTING, CONVEYING

LEVIATHAN AND ANACONDA BELTS

for Transmission, Conveying and Elevating

MAIN BELTING COMPANY, Philadelphia

New York Chicago Pittsburgh Seattle Birmingham

MAIN BELTING CO. OF CANADA, LTD., Montreal ADOLPHE GRANDJEAN, 211, Rue Lafayette, Paris HONOLULU IRON WORKS CO., Honolulu

MRS. MURPHY BREAKS IN

(Continued from Page 17)

Every eye in the semicircle carried a look of rejection for Mrs. Murphy. Almost every mouth formed the word "Impossible." And yet I fancied that they did not mean it altogether irrevocably, since she was now definitely associated with the lavender and old lace of the Van Winkle family. I think Mrs. Murphy would have been enhanced in the eyes of polite society by the association even if it had known that she bought it for cash.

On the evening following Mrs. Murphy and Miss Van Winkle went to the Bazaar for Crippled Children. Mrs. Murphy wore crushed strawberry and rose point lace. Mr. Murphy again dragged himself from his easy-chair, this time with the exclamation: "Why, Bess, you look like a duchess!"

She had five other evening dresses with which to regale Mr. Murphy and the public. The masseuse was diligently irrigating her skin with cold cream. She was studying vocal inflection of a teacher at five dollars for a quarter of an hour. Also she was studying society columns and French, the former with more eagerness. She was learning the value of names. For the present, I knew, she could do no more, and it would be unwise to make an attempt. These inoffensive public appearances, in which she looked well and made overtures to no one, were like a note of preparation in the drama and fiction—and advertising; as valuable as the signboard announcing the name of a new commodity without explaining what it was.

In the deadness of the quiet following her stately departure to the bazaar I fell to speculating on my favorite subject: What would it cost to put Mrs. Murphy into society? I had no doubt of her arrival, because she had the gift of placing herself in someone else's hands. Her own enthusiasm would have dictated a gayer costume for the opera and the bazaar. I insisted on choosing her dressmaker, and we together spared her a real setback at the start. When the smart set's lorgnetted survey of her resulted in one concentrated criticism, they said she was illiterate. As they themselves possessed a vocabulary of some three hundred words each, including the verbs, active and passive, this was scarcely prohibitive. If they could find nothing wrong with her dress, her carriage or her companion, she was indeed making an excellent start.

Her costuming for the year would cost a bare $10,000. Later it would aggregate more. But we decided that her wardrobe should be neither large nor elaborate. Seven evening dresses, three afternoon gowns, two tailored suits, with the accessories of coats, shoes, scarfs and hats, were enough. The mother of the best-dressed débutante at Newport told me that she maintained her daughter in this reputation for $10,000 for the year. Gauged by that standard for a young girl, the dressmaker and I felt that we set up Mrs. Murphy economically.

The Bulldog's Chaperon

Of course there was but one real expense connected with the campaign, and that was her budget for charity. Muriel had her charity, and Mrs. Murphy, as one of her first moves, had acquired a pet bulldog, who had his charity too. To her delight the Bide-a-Wee Home invited him to be a member, and they provided him with a box in which to deposit his loose change for the benefit of this home for destitute and shiftless dogs. Muriel belonged to a guild in school which held an annual flower show and made up a deficit for a children's ward somewhere. The dog had to have a nurse to chaperon him to dog shows, and Muriel had to have a nurse too. The dog's expenses were about a thousand dollars a year. Muriel's were a thousand for tuition alone, with another thousand for charity and chaperonage.

I saw that Mrs. Murphy put a social secretary on her pay roll. There was a woman in the city whose cretonne-clad suite was called the "Social Embassy" and she the "Social Secretary of State." She had almost everybody in town in her clientele. Her great recommendation was that she knew the history of Middle Western society from its inception. She could send out five hundred invitations for a hostess without being provided with a list. Men railed against their wives for paying for this luxury. They said that without another blessed thing to do the women ought to be able to make out a list. Herein the male sex proved that it did not understand the situation. These men were themselves in command of great and taxing enterprises. They could not afford the extravagance of directing their own attention to addressing circular lists. Their wives were engineering feats no less monumental than theirs, and the women dared not dissipate their attention on any details from which they could buy relief. Sometimes this social secretary knew of prospective invitations two months before they were issued. Sometimes she could exert a quiet, beneficent influence to get one noticed. I told Mrs. Murphy that her goodwill and incidental services were easily worth twenty-five dollars a week.

The house was swarming with servants. My first official command was that the coachman shave his mustache. He was then a proper-looking guardian for Muriel. He gave the impression of being an old family retainer. But never could his unfashionable person be permitted to accompany Mrs. Murphy. She had her footman and her coachman and her maid.

As for the house, she had to pay a rental of $6000 for a place worth barely $3000, except for its location in the heart of the smart set's stronghold. She gave $2000 for a pew in a church.

I thought $40,000 for the first year would cover the expense, exclusive of extravagant housekeeping such as any rich woman might carry on. Another year it would be more, owing to the increased cost of entertaining when she could get someone to accept her hospitality.

Simple Rules for Climbers

This did not include motors. She had four—a limousine, a touring car, a small machine for marketing and an electric runabout. They say the cost of maintaining these was something like $7000 a year. Whatever the sum, it was justified. When an appeal came through my paper for automobiles to carry the crippled children to the circus, she gave two, whereas Mrs. Trotter, Jr., had only one to offer, and it belonged to her mother-in-law. The children, to be sure, spilled popcorn and molasses all over Mrs. Murphy's cream-colored upholstery, but that is only a part of the fortunes of a large enterprise. Mrs. Murphy's name was in the headlines of the accounts in the daily papers. This was an advertising campaign, and the first rule for success in advertising is reiteration. One of the treats of the city was the ever-recurring sight of Mrs. Murphy's erect body, incased in a glass limousine, noiselessly speeding along in her electric, her eyes on the road ahead of her, her hand on the lever. She wore soft velvet that billowed into curves which were not hers. She was always alone, except for her footman outside the glass.

Sometimes she would dearly have liked to take me or her social secretary with her, but we did not dare be seen with her any more than she with us. She could not select her friends from the standpoint of congeniality. She could not even associate with another woman companionable to her by reason of the fact that they were both going through the same struggle to get in. Each was known as a climber, and by her mere appearance with the other woman would damn her as a climber too. Each of them had to be seen with people higher up. Until that could be accomplished each had to maintain an unconditional isolation. Mrs. Murphy complained once in a while of being lonely. She was the talkative type, and she had no one with whom to chat. Still, that was but the penalty of those who chose her goal. Mrs. Trotter, Sr., had been lonely too. There were only certain people that she could afford to be seen with, and they as a rule could not afford to be seen with her. Indeed, the game which engaged her and Mrs. Murphy was one of discard. Mrs. Trotter worked herself up to the point where there was no advantage to her in associating with anyone in the Middle West. Then she went abroad to try to associate with the king. But there was no advantage to the king in associating with her. She was therefore left lonely in her age. After a lifetime of the most exacting work in making herself eligible to associate with anybody, she had no companions.

Mrs. Murphy had a fanatical devotion to an idea and it was a companion for her now.

White Trucks

Predominate

The Advantage of WHITE TRUCK PREDOMINANCE to WHITE TRUCK OWNERS

LARGE production—double that of the nearest competitor—warrants a degree of service to White Truck owners which no lesser distribution could support. It also involves a breadth of transportation experience which no smaller organization could possess.

WHY not purchase your trucks from the largest truck makers in America?

ONLY GRAND PRIZE for Motor Trucks, Panama-Pacific International Exposition, San Francisco

The White Company/Cleveland, Ohio

Largest Manufacturers of Commercial Motor Vehicles in America

TOOTH decay usually begins on the sides of the teeth or in the crevices of the grinding surfaces. This fact indicates that the tooth brush does not thoroughly clean all surfaces of the teeth. It also indicates that something more than mere brushing is necessary to prevent decay.

LISTERINE
The Safe Antiseptic

Listerine *can reach* every exposed surface of the teeth because it is liquid. Listerine, as a mouthwash-dentifrice, insures mouth-cleanliness in its highest possible degree.

Brush the teeth with Listerine; then thoroughly rinse the mouth and the spaces between the teeth with diluted Listerine. This is an efficient and pleasant, yet scientific way of preserving the teeth.

The original package The original bottle

Ask for Listerine in the original bottle and be assured of the genuine by the appearance of the package—round bottle—brown wrapper.

Four Sizes: 15c, 25c, 50c, $1

Manufactured only by
Lambert Pharmacal Company
St. Louis, Mo. Toronto, Can.

But what about the time when it should be realized? What would occupy her then? The fruits of her achievement? Just what were they? To try to lure to her house those people into whose houses she wished to be admitted; to give parties where the names omitted were as much a triumph as those on the list; to make herself a dictator of social relations, but by the restrictions of her exaltation be permitted to associate with almost no one at all.

If Mrs. Murphy was lonely now, I felt that she would be then.

For fully half of the winter Mrs. Murphy contented herself with these silent appearances. Then suddenly the social secretary justified herself. Mrs. Murphy called me upexcitedly one day at the newspaper office and asked me to "get" her on an outside wire.

She had to impart that Mrs. Trotter, Sr., who had come back from Europe for one week, was going to remain longer and in a fortnight would receive the South Side Mothers' Association in her art gallery. The social secretary tipped this off to her. The women themselves had not been notified of the honor as yet. In spite of our detailed generosity we had given nothing to this club. It was not organized for charity.

"You cannot offer them money," I reflected. "They are organized to encourage the art sense in the young. Buy a Sistine Madonna for every public school in the city and say you present it to them in the name of Muriel, whose art sense is just beginning to develop."

Our scheme succeeded. Mrs. Murphy went to the reception in Mrs. Trotter's art gallery. I heard of the occasion from several points of view. Mrs. Trotter thought she was a club woman and treated her more graciously than some of the sycophants of her own set. The club women regarded her as a patron and were effusively agreeable.

As for Mrs. Murphy, the experience was food and nerve tonic for her. Even the little hollows at the base of her ears filled out and her shallow eyes took on a deeper, luminous, well-like light. The strained aspect of longing, which had hardened her face when I first saw it and which marred its mobility even under her softened hair arrangement, melted. She had the sanctified look of having participated in some high ceremonial.

She was already well along in the manner of enunciation of the smart set—thanks to her voice instructor. In that one encounter she caught something of their jargon: The next day I remarked to her: "That flame-colored scarf of yours is so pretty!"

"Yes," she answered, "I enjoy it." The ladies of the polite world were "enjoying" things that season, just as a few years later they regarded everything as nice. She even caught something of Mrs. Trotter's regal bearing, except that she contradicted the impression with an effusiveness. She was gracious to everybody, and she created an awfully funny effect of copying the letter but not the actuating spirit of the smart dame by holding her chin high. A society editor called her up and you would have thought that they were the best of friends; yet she reproduced the outer shell of the Trotter manner in the performance.

Actually Called Him "Eddie"

Still none of this means that Mrs. Murphy as yet had her foot on the first rung of the ladder. Socially she had not been born. Her portrait was finished, and one of the smart women telephoned our society editor to ask if she would not reproduce it in the paper. They wished to see this effort of the artist, but did not care to countenance Mrs. Murphy by attending a tea in honor of her likeness. Muriel experienced a setback when a woman of fashion wrote the teacher please to change her little girl's seat. She and Muriel had been placed at the same double desk. The class was reseated and the little climber paired with the daughter of the vice president of a woman's club who was also a member of the D. A. R. and a recent inheritor of wealth. Even the dog was not invited to the more exclusive shows.

With a longing eye on the social register Mrs. Murphy started in to associate with whom she might. Her invitations from those to whom she had contributed money did not begin until the winter was more than half over. Business meetings occupied the first half of their year. She went to those although they bored her, but she could not go to the sewing society of the fashionable auxiliary because she was not asked. Still, when word first got abroad that she was "public-spirited" her mail instantly became gorged with requests from every known board. To all of those containing fashionable names she responded immediately with cash. It seemed to me that she contributed to every superficial and unconstructive charity in town. She came gradually to be included in every enterprise of a public character which was floated by the smart set. She came to be invited to all the big dinners of these organizations, where the tickets sold at ten dollars a plate and the purpose was to raise money. She always went, and there in time she was recognized with a bow from some of the outriders of the group to which she aspired. She flitted from one heavy public function to another, with the blindness of genius which knows not weariness nor defeat. Sometimes her program contained five engagements in twelve hours. She was obliged to eat hurried luncheons, which we kept simple in order to prevent her from getting indigestion through hasty mastication. No capitalist worked harder at his task of making millions than she. One time her engagements so overlapped her daughter's rising and retiring hours that she did not see Muriel for two days. As for Mr. Murphy, I kept no track of the intervals between their meetings. She bent every effort to get him to go with her. He had no evening dress and said that he did not expect to possess such a thing. From this high position, of course, he was routed, but he attended a public dinner just once. It was for the Associated Charities, and one of Mrs. Trotter's brothers was there. He called Mr. Murphy "Eddie." Mrs. Murphy was wild with excitement, and explained in a voice much more shrill than her vocal teacher would sanction that it meant much to her. Mr. Murphy shook his head and said he wasn't any good at that sort of thing, and retired farther into his shell.

More Helpful Publicity

The one affair where she was singled out for distinction came in the spring. She was asked to the speaker's table of the Shakspere luncheon of the Federation of Mothers' Councils. She was the largest contributor toward the wreath for the statue of Shakspere in the park and for the special exercises there. She was, therefore, invited to sit on the left of the toastmistress. Mr. Crane, the actor, sat on the right.

I decided it was more or less of an arrow shot into the air, but a wise move, I thought, for her to go. University people were sometimes there. The smart set heard of such activities and classified all participants as possessed of brains. Although this was an unfashionable endowment which they themselves did not care to possess and which bored them in close contact, they regarded it from afar as distinguished. If it were found to be detachable, it might even count as an asset to one wishing to enter the smart set. I thought, moreover, that some men of fashion might waft to the luncheon. It was distinctly the thing for men to be "brainy," and some of the fashionables got it into their heads that it was extremely intellectual to patronize Shakspere. Mrs. Murphy was getting to look like a girl. I could foresee that she would be raved about as a chaperon. And so I determined that she should take a chance on the Shakspere luncheon.

The net result: She had her name printed on the headlines of the principal newspaper report of the affair, and the society editor gushed about her "spirituelle" look. Also she met Mrs. Thackerea, whose husband was a professor in one of the departments of the university which Mrs. Murphy had helped to endow.

A rich woman gave a luncheon at the Women's Athletic Club for the discussion of her favorite public benefit. It was the prevention of tuberculosis on the northeast side of the city. The social secretary told me that Trotter, Jr., would be there. He had taken a sudden fancy to run for Congress. I, in frantic haste, got up an interview with Mrs. Murphy and printed it in the papers to the effect that the elimination of tuberculosis on the northeast side was the subject dearest to her heart. The woman—who was not one of the fashionables—invited her.

The doctor was there who attended most of the rich and great. He sat on Mrs. Murphy's right. Trotter, Jr., was opposite her at the round table. Mrs. Murphy, in the happiness of the event, took on a prettiness of rose-leaf fragility.

(Continued on Page 57)

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FOR BOYS ONLY All over the country thousands of boys are earning a lot of money, besides getting some of the best premiums ever offered. They do it by selling *The Saturday Evening Post* on two days a week after school hours. Any boy can do it. If you want more spending money and such premiums as toboggans, sleds, bicycles, and even ponies, send us a postal card
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CLEVELAND, OHIO 50 MILLION DOLLARS

The Dentist's Chair

—And Why You Have Little Cause to Fear It

NO DENTIST wants you to fear his chair. *Your* dentist wants you to have *good* teeth. He wants your visits to him to be pleasant to *you*.

And that is just what your visits can be in the future if you begin now to use Pebeco Tooth Paste. For the good of your teeth use it steadily twice a day. Pebeco will help you prevent "Acid-Mouth." This is the estimated cause of 95% of all tooth decay. Nine out of every ten persons have it. Probably *you*, if you don't use Pebeco.

Neglected teeth *pain* your good dentist, sincere in his profession. He had rather see a sound, white set of teeth than fill a lot of cavities —or wrench decayed roots from aching gums. To him

"Acid-Mouth"

is a menace that should be fought against—all the time. He knows how "Acid-Mouth" works its destructive way *in secret*. How it is often undiscovered until much damage has been done.

Your dentist knows how "Acid-Mouth" can eat into the enamel of your teeth. He knows that the destruction of the soft interior of your teeth is sure to follow.

Your first warning may be a mere twinge. A sudden, sharp pain as you take a *cold* drink or a *hot* bite. It lasts but a moment. Probably it is forgotten. Then—in the night—when no dentist can be reached—comes Agony. Your face is swollen. Your whole jaw aches. Every nerve jumps. There is nothing you can do until morning!

Sample Free

Learn how a real dentifrice tastes and acts. Try Pebeco and experience for yourself its keen, clean, refreshing effect. **It is very different.** We believe you will be glad to make its acquaintance, if you are a stranger to it. Just send your name and address and we will gladly mail a ten-day trial tube and also send several Acid Test Papers so that you can test your mouth for acid and see for yourself how Pebeco checks this greatest of all enemies to good teeth.

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But there is something you *can* do NOW. "An ounce of prevention is worth a pound of cure."

Since "Acid-Mouth" causes so much tooth-trouble—and since twice daily use of Pebeco will help you ward it off—test your teeth at once for "Acid-Mouth" and begin to use Pebeco regularly.

The Test we will send you without charge. Also, a sample of Pebeco. This is all *we* can do. The rest is up to *you*.

But remember, Pebeco is a real dentifrice. It is not perfumed nor highly scented. It is hygienic. It leaves a fresh, keen, refreshing taste. Children and grown-ups soon learn to like it immensely. Its business is to polish your teeth beautifully—to remove unpleasant odors—and to help you keep your own teeth for life.

We Were Skeptical About Machine Bookkeeping

In the Rubberset Co. office card ledgers are kept posted up to the minute with a Burroughs

The Burroughs handles either loose-leaf or card ledgers. It can be adapted to YOUR *method*

How the makers of the well-known Rubberset Brushes met a serious bookkeeping problem due to growth of business

By C. M. Freeman

Treasurer of the Rubberset Company, Newark, N. J.

WITH the growth of our business, accounts had multiplied and bookkeeping had become more and more of a problem. Something had to be done, but you know how hard it is for a business concern to consider a new move in its bookkeeping and accounting work—even when its executives know that something of the sort is needed badly.

Something was Lacking in Our Bookkeeping

That was evident to me because statements didn't get out until the 10th of the month—and so all our posting had to be done in the three weeks that were left. A trial balance was hard to get, and statements kept our bookkeepers working overtime for a week or two every month. Prompt relief was necessary.

Interested in Mechanical Way of Handling Figures

Because of my previous connection, and the knowledge I had about the use of Burroughs Machines, I immediately thought about solving this problem mechanically instead of increasing our office force.

However, the familiar question came up at once: "It may be all right for a bank, but will it fit *our* kind of business?"

Frankly, I was skeptical, but resolved to look into the possibilities. We therefore investigated the subject of mechanical bookkeeping from every possible angle.

A Surprising Demonstration

We tried a Burroughs Machine on our statement work one month when we were particularly rushed. Although we didn't get started until close to the end of the month, we had the statements all out on the first.

This meant a lot to us—because, of course, early statements mean prompt payments.

I was still skeptical, however, about posting our ledgers by machine.

We felt that we would have to be "shown" to our complete satisfaction before making what seemed, at that time, so radical a change in our bookkeeping.

It was true that for several years the Rubberset Company had used a Burroughs for straight adding and figuring work. It had proved to be a good investment and we decided to take the word of the Burroughs Company that their Ledger Posting and Statement Machine would prove an even better investment.

The Machine Makes Good

Once we had the Burroughs at work in our office, the day of skepticism was over.

Our statements are in the mail at 7:30 p. m. on the last day of every month.

Absolute accuracy eliminates all chance for complaints from our customers.

Trial-balance troubles have vanished.

Ledgers are always posted up to date and our bookkeepers are never overworked.

The same Burroughs that posts our ledgers does all the other figure-listing, adding and subtracting work of our office.

And with the Burroughs we *know* that our books and figures are right.

A year and a half of experience make me feel sure that mechanical ledger-posting is the method which will soon be employed by all progressive business houses. We are glad we did not delay longer in employing a Burroughs Ledger Posting and Statement Machine to keep our books.

There are 98 different models of Burroughs Bookkeeping and Figuring Machines. Among them is one that will just fit your business needs. For your bookkeeping troubles, there's an easy Burroughs-way out. Get in touch with one of our branch offices in 170 cities. Your telephone book or your banker will tell you the nearest. Or, write to Burroughs, Detroit, Michigan

FIGURING AND BOOKKEEPING MACHINES
PREVENT COSTLY ERRORS - SAVE VALUABLE TIME

PRICED AS LOW AS $125

Burroughs

(Continued from Page 54)

Mrs. Murphy pursed her lips into the set smile of Georgiana, Duchess of Devonshire, in her portrait. Mr. Trotter was saying that he thought something ought to be done to eliminate tuberculosis among the poor, and he directed the observation to his vis-à-vis. Mrs. Murphy leaned forward in rapt interest to listen. He made his generalizations to her across seven feet of space. When the dinner was over, Mrs. Murphy hurried to a cushioned seat that circled one of the pillars of the lounging room. After a while Mr. Trotter wandered over to her.

"It must be so interesting," said Mrs. Murphy, "to be active and helpful in public affairs."

Twice in one evening she had bridged the space between them, once with her eyes, and now with the little fan in her long white fingers. She possessed a certain charm, of course. How else had she engaged herself to Mr. Murphy and the rich man's son who jilted her? When I first saw her this fascination was concealed under a strained and starved personality. Now it was reviving as a contributory factor in her rise. Every instinct, every gift, she had which goes to make up a successful climber. She was convinced that Trotter was the biggest man in town and she transmitted the soothing flattery of this conviction to him. They talked together earnestly until the hostess came for Mr. Trotter to introduce him elsewhere.

All evening long Mrs. Murphy waited in as much detachment as possible for him to return. He did so shortly before his departure, and said something about hoping she might serve sometime on a public committee, but never a word as to a possible social relationship. He did not say that he would like her to meet his wife. Men of the smart set had a way of maintaining two perfectly distinct groups of acquaintances. They preserved their social circle with sanctity, and they kept up another set of decorous social relations with people who interested them. Mrs. Murphy faced the danger of knowing Mr. Trotter and not his wife, of serving with him on public enterprises but of never being invited to his house. She had been working for a year and this was the net result.

Not a great while after meeting Trotter, Jr., the season closed and Mrs. Murphy took Muriel away for the summer.

The Royal Canine's Demise

By fall the little girl seemed to have shot up fully two hands. She grew from an elf into a sprite, with hair of darker brown and angles at the elbows. Real sap ran through her blue veins and made her look substantial, even though she preserved her earliest attitude of keeping remote. It was always as if she observed things objectively from another world. This was the way she looked when I first saw the family together in the fall; and as for Mr. Murphy, he seemed to have settled a little, to have lost an inch in stature and to have gained an inch in breadth. He took on an aspect of remoteness in viewing his wife and her enterprises. His expression was as if looking on an interesting play. He seemed very solitary and very lonely, although Mrs. Murphy that day, as in the year past, behaved toward him with affection. She seemed to regard him incidentally, but with pleasure. She was always telling me how remarkable he was and how she depended on him.

As for future prospects socially, they seemed to tend exactly where they were headed last year. Every organization needing help and planning to give a public function had a note or a prospectus to that effect in her early fall mail. Mrs. Murphy began her rounds in the pay-as-you-enter society.

Very shortly, however, she lost some of her zest for this undistinguished work. The big society event was launched, Mrs. Trotter, Jr., directing its destinies. It was for the benefit of the Home for Anæmic and Underfed Children. Mrs. Murphy longed to get in. I called on the superintendent, reminding him that she was a large contributor and might do more still. He said he had advised Mrs. Trotter to put her on the auxiliary board. He promised that he would advise with her again.

Meantime I was going to the home of Mrs. Trotter, Jr., almost daily. You will remember that she had engaged me the season before last to act as her press agent for this affair. To spare her strength she was conducting most of the executive work from her bed. After visiting the superintendent of the home I arrived at her house at 3:30, when the following telephone conversation was taking place. Mrs. Trotter rested her head on an embroidered pillow and held the telephone to her face.

"Oh, my dear, I've had such a night! It isn't the work, but Annabel's little dog died. You know her little dog. It was the brother of Queen Alexandra's little dog—the one she always had her pictures taken with. The same woman gave Queen Alexandra hers that gave this one to Annabel and me—she doesn't sell them. She gave it, and she knows Queen Alexandra and gave her hers. Annabel is heartbroken."

Presently she hung the receiver in its socket, whereupon the bell promptly rang again.

"Busy? My dear! But it's such a splendid charity. You know I find it spares me to do as much of it as possible in bed. You heard? Absolutely! She offered money. Three thousand dollars. She sent it, she said, as a little present for the Heatherbloom Annex. Doctor Aimes wrote me to ask if I wouldn't put her on our auxiliary. I did not answer. He telephoned again this afternoon. Say? Why, I let him know it was impossible! I said that the arrangements for the Bazaar were completed; that every woman on the board had a booth and there were no more booths than women."

Mrs. Murphy's Chance

A maid brought a message from another wire that Madame Estelle wished to know if she was going to take the fan sent on approval, and Mrs. Trotter answered: "Tell her I have not had time to look at it." It was obvious that she was similarly not going to have time to look at me. The train arrived for her Queen Eugénie costume, in which the empress had her portrait painted. It was eight yards long and weighed sixty-five pounds. Three maids were industriously hanging up gowns and brushing powder from the silver things on the dressing table. A secretary sat at a small desk completely surrounded by checks, of which she was ever making out more. Mrs. Trotter interrupted her to get the little dog a drink. In the general confusion I made my escape and hurried over to Mrs. Murphy to discuss ways and means for getting her into this affair so vitally important to her career.

The whole thing was just like a moving picture. When I entered her front door I heard the telephone ring on the balcony and the next moment recognized her sliding "Hel-lo-o-o." It was pronounced so unexpectantly and was followed briskly by an "I shall be charmed."

Mrs. Murphy fairly slid down the stairs and into the back library. "Tell me the name of some book," she demanded. "What was that one they wanted to sell me? Homer something."

The governess, who was darning socks by the window, lifted her head and mentioned "Omar Khayyam."

"Mrs. Thackeray has asked me to be in the library booth. I'm to be in the Bazaar and I go as a book." She was awfully excited and so was I. We clasped each other's hands.

"A de-luxe edition of Omar's just the thing!" I ejaculated. "Oh, we'll get a lot out of this. I'll put it in the paper tomorrow, and we must think up some stunts. We must publish something about you every few days. You know they're all crazy about dogs." This was the subject with which I had come bursting into the house a few minutes ago. "Had you heard Mrs. Trotter's dog that was the brother of Queen Alexandra's was dead? If you could get some distinguished dog to raffle at the Bazaar! I was going to have you do it even if you hadn't been asked. It will be ever so much better with you in."

Mrs. Murphy's expression represented concentrated thought.

"I wonder," I reflected, "where Queen Alexandra's dog is. It was several years ago that she had her picture taken with it. It's dead, I suppose."

"Or in the pound," retorted the practical Mrs. Murphy. "Mr. Murphy's got an agent in Glasgow," she pondered. "I might wire him to go to London and see what he could find." She acted on her own suggestion and sent an elaborate cable. I hurried downtown to insert our important item, and incidentally retired.

In a few days the agent's reply came. The Queen's dog had been traced and secured. He was no longer doing active service at Buckingham. I put the notice into all the papers that Mrs. Murphy had

At a time like this how would a check for $150 help?

LAID up in the hospital—with his income stopped—with big expenses for nurses and doctors—this man was helped towards recovery by the check for $150 that came to him each four weeks from the Ætna Life. He had been careful in time. He had taken out an Ætna Disability Policy that made his income safe in case of either sickness or accident.

ÆTNA-IZE

You may feel fine today—tomorrow a sudden illness may come. The strongest is more liable than the weakest because the strongest takes the least care. Protect yourself now. If you are in a "Preferred" occupation and pay $60 a year for an Ætna Disability Policy you will get:

$25 a week up to 52 weeks while you are ill. $25 a week for 100 weeks—nearly two years—if you lose the sight of both eyes by disease, or the use of both hands or feet by paralysis. Also hospital charges up to $12 50 per week for ten weeks, or for a surgical operation.

Or you will get $50 a week as long as you are disabled by a railway, steamship or burning building accident. $25 a week if disabled by an ordinary accident. If you are killed in an accident, or lose two limbs or both eyes, we will pay from $5,000 to $15,000. Half as much for loss of one hand, foot or eye.

This is only one of the Ætna's big line of Life, Accident and Health policies, which meet every need of every man. You can get an Accident Policy for as little as three cents a day.

This coupon brings you the whole story—then you can judge for yourself whether you can go one day longer without this means of safety.

Send the coupon now, while it is at your hand.

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The largest Company in the world writing Life, Accident, Health and Liability Insurance

Agency opportunities for all Casualty and Bonding Lines

An Ætna Agent has a national advertising campaign working for *him* all the time.

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Occupation_____
Bus. Address_____
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I have marked with X below the kind of policy I am interested in.
Health ☐ Accident ☐ Life ☐
My age is _____ I am a male _____

Delivered TO YOU FREE

A sample 1916 model "Ranger" bicycle on approval and 30 DAYS' TRIAL.

RIDER AGENTS Wanted—Make money taking orders for Bicycles, Tires, Sundries and everything in the bicycle line. Do Business direct with the manufacturers. Do not buy a bicycle or a single thing from anyone else until you know what we can do for you. WRITE TO US.

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Full particulars furnished upon request.

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THE CURTIS PUBLISHING COMPANY
Philadelphia, Pennsylvania

The *whole foot* reinforced!

—reinforced from above and back of the toes clear through the *whole sole* and up to an inch higher than the ordinary heel reinforcement.

Iron Clad No. 398—25c

establishes, stronger than ever, its position as one of the most durable socks ever made. But the biggest appeal of this popular sock is its *combination* of remarkable durability with rich silky texture.

So sure are we that you'll be delighted with No. 398, we'll PAY POSTAGE on a trial lot to you direct. Order some today from us (if you don't know of an Iron Clad dealer nearby). State size and colors wanted. Colors: Black, Champagne, Wine, Copenhagen Blue, Dark Gray, Dark Tan, Golden Tan, Heliotrope, Pearl, White, Ecru. Sizes 9½ to 11½.

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Newest and finest hosiery guide, showing Iron Clads for the whole family. Write for it.

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The Picked Army of the Telephone

The whole telephone-using public is interested in the army of telephone employees—what kind of people are they, how are they selected and trained, how are they housed and equipped, and are they well paid and loyal.

Ten billion messages a year are handled by the organization of the Bell System, and the task is entrusted to an army of 160,000 loyal men and women.

No one of these messages can be put through by an individual employee. In every case there must be the complete telephone machine or system in working order, with every manager, engineer, clerk, operator, lineman and installer co-operating with one another and with the public.

The Bell System has attracted the brightest, most capable people for each branch of work. The training is thorough and the worker must be specially fitted for his position.

Workrooms are healthful and attractive, every possible mechanical device being provided to promote efficiency, speed and comfort.

Good wages, an opportunity for advancement and prompt recognition of merit are the rule throughout the Bell System.

An ample reserve fund is set aside for pensions, accident and sick benefits and insurance for employees, both men and women. "Few if any industries," reports the Department of Commerce and Labor, "present so much or such widely distributed, intelligent care for the health and welfare of their women workers as is found among the telephone companies."

These are some of the reasons why Bell telephone service is the best in the world.

AMERICAN TELEPHONE AND TELEGRAPH COMPANY
AND ASSOCIATED COMPANIES

One Policy *One System* *Universal Service*

The Door to Success

is always labeled—

"PUSH"

Any young man or young woman has but to accept the invitation.

The same door is open to you

Write for interesting booklet entitled "An Education Without Cost."

THE CURTIS PUBLISHING COMPANY has made it easy for young people to secure the educations which have equipped them for life. Almost every prominent college, musical conservatory and business school has on its list the names of Curtis students who have more than made good.

For looking after local renewals and new subscriptions for *The Saturday Evening Post*, *The Country Gentleman* and *The Ladies' Home Journal*, the Company paid all expenses in whatever institutions they selected.

EDUCATIONAL DIVISION, BOX 260
THE CURTIS PUBLISHING COMPANY, PHILADELPHIA, PENNA.

secured Queen Alexandra's dog and would present it to be raffled at the fête. The smart set was in a furore. I was going to say that mob spirit reigned except when the name of Mrs. Murphy was mentioned by someone outside the set, such as myself. That instantly turned them to stone. I was at a loss to know just what was the objection to her. It seemed as if my work had done her no good at all. She was presentable and not any sillier than they. She could put up a much better conversation than a family whose daughter had married a count. Still, they said of her just as they did of these other people before the matrimonial triumph: "Impossible!" The truth of the matter was they said it of everyone. Their way of defending their own dignity was to maintain a close corporation.

Mrs. Murphy and I ran our enterprise exactly as if they did not snub us.

One week before the dog's arrival there was a rehearsal of the fête. Mrs. Trotter was on the scene, with her trig veil pulled tightly over her snug-fitting toque and a long sable shawl nestling over her slender shoulders. Mrs. Murphy arrived with the thin groups of women carrying packages. Her veil, too, was pulled tightly over her chin, and she reproduced Mrs. Trotter's razorlike effect of sharp and easy smartness. Everywhere that Mrs. Trotter went Mrs. Murphy was sure to go. The leader then promptly left for another place.

Such, no doubt, was the ladylike way of disposing of a situation. But this did not stem the tide of growing interest in Queen Alexandra's dog. The assistant city editor wrote down the word "poodle" in the day-book of the office, along with the city's prominent sick and dying, to remind reporters to telephone regarding his progress every day. The papers expressed their intention of meeting him at the dock for an interview. He crowded minor details of the fête out of the public eye.

One morning I printed that little Muriel with other children of the smart set would sell chances on the poodle at the fête. Then Mrs. Trotter took a step. She went to see Mrs. Murphy at her residence.

You could have knocked the hostess over with a feather, on her own subsequent statement.

Mrs. Trotter Goes Calling

"I am sure you do not realize," essayed Mrs. Trotter in her largest, most forgiving manner, "what havoc you are playing. Here is this really great work which one hundred and fifty women besides many outsiders are making every sacrifice to accomplish. It affects the lives of the little children of the poor."

Mrs. Murphy hastily ordered tea. She said in her softest manner that she did not understand. Something in her quiet demeanor must have nettled Mrs. Trotter, for her voice struck a higher note. She used the word undignified. Before she calmed herself the tea arrived, and this brought her to her feet. The only pretense she made at an adieu was to say that she was nervous.

Mrs. Murphy never then or at any future time was heard to make any comment on the occasion. All of that afternoon she went round with a little ingrowing smile on her lips. At sundown she approached me with the tentative question: "Couldn't we make a little item for the papers, saying that Mrs. Trotter had tea at the residence of Mrs. Murphy, where those two ardent supporters of the Bazaar discussed plans for its success?" I did not print the notice, but she told it to five society editors, four of whom did.

The evening of the fête was like the eve before a battle when every preparation has been made. The political reporters from the state capital were called home to write "features." All of the long-haired descriptive writers were crowded into evening dress and hurried to the scene. The photographer from every paper engaged private quarters near the ballroom and set up his own flashlight. Society editors in low-cut dresses approached haughty dames in costume and respectfully requested that they pose for their photographs. It took a great deal of coaxing to get them to the rooms, and then they had to be vigilantly herded lest they escape. After the affair a photographer was found unconscious in the alley back of the hotel. The fact was pretty well established that he was slugged by one of his rivals because he got some fashionables the other failed to secure.

A Pictorial Plot

All of the fashionables that evening were busy tending their own private booths, costumes and flirtations, and in casting glances of frigidity at Mrs. Murphy. She plied her task as industriously as any, and it was concerned largely with reporters, photographers and the curious public, who marveled to behold that about which they had read. Muriel did not sell chances. I never supposed she would. We could not get the right little girl to sell with her. But it was a good item.

It was not until the very close of the evening that Mrs. Murphy made her coup. The crowds were thinning and she showed in her little act as on a stage. I am not telling the tale properly, according to the novelist's formula, for I have given no "note of preparation," such as every well-ordered piece of fiction uses to precede its surprise. Nevertheless, Mrs. Murphy and I had talked over this proposition many times. As for the dramatic setting, I shall have to give the credit to her. She chose an open space near a fashionable booth where nothing interfered with the play of the camera. Mr. Trotter was standing there alone and she approached him with outstretched hand.

He had made no movement during the evening to recognize her.

"Oh, Mr. Trotter, I have been so disappointed not to see your mother. Those wretched newspapers said that she was sailing from England to be here for this event."

"All rot!" chopped out Mr. Trotter. "Never thought of coming."

"I am disappointed," answered the unruffled Mrs. Murphy. "Mr. Murphy and I do so very much wish to buy a place, and I thought it just possible she might be induced to dispose of hers."

Mr. Trotter quickened into a new life and called his wife "Millie!" She came in wonder, wondering what could demand her presence.

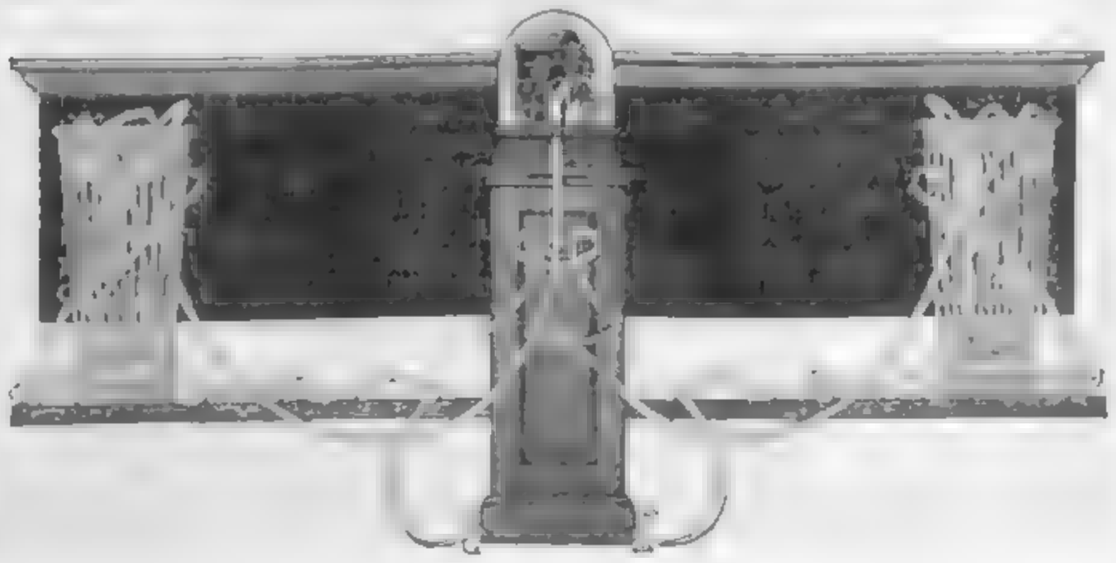
As the three stood there talking our paper took their picture. The next morning it was the central figure in the layout of a page.

I was not incorrect in assuming that many of the smart set wished to sell out the encumbrances and trappings which they had spent a lifetime in collecting. Mrs. Murphy was not yet "in society," but with two years of unremitting toil and only one of open hostility, she was on the way.

Editor's Note—The second and concluding part of Mrs. Williams' story will appear in next week's number.

A Roman Light

MANY Americans go to Rome, as everybody knows. One day Harry Leon Wilson rushed into a café where Booth Tarkington was sitting and shouted: "Come out quick! There are two Italians on the plaza!"



Try This Wonderful Phonograph TEN DAYS FREE!

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The 1916 Model GARFORD VANOPHONE PHONOGRAPH is the latest, most remarkable addition to the Phonograph Family—a perfect instrument reproducing faultlessly the performances of the world's greatest artists, orators, actors, ministers, story tellers, bands and orchestras at the record-smashing low price of $12.00.

It is a marvel of exact tone reproduction. Tremendous demand and enormous factory output make it possible to sell this Musical Masterpiece at the truly remarkable low price of $12.00. Many people who realize the amazing artistic value of the VANOPHONE do not understand how it is possible to produce such a wonderful Phonograph at the price of $12.00.

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The VANOPHONE is the deliberately calculated result of a set purpose. It was designed and built with the specific idea of supplying the universal demand for a high-class Phonograph at a price within the reach of everyone.

The Garford Manufacturing Company, owning and operating one of the largest factories of its kind in the world, decided that the time had arrived to produce a Phonograph of superlative merit at an absolutely "bed-rock" price.

The problem was attacked with the powerful concentrated resources of a concern possessing complete scientific and mechanical resources, a vast fund of manufacturing experience and unlimited capital. The answer was the wonderful all-metal GARFORD Model A VANOPHONE—a Phonograph especially constructed to sell at the low price of $12.00, yet unsurpassed in every essential of beautiful, powerful, rich and life-like tone quality.

Garford PHONOGRAPH VANOPHONE

$12.

$12.50 WEST OF THE ROCKIES

The sale of a high-class Phonograph like the GARFORD VANOPHONE at a price as low as $12.00 is made possible only by reason of enormous output—a tremendous volume of sales—extraordinary resources in the buying of raw material in vast quantities at lowest bed-rock prices, and up-to-date mechanical equipment that reduces manufacturing costs to a minimum. The Garford Manufacturing Company, in utilizing all these special facilities for the reduction of the price of the VANOPHONE to the public, have merely followed the trail blazed by many manufacturers of such articles as sewing machines, pianos, bicycles, automobiles, etc.

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The VANOPHONE possesses an irresistible appeal to all ages and musical tastes. It educates, entertains and pleases every member of the family. The world's most wonderful musical instrument for the home. It offers you the greatest music, rendered by the greatest exponents of that music.

The VANOPHONE brings right into your home the most famous stars of the stage and musical realms. By the aid of this wonderfully fascinating musical instrument you can enjoy with your family and friends the world's greatest artists, for the VANOPHONE plays perfectly ANY disc record. With this magic entertainer in your home you can at an instant's notice enjoy world-famous bands, Grand Opera singers, [illegible] selections, recitations and monologues, comic dialogues and "black face" minstrelsy. Anything and everything in the entire range of music and merry making, 24 hours when you possess a VANOPHONE.

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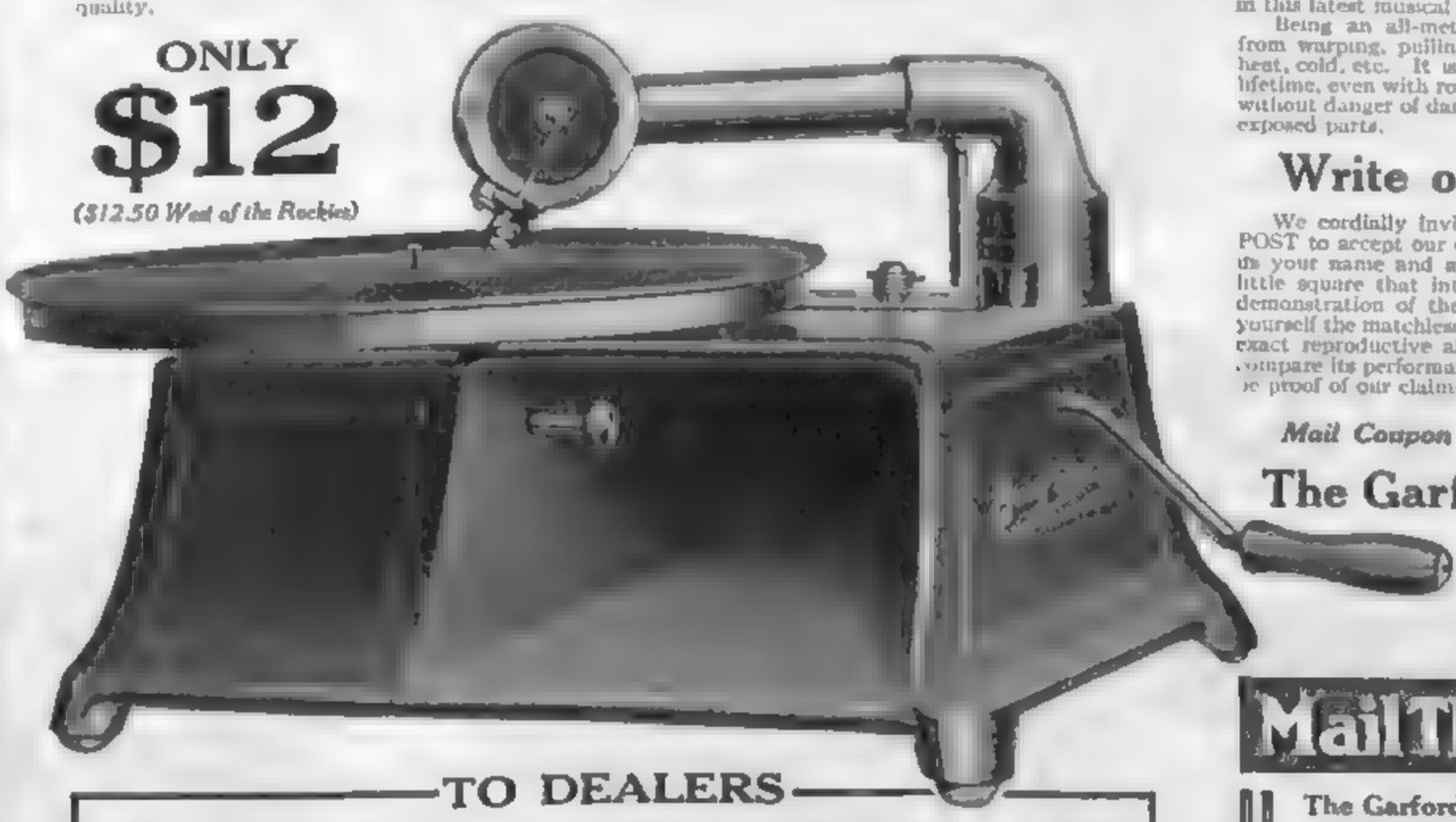
The VANOPHONE is a handsome and attractive all-metal machine, beautifully enameled in black and gold. Has an exclusive brake which automatically starts and stops the machine (a feature not found on some of the very highest priced phonographs) and a new and improved reproducer that reproduces with a clear, bell-like fullness the highest as well as lowest tones. All harsh, rasping effects have been entirely overcome in this latest musical creation.

Being an all-metal machine, the VANOPHONE is absolutely free from warping, pulling out of shape or damage from dampness, extreme heat, cold, etc. It is, of course, practically indestructible and will last a lifetime, even with rough usage. Children can operate the VANOPHONE without danger of damaging it, as it is free from complications and delicate exposed parts.

ONLY **$12**

($12.50 West of the Rockies)



Write or Mail Coupon Today!

We cordially invite every reader of THE SATURDAY EVENING POST to accept our offer of a free test of the VANOPHONE. Just send us your name and address on coupon (carefully placing an "X" in the little square that interests you), and we will give you a free ten days' demonstration of the VANOPHONE that will enable you to judge for yourself the matchless purity, volume and richness of tone, and wonderfully exact reproductive ability of this perfect Phonograph. We ask you to compare its performance with the highest priced machines and let the test be proof of our claims.

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Manufacturers of Highest Grade Telephone Equipment in the World

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The enormous popular demand for the $12.00 VANOPHONE, daily increasing everywhere as a result of our nation-wide advertising campaign, makes an exclusive VANOPHONE sale privilege very valuable. Live Dealers recognize this and are filing their applications promptly. If you are in position to handle the VANOPHONE in your trade territory, write at once for our attractive offer to Druggists, Stationers, Hardware Dealers and General Merchants, who are willing to supply the demand we have created. Shipments F. O. B. Elyria, Ohio.

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The Garford Manufacturing Co., Dept. K, Elyria, Ohio

You may have a Free Ten Days' Trial on either of the two plans. Mark X in ☐ opposite plan which suits you best. Write your name and address on lines below and mail to us.

☐ Without obligation to buy, please supply me a VANOPHONE for Ten Days' Free Trial.

☐ Enclosed find $12.00 ($12.50 west of the Rockies), for which please send me one VANOPHONE, with privilege of returning same at your expense in ten days if not satisfactory—you to refund my money.

(If you simply wish further information before ordering the VANOPHONE, then just write name and address or send postal request.)

Name

Address

These Celebrated Cartoonists and Hosts of Other Famous Americans Keep in Good Humor by Smoking TUXEDO

You know 'em all—the great fun-makers of the daily press—agile-brained and nimble-witted—creators of world-famed characters who put laughter into life! Such live, virile humans as they just naturally *must* have a live, virile pipe-smoke. And so they keep their good humor at the bubbling point by smoking—

Tuxedo

The Perfect Tobacco for Pipe

All of these men have endorsed Tuxedo—because it's so deliciously mild, so mellow and smooth, that they can keep their pipes going all day long.

Tuxedo is made of the choicest, richest Burley leaf grown in Kentucky—sun-ripened—then *nature-aged* for three to five years until it reaches sweet, mellow maturity.

But it's the original secret "Tuxedo Process" that puts Tuxedo in a class by itself. Takes out all bite and irritation, and makes Tuxedo delightfully soothing to the most sensitive throat and tongue. Try Tuxedo for a week—that will settle the smoke question for *you*.

YOU CAN BUY TUXEDO EVERYWHERE

Convenient, glassine-wrapped, moisture-proof pouch . . 5c
In Tin Humidors, 40c and 80c.

Famous green tin, with gold lettering, curved to fit pocket 10c
In Glass Humidors, 50c and 90c.

THE AMERICAN TOBACCO COMPANY

MONEY IN PEAKS AND VALLEYS

(Continued from Page 15.

money for both him and you in a change of habits—lower prices and quicker deliveries in slack times, for instance.

Third, you can train your organization to meet the peaks with a burst of reserve energy and skill. If you look at peaks from that standpoint they may be an advantage instead of a handicap, and you would not want to run the business without them. If the organization spirit can be roused so that it surmounts a stiff peak with enthusiasm it will not have to be so large and unwieldy as a spiritless organization in the same emergency, and, therefore, adjustment in a slack period means laying off fewer workers, less idle plant, less expense for overhead.

Man is constantly overcoming the deficiencies of his planet to lower his living expenses. One of the biggest projects of that kind is the steady development of electric transmission systems.

At the World's Fair in Chicago, in 1893, the first system for distributing alternating current was installed, largely an experimental acheme, covering a couple of miles. Before that, owing to the size of copper conductors required for direct current and to lack of voltage pressure, electricity was almost as inflexible as steam when it came to hitching power to machinery at a distance—direct current could be transmitted only short distances, at heavy cost. Today alternating current is being transmitted hundreds of miles, at pressures of a hundred and fifty thousand volts.

Electric-power plants are steadily reaching out for more territory and the great transmission systems are being interlinked. The more territory that can be interlinked, the evener the load, because all the different peaks and valleys of different localities and industries tend to counteract and level each other.

The cost of a peak is shown in figures for the largest central-station system in New York City. Ninety-seven per cent of all the current used in a year can be generated by fifty per cent of the apparatus maintained. To supply the remaining three per cent the apparatus has to be doubled.

When this interlinking of transmission systems has gone a bit farther it will be possible to shift the costly peak and valley loads of our cities. For instance, Buffalo's clock is an hour faster than Chicago's. When current can be transmitted between the two cities the peak demand of Chicago factories, shops and office buildings can be intermeshed with the peak of Buffalo to a large extent, and thus generating plants keyed up to the greatest requirements can be kept busy several hours longer each day. Engineers predict that this development will go on until peaks and valleys are counteracted on a national scale.

Business has a tendency to get tuned up to the bad habits of our planet, and suffers from a seasonal twist that makes costly peaks and valleys. The twist is accepted as unavoidable, and tolerated year after year, when probably it could be straightened out by a little intelligent teamwork.

Leveling the Motor Trade

The automobile business started off with that sort of twist, and only now is the twist being straightened. Automobiles are sold chiefly in spring and summer, when the grass is green and the roads are good. The peak of sales comes in July. But automobiles are manufactured mostly in fall, winter and early spring, causing two production peaks that are not correctly balanced on the sales peak. Because cars must be made in advance in large numbers, and carried until the selling season, there is a costly gap between the sales peak and production peak, imposing a strain on finances and causing bad shop and labor conditions.

In early years the manufacturers made this handicap worse by their practice of bringing out radically new models every year. Prospective buyers always wanted to wait to see what the latest idea in buzzwagons was to be, and the announcement of new models was so ill-timed that all the live demand was concentrated and thrown onto the already towering sales peak. In recent years, however, steps have been taken to level the peaks and fill up the valleys. Fewer changes are made in the new models from year to year. They are announced at more favorable times. Winter driving is on the increase, with better cars and better roads. One of the latest good tendencies is the making of cars with convertible tops, so they can be used both summer and winter.

All business is subject to fluctuations pretty much in the degree that it is linked to the seasons. Probably none is more handicapped in that way than farming. But there is a steady improvement in every industry, because invention and improvement are constantly being directed to peak problems. Farming itself has been made vastly more stable the past generation by cold storage, canning, evaporating and food preservation generally, and is now reaching out for export trade in perishables to the same end.

Every seasonal peak is susceptible of some improvement, even if it affects a little business run by one man. A young fellow in the Middle West bought a coal yard. It cost him four thousand dollars, and the purchase frightened his parents, for they furnished the money. To round out the price it was necessary to draw out their savings for old age and mortgage their home, and they had good reason to be anxious, for if that boy failed with that coal yard it meant the poorhouse for father and mother.

Coal and Ice Hand in Hand

When the son got fairly into the swing of his coal yard he found that he had embarked in a business that was active only in fall and winter. But he set to work to overcome this handicap, and the first thing he did was to canvass the town for coal orders in early summer, when business usually went to pieces. He offered to fill bins and cellars at reduced prices in hot weather. This was possible because coal was cheaper then, and also because keeping his men and teams busy in the dull season resulted in lower overhead costs. To make things still more attractive to customers he filled their bins in summer and let them pay next fall, borrowing money from the bank to finance the trade.

This paid so well that he looked into other summer possibilities, and did something that coal men are now doing everywhere—went into the ice business. For years and years the coal dealer and iceman have each been struggling with half a business, hampered by seasonal conditions, maintaining costly plants and delivery systems that are busy only half the year. Now they are getting together, buying each other out and overcoming the peaks and valleys.

Electric-light companies are also turning to ice to find relief from summer depression. The peak of their demand for current is in winter, when days are short, and in summer they have to find ways of keeping the plant busy. Ice is one of the best summer lines, and they either make it themselves, selling to the public, or supply current or exhaust steam to other people operating ice-making and refrigerating plants. Where artificial ice is made with electric current it is possible greatly to reduce delivery costs, for it can be produced in establishments scattered over a city, a mile or two apart, and delivered to customers with the least hauling and delay.

One of the most interesting cases of a peak problem being solved by improved equipment is found in the New York subway. This system had to meet such a demand for transportation in the busy hours morning and evening that it is to-day carrying about three times as many passengers as it was originally designed to carry. In seven years it has transported a number equal to the population of the earth without losing a passenger by accident; and to stand with watch in hand timing the trains at the peak of traffic is a little terrifying, for trains run only ninety seconds apart.

To increase the facilities, subway engineers figured on lengthening trains from eight cars to ten, extending station platforms, and running at greater speeds. When the whole scheme was laid bare a strange pivotal problem emerged: If trains were to be run at sixty miles an hour instead of forty, on short stretches between stations, some better way of stopping them had to be found. The air brakes in use at that time would do the work, but so roughly that passengers would be thrown off their feet—if that were possible to passengers packed together as closely as is the rule in

An Old Man at Fifty —A Young Man at Seventy

The Remarkable Story of Sanford Bennett, a San Francisco Business Man Who Seems to Have Solved the Problem of Prolonging Youth

THERE is no longer any occasion to go hunting for the Spring of Eternal Youth. What Ponce de Leon failed to discover in his world-famous mission, ages ago, seems to have been brought to light right here in staid, prosaic America by Sanford Bennett, a San Francisco business man. He can prove it, too, right in his own person.

At 50 he was partially bald. Today he has a thick head of hair, although it is white. At 50 his eyes were weak. Today they are as strong as when he was a child. At 50 he was a worn-out, broken-down, decrepit old man. Today he is in perfect health, a good deal of an athlete, and as young as the average man of 35.

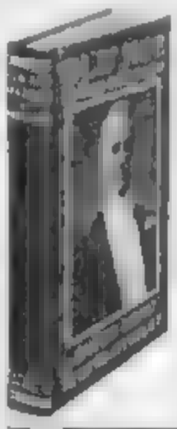
Sanford Bennett at 50

Sanford Bennett at 74

All this he has accomplished by some very simple and gentle exercises which he practices for about ten minutes before arising in the morning. Yes, the exercises are taken in bed, peculiar as this may seem.

As Mr. Bennett explains, his case was not one of preserving health, but one of rejuvenating a weak, middle-aged body into a robust old one, and he says what he has accomplished, anyone can accomplish by the application of the same methods, and so it would seem. All of which puts the Dr. Osler theory to shame.

There isn't room here to go into a lengthy description of Mr. Bennett's methods for the restoration of youth and the prevention of old age. All of this he tells himself in a book which he has written, entitled "Old Age—Its Cause and Prevention." This book is a complete history of himself and his experiences, and contains complete instructions for those who wish to put his health and youth building methods to their own use. It is a wonderful book.



It is a book that every man and woman who is desirous of remaining young after passing the fiftieth, sixtieth, seventieth, and, as Mr. Bennett firmly believes, the one hundredth milestone of life, should read.

Partial Contents

Some idea of the field covered by the author may be gained by the following topics: Old Age, Its Cause; How to Prevent It: The Will in Exercising; Exercising in Bed—shown by fifteen pages of illustration. Sun, Fresh Air and Deep Breathing for Lung Development; The Secret of Good Digestion; How I Strengthened My Eyes, Internal Cleanliness; External Cleanliness. The Hair, The Obese Abdomen The Rejuvenation of the Face, Throat and Neck; The Skin, and scores of other experience chapters of vital interest.

How You Can Get This Book

"Old Age—Its Cause and Prevention" with its 400 pages, profusely illustrated and handsomely bound in cloth, contains as much material as many books selling for $3.00 or more. By special arrangement with the publishers of *Physical Culture*, the leading and most practical health magazine of the day, it is now possible for you to secure a year's subscription to *Physical Culture* 12 big numbers—each copy containing over 100 pages of interesting and instructive information akin to the development of health, strength and vitality, together with Sanford Bennett's big book, for only $2.00. The subscription price of *Physical Culture* alone is $1.50. So you are getting a rare bargain.

Don't Send Any Money

Before committing yourself in any way, however, the publishers will send you "Old Age—Its Cause and Prevention," together with the current issue of *Physical Culture*, on approval without deposit. Then, if after examination in your own home you feel you can afford to be without this library of vital practical youth and health-achieving knowledge, send the book back within five days after its receipt and you will owe nothing. If you decide to keep the book and become a subscriber to *Physical Culture* send your check for $2.00 and you will receive the magazine regularly for a year. There are no strings to this offer. No money is required in advance. Merely fill out and mail the coupon, and by return post "Old Age—Its Cause and Prevention" and the current issue of *Physical Culture* will reach you.

For having helped solve the problem of perpetual youth during life, the world owes Sanford Bennett a vote of thanks. Of course there are those who will scoff at the idea, but the real wise men and women among those who hear of Sanford Bennett and his return to youth, will most certainly investigate further and at least acquire a knowledge of his methods. This the publishers allow you to do without cost or obligation through their "send no money" offer. But it is advisable to mail the coupon today because this unusual no risk offer is liable to be withdrawn at any moment.

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Send ... Book ... Old Age ... Prevention ... Physical Culture ... days after receipt ... owe you nothing, or will send $2.00 in payment for the book and full year's subscription to *Physical Culture*

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If you have occasional spare hours on your hands which you would like to convert into money let us tell you how it can be done. There's no expense to you.

Agency Division, Box 259 The Curtis Publishing Company, Philadelphia, Penna.

To Automobilists:

Why not pay a few cents more for brake lining and get Raybestos?

It wears.

Look for Silver Edging

DODGE BROTHERS
WINTER CAR

As the thermometer shifts you can change from a cold to a warm weather car—or back again

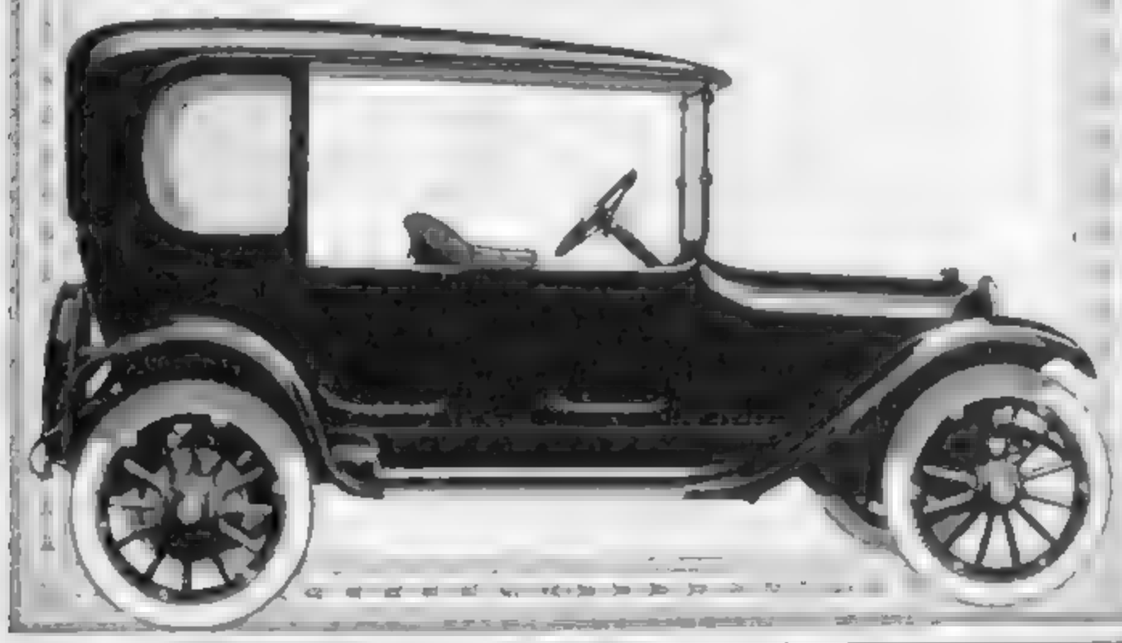
Suppose you have a very warm week, as in the early days of Spring last year. Take off the side panels. If the temperature drops sharply—put them on again.

The tire mileage is unusually high

The price of the Winter Touring Car or Roadster, complete, including regular mohair top, is $950 (f. o. b. Detroit)

Canadian price $1335 (add freight from Detroit)

DODGE BROTHERS, DETROIT



Thrift
made a man of him

12 years ago a POST boy in New Hampshire.

Started earning while in grammar school.

Received numerous Curtis prize awards.

Earned and saved $1100 in 6½ years.

Thus paid his way through college.

Then Asst. Director Y. M. C. A., Portland, Oregon.

Now teaching in High School, Weiser, Idaho.

Frank Butomske, of Idaho

THOUSANDS of boys are today earning and saving by the Curtis Plan. Without interference with school duties they are obtaining business experience and sound training in salesmanship.

For Master Salesmen in the Curtis League we guarantee to find good salaried positions. One thousand of the largest firms and corporations in the country have registered applications for our Master Salesmen. Upon request we will send full particulars.

Vocational Section, Box 258, The Saturday Evening Post, Philadelphia, Pa.

New York! So the air-brake engineers were called in, and they developed something quite new in their line to fit the need.

The old type of air brake was controlled as well as operated by pneumatic pressure. Air pressure is a little tardy in running back through the different cars on a train, and that makes for slack, which results in rough braking. A new type of electric control was designed which applied the brakes evenly on each car at the same instant. Braking was gentle, the time of stopping was cut down one-half, a shorter emergency stop made possible, the distance between safety signals decreased, and the capacity of the subway greatly increased, with marked economy in operating expenses.

This woke railroaders to the importance of good brakes in saving money on operating expenses, and some decided economies in transportation have lately been effected along that line. Engineers have recently made a still more interesting improvement in equipping new Brooklyn subways.

There is an important ratio between the weight of a train and the amount of brake pressure necessary to stop it. The train that pulls into a station almost empty, and leaves with a hundred tons of people added, will, in order to give the best results, require different brake pressure when it stops again. Under the newest system the passengers who enter each car on the train are weighed at each station, and the braking pressure automatically adjusted to the weight when the doors are shut. That gives smooth braking all along the line, no matter how many people get on or off.

A Western state was building roads. Large quantities of cement were needed. There is a time of year when cement concerns work hardly fifty per cent of their capacity. The state highway commissioners offered cash contracts for cement at that valley period, and by increasing the output of the lowest bidders twenty-five to forty per cent, reducing costly overhead charges, got the stuff at astonishingly low prices.

The Twin Peaks in Real Estate

Every one of our big cities has two real-estate peaks each year that badly need trimming. These are the renting seasons, May and October. The landlord putting up a new apartment house or office building hurries to have it ready for renting the first of May or October, when space is most readily leased as a matter of habit. This puts seasonal pressure on the building trades at one time and makes them slack at another. The same pressure is felt by the moving-van men, the telephone company, the furniture dealers, the decorators. Everywhere there is high cost, delay, hurry, scamping and general demoralization. The fever of the renting seasons is caught by tenants who want to move, and there is much robbing of tenants among landlords. It is only lately that real-estate men are beginning to see that this whole trouble is rooted in the purely artificial renting seasons, and are taking steps to promote all-year-round renting and moving.

The last day of June is a significant day in railroad maintenance work—even fateful, for at that time repairs to track and roadbed should be going full blast. But in many cases the work hangs fire, and there is uncertainty and suspense. The annual report is impending, and every dollar of outgo is closely watched to help the showing of results. One authority estimates that false economy at this season costs our railroads between twenty and thirty million dollars yearly. That much might be saved by better planning. When the situation is investigated a bad planetary habit is found—the fiscal year. For some reason most business transactions are based on the fiscal year ending the thirtieth of June. Nobody knows why. There is no real reason. Business men who find the fiscal year eating into efficiency are beginning to think about abolishing it for peak-and-valley reasons.

Business is full of such fluctuations. As it plots its curves of production, trade and traffic, they stand out sharply and demand improvement. Business is steadily leveling them off. The ideal curve would be one that did not fluctuate at all—a straight line of profitable activity for everybody through the year. This is not attainable. But it is possible to take the high point off many of the peaks and fill in lots of the valleys. That is what business is doing to-day.

Editor's Note—This is the first of two articles by James H. Collins. The second will appear in an early number.

She Has Thirty-Two Servants

and yet she is not rich, except in health, happiness and in being admired by others.

Your thirty-two teeth will serve you as well as do those of the girl in the picture if you visit your dentist twice a year and three times a day use

Dr. Lyon's PERFECT Tooth Powder OR Dental Cream

Send 2c stamp today for a generous trial package of either Dr. Lyon's Perfect Tooth Powder or Dental Cream.

I. W. Lyon & Sons, Inc.
522 West 27th St.
New York City

SALES ABILITY WANTED

Largest concern in its line wants additional men [illegible] profitable [illegible] furnish [illegible] Homes, schools and factories.

Best made—sells for $50—commission [illegible] Representatives making $2,000 to $3,000 yearly. Big or auto an advantage.

Only men of standing sought. Selling experience desirable but not essential. Your opportunity to make money—a permanent connection. Tell about yourself—write immediately.

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Sixty handsome [illegible] many new shades—mounted on [illegible] together with [illegible] cuts of [illegible] Touring Car and Roadster [illegible] by which you can tell [illegible] your car [illegible] when painted any of the colors shown on [illegible] sent to any address prepaid on receipt of $1.00 check, stamps [illegible] or money order.

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25¢ Saves Your Eyes

Eye strain comes so gradually you may not realize the danger until your eyes are ruined.

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Gives you safety and comfort too. Should be worn by every indoor worker.

[illegible] be on sale by your stationer, optician [illegible] but if not, order of us direct prepaid anywhere.

Featherweight Eyeshade Company, Dept. B, Marchantville, N. J.

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HERSCHELL-SPILLMAN CO., Park Amusement Outfitters
193 Sweeney Street, North Tonawanda, New York

Three More of the Largest Car Makers change to Stewart Vacuum System

WISE manufacturers are equipping their cars with the best accessories and features obtainable, regardless of the general tendency to reduce the price of cars.

Dodge Brothers, makers of the Dodge Brothers Motor Car, first used a pressure feed gasoline system on their cars last year. But after carefully watching the success and progress of the Stewart Vacuum System they quickly realized its many advantages, with the result that it will be standard equipment on their entire 1916 output.

Last year the Hudson Motor Car Co. placed the gasoline supply tank in the cowl, but, in line with their policy of giving the best in motor car equipment, they noted the unqualified success of the Stewart Vacuum System, and are now installing it on their "Super-Six" models, although the cost is greater than the old method.

The Studebaker Corporation built their cars last year with the gasoline supply tank in the cowl. But their Series 17 for 1916 will all be equipped with the Stewart Vacuum System. They willingly have gone to this greater expense to give their users the best in accessories and features.

Today more than 53% of all cars made are equipped with the Stewart Vacuum System.

Thousands of owners of old cars are daily replacing their old gasoline feed systems with the Stewart Vacuum System, which assures a positive, even flow of gasoline to the carburetor under all conditions of weather and grade. It does not force the gasoline through wastefully, but provides just the proper feed to the carburetor, effecting a saving of from 10% to 15% in gasoline consumption per mile.

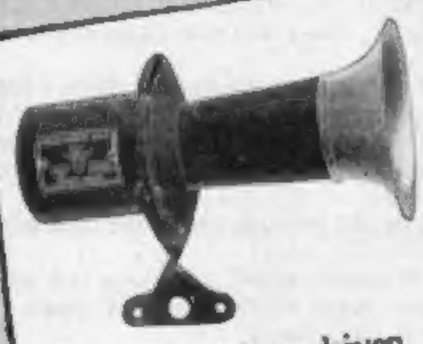
The success of the Stewart Vacuum System is duplicated by all Stewart Products to the extent that over 1,700,000 motorists are now using one or more Stewart Products on their cars.

Car owners realize that in purchasing Stewart Products their use is backed up by a most liberal guarantee, and a string of Service Stations over the whole country that give real service.

Car buyers should insist on buying cars equipped with Stewart Products. They then know that the car manufacturer has not skimped but that he has paid more for the accessories on his car in order to give his buyers the very best. Any Stewart Product on a car is practically a guarantee of that car's quality.

Stewart-Warner Speedometer Corporation, Chicago, U. S. A.

60 Branches and Service Stations in all large motoring centres.

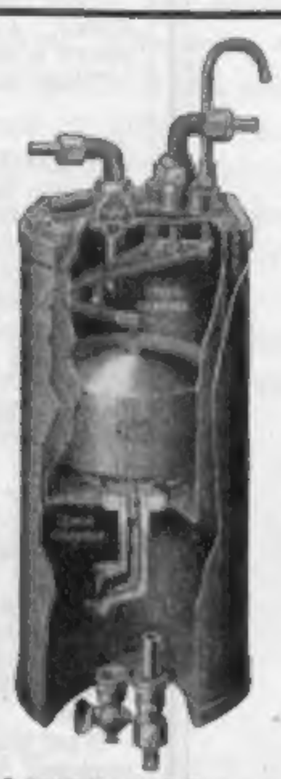


Stewart Motor-driven Warning Signal

Not an electric vibrator or "buzzer." Contains a real motor such as is found in signals priced as high as $35. Handsome in appearance. A large mushroom push-button is easily operated by finger, hand or even elbow. No hunting for the button. Price . . $6

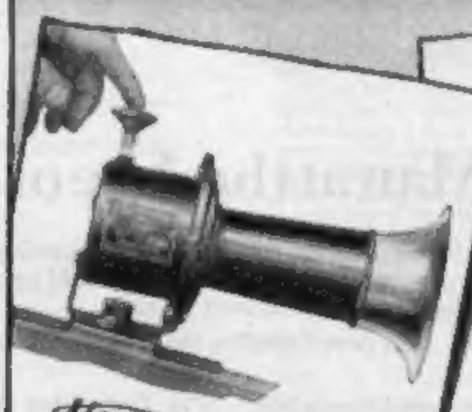
Stewart Motor-driven Tire Pump

Don't pump your tires by the back-breaking old-fashioned hand-pump method any longer. Save your back and save your tire costs, by installing a Stewart tire pump right on the engine of your car. Quickly installed on old and new cars. Price . . $12



Stewart Vacuum Gasoline System

Positive, automatic, even gasoline feed under all conditions. Quickly installed on any car—old or new. Complete . . $10

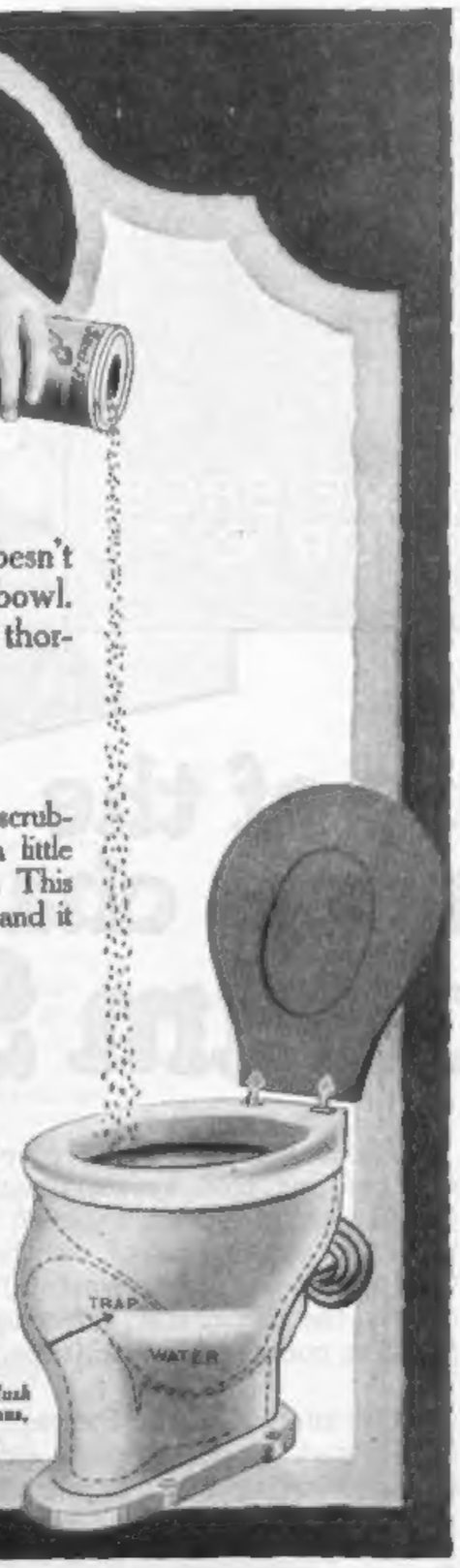


Stewart Hand-operated Warning Signal

Its long, penetrating warning blast "*makes* them pay attention." It clears the road. Easiest to operate by finger, hand or arm. Quick action counts. Handsome in appearance. Price . . . $3.50

Stewart Speedometer for FORD Cars

Every Ford owner wants the Magnetic Type Speedometer. 95% of all car manufacturers use it as regular equipment on their entire output. Insist on the Stewart Speedometer. Same equipment as used on the highest priced cars. Price $10



Now for a Really Sanitary Toilet

A clean, apparently spotless bowl doesn't always mean a strictly sanitary bowl. The hidden trap must be reached, thoroughly cleaned and kept clean.

Sani-Flush

will do it without any dipping of water or scrubbing. It's an easy way. Just sprinkle a little *Sani-Flush* into the bowl every few days. This patented cleanser is for this purpose only and it fills the bill thoroughly.

25 Cents a Can
at Grocery and Drug Stores

Your grocer or druggist has *Sani-Flush* or can get it quickly; or write us a card giving your dealer's name and we will have you supplied. Try *Sani-Flush* at our risk—money back if it fails to do as we claim.

Sani-Flush should be used wherever there are toilets in Residences, Business Offices, Hotels, Stores, Factories, etc. Does not injure plumbing connections.

THE HYGIENIC PRODUCTS COMPANY
168 Walnut Street, Canton, Ohio

The Trap that *Sani-Flush* reaches, cleans, keeps clean.

A $5000.00 Man at the Age of 25

Courtright Hawley, of North Dakota, is a *Saturday Evening Post* "fan." He believes that every red-blooded American should be a *Post* subscriber, and he says so whenever and wherever he can.

His enthusiasm pays. He made over $4000 on the subscription orders that he secured during 1915.

His business is permanent and dependable. The *Post* makes lasting friends. Orders are renewed year after year and the same commission and salary is paid on a renewal subscription as on a new one.

By taking care of his 1916 renewals, Mr. Hawley will make $5000 in salary and commission.

He started, as you can start today, by giving an hour a day of his spare time to taking care of the neighborhood demand for *The Saturday Evening Post*, *The Ladies' Home Journal* and *The Country Gentleman*.

Write to The Curtis Publishing Company, Agency Division, Box 261, Independence Square, Philadelphia, and ask for our booklet, "The Way To An Independent Income."

WE WILL BUY YOUR SPARE TIME

THE ELEPHANT NEVER FORGETS

(Concluded from Page 10)

A great city editor is seldom taken by surprise, but when such a thing happens he endeavors to hide the fact. Warren blinked his eyes—once. The next instant he was speaking quietly, courteously, and as he spoke he laid his hand on the stranger's arm.

"I'm the man you have been looking for," said he; "but this is no place to discuss private matters—too many people coming and going. Now if you'll just step into my private office, where we can be comfortable ——"

"Certainly," said the man. "With pleasure."

An hour later Warren came out into the city room, closing the door of his office behind him.

"Oh, Caley!" he called.

Caley weighed two hundred pounds, all of which was bone, meat and sinew, and in other ways he was none the worse for a postgraduate course in football. He was also a man to be trusted in pinches.

"I've got a lunatic in my office, Caley; but he's harmless ——"

"Good news!" said the former halfback. "Shall I throw him out?"

"No. He's to be your guest until the morning papers have gone to press. Then bring him back here and we'll turn him over to the police. Understand?"

"There's a story in him, boss?"

"A sockdolager of a story; but don't mention that part of it to a soul and don't let him talk about it. Take him to dinner somewhere, give him an auto ride afterward; but, whatever happens, bring him back here at two o'clock. He thinks he's coming back to have a talk with me. Keep him amused—and draw what expense money you need from the cashier."

"Fair enough. Is—is there a chance that he might have a rod on him?"

Warren patted his coat pocket.

"He had a gun when he came in, but I persuaded him to give it to me. Come along and be introduced."

"Mr. Schultz," said the city editor, "this is my friend, Mr. Caley, of whom I told you. He will entertain you in my stead. I'd like to go myself, but I expect to be busy."

"Business before pleasure, always," said Schultz. "I'll see you later."

"Yes, indeed!" said Warren heartily. "I shall expect you."

After they had gone Warren sent for Carruthers, his assistant.

"Take charge for a while," said he, "because I'm going to be busy. And send a boy in with a typewriter, will you?"

Carruthers stared.

"Don't you want a stenographer?" he asked.

"No. There's a story I'd like to write myself. I guess I haven't forgotten how to pound a mill."

"Just as you say," laughed Carruthers.

IV

AT EIGHT o'clock Lee Dixon marched into Warren's office, a long black cigar in the corner of his mouth and confidence in his heart.

The big city editor was glancing over some proof sheets. He rammed them into a pigeonhole as he looked up.

"Well? How did it pan out?"

"Bully!" said Dixon. "It took a lot of legwork, but I've found the neighborhood. Three people can swear they heard a single shot fired about ten o'clock on the night before the Shields murder. I've even got the dog spotted. If this much of Lorenzi's story is true, why ain't every word of it true?"

"That's the line to take," said Warren.

"How much space can I have?"

"All you want," was the astonishing reply. "Write it for what you think it's worth."

Now this would have satisfied some reporters; Dixon was of the variety that stretches an inch into an ell.

"I ought to get a by-line," said he, well knowing that signed articles very seldom appeared in the Sphere. "In a way it's coming to me. I dug up this story, Jumbo, all by my little lonely, and it's the biggest thing that has cracked round here in months. There's a lot of human interest in that poor Dago. . . . Say, can't I have a by-line?"

"Sign it if you want to," said the city editor, reaching for the proofs.

Dixon walked back to his desk with every pulse leaping. A signed first-page story in the Sphere! It was the sort of thing to make a man's reputation—to stamp him the peer of any reporter in the city. Dixon saw the flaring headlines, he saw the screaming type, and underneath he saw the words: "By Lee Dixon." Ah, that would be putting it over in royal style! That would make these swelled-up big-town journalists take notice and ask: "Who is this Dixon person and where did he ever tend bar?"

And then gradually he began to see the opening paragraph of a masterpiece. He destroyed seven pages of copy paper before that vision took definite and satisfactory shape.

Ambition is not alone for the great-hearted and generous. A mean man may know pride of achievement and feel the glow that comes with the consciousness of work well done, and Lee Dixon became almost human under that genial warmth. He worked as he had never worked on a newspaper story before—worked as if his future rating depended on the task before him. He polished every sentence as a man polishes a diamond, and his one regret was that he did not own a book of synonyms to facilitate the expression of ideas and assist in literary composition.

And it was a literary composition. Into it went everything that Lee Dixon had learned in word-carpentry. Into it went his whole small soul—not much of a soul as souls go, but all he had—and mortal man may give no more than he owns.

At eleven-thirty Dixon completed a careful reading of what he had written and was compelled to admit that it was better than good. As he gathered up the pages and started for Warren's office he told himself that here was something which ought to stand that big stiff on his head; but all he said to the city editor was:

"Want to look at this before it's turned in?"

"Good story, is it?"

"I hate to talk about myself, Jumbo," said Dixon with a smirk; "but cast your eye over it—that's all! Give a look —— Hello! What's the idea of keeping a loaded gun on your desk?"

"Oh, that?" Warren picked up a long-barreled revolver and turned it over in his hands. "I'm just keeping it until the police get here."

"The police?"

"Yes. They'll want it for evidence."

"Evidence against who?"

"Against Schultz."

"Who's Schultz? Never even heard of him."

"Likely not. He's the man who killed Shields, and this is the thirty-eight ——"

The rest of the speech was lost in the bellow of a man who felt solid earth sinking under him.

"Don't yell at me like that," said Warren calmly. "I don't like it. In case you want to know any more I have here Schultz' confession. I believe all the points are covered; they ought to be—I wrote the story myself."

He picked up the proof sheets and handed them to Dixon, who dashed them to the floor. His voice rose in an anguished howl:

"You—you knew about this when I came in! The story was in type already! You knew that, with the real murderer grabbed, the Lorenzi end was cold! You knew that, didn't you?"

"You might give me credit for that much intelligence."

And Warren smiled. It was the smile that sent Dixon raving up and down the room like a madman.

"You—you let me work my head off on a story you didn't intend to print! . . . Best story I ever wrote! . . . You bulled me along with that stuff about a by-line! . . . You—dammit, you had the inside all the time and you let me make a sucker out of myself! Why? Why?"

"Ah, now you're getting to the point!" said the city editor sweetly. "Do you recall that you had an inside once—on the Bishop Harkness story?"

"But that was twenty years ago!" wailed Dixon.

Warren chuckled.

"You called me Jumbo last night—and that reminded me that the elephant never forgets!"

The Delicious Tang of the Fresh Lemon Flavor

gives tempting zest to scores of dishes

Good lemons, used as they can be used, offer a wealth of culinary possibilities.

"What Shall I Serve *Today?*" is thus answered in hundreds of thousands of homes.

Lemon juice instead of vinegar on salads or vegetables adds the connoisseur-touch that famous chefs employ. Lemon-flavored desserts—lemon cakes, puddings and pies—are welcomed by all men.

The lemon flavor in apple sauce and in boiled sago or rice makes these plain dishes more appealing. Lemons served with tea, or as a garnish for meats, game and fish, act as an appetizing aid to digestion.

In fact lemon juice used in cooking improves practically *all* foods and lends to each a greater measure of healthfulness.

Put lemon juice in the water in which you boil the cheaper cuts of meat, to better the flavor and make the meat more tender.

Use lemons in preparing other cooked fruits to gain the lemon flavor and preserve the true fruit color.

Try the dishes suggested in this advertisement. Use *Sunkist* lemons for their convenience and flavor.

LEMON SHORT-CAKE

⅔ cup butter, 2 cups sugar, 4 eggs, 1 cup milk, 3½ cups flour, 5 teaspoons baking powder.

Method: Cream butter, add sugar and yolks of eggs well beaten. Mix and sift flour and baking powder, and add alternately with milk to first mixture. Beat well—add flavoring and stiffly beaten whites. Bake in round layer cake pans. Put lemon filling between layers and cover top with lemon icing.

Lemon Filling: 1 quart water, 5 lemons, 3½ ounces cornstarch, 1 pound sugar, 5 yolks of eggs, 2 ounces butter.

Method: Beat yolks of eggs until light; mix the sugar and cornstarch together. Add the boiling water slowly. Cook 10 minutes, stirring frequently. Add the mixture to the yolks, cook in double boiler until egg thickens, add butter and lemon. Cool the mixture thoroughly, and a short time before serving use it to put between layers.

Lemon Icing: 2 egg whites; 2 cups confectioner's sugar, 1 tablespoon lemon juice.

LEMON CREAM RICE

½ cup rice, 3 cups milk, ½ cup sugar, grated rind of ¾ lemon, 1½ tablespoons lemon juice, ¾ teaspoon salt, yolks of 2 eggs, whites of 2 eggs, 2 tablespoons powdered sugar, ¼ teaspoon lemon juice.

Pick over rice, cover with cold water and soak over night. Drain, put in double boiler, add milk and cook until rice is soft. Add sugar, lemon rind, lemon juice, salt and egg yolks slightly beaten. Cook until mixture thickens. Turn into buttered pudding dish and cool. Beat whites of eggs until stiff and add, gradually, 4 tablespoons powdered sugar and 1 tablespoon lemon juice. Cover top of pudding with this meringue and bake in moderate oven until light brown. Serve with or without strawberry sauce.

LEMON QUEENS

½ cup butter, 1 cup sugar, grated rind and juice of ½ lemon, 4 eggs, 1¼ cups flour, ¼ teaspoon salt, ¼ teaspoon soda. Cream butter, add sugar gradually, then slightly beaten eggs, rind and juice of lemon. Sift dry ingredients together and add to mixture. Bake in small tins about 25 minutes and serve with lemon sauce.

Lemon Sauce: Cream ½ cup butter, add gradually 1 cup powdered sugar, and beat until light; add the whites of 2 eggs, one at a time, beating steadily. When about ready to serve, set the saucepan containing sauce in boiling water over the fire; add ¼ cup of lemon juice and ¼ cup of boiling water and stir until creamy. Remove to cooler dish and serve at once. The flavor of lemon will be heightened by grating a little of the yellow rind into the butter and sugar.

Ask for and Save the Tissue Wrappers for Beautiful Silverware (448)

California

Sunkist

Practically Seedless Lemons

Sunkist lemons are practically seedless, juicy, full-flavored, and of a beautiful, bright, waxy appearance. They are picked and handled under sanitary conditions, and shipped in tissue wrappers—*clean*. Sunkist lemons and oranges from California are sold by first-class dealers everywhere at the same retail prices asked for ordinary lemons.

Write for free book, "Sunkist Salads and Desserts," containing charming orange and lemon recipes.

CALIFORNIA FRUIT GROWERS EXCHANGE Co-operative Non-profit Eastern Headquarters, Dept. A87, 139 N. Clark Street, CHICAGO, ILL.

On the reverse side of this tidy red tin you will read: "Process Patented July 30th, 1907," which has made *three* men smoke pipes where *one* smoked before!

Puff *your* way into the joys of PRINCE ALBERT

YES sir, puff away like you never did know what tobacco bite and parch meant! For Prince Albert is *freed* from bite and parch by a patented process controlled exclusively by us. P. A.'s served up to you *without-a-wrinkle!* For you to smoke away on as though your middle name was jimmypipe!

Prince Albert tests-out-true as these words listen to your smokeappetite! Been liberating tongues and throats better than six years, now—*and will free yours* no matter how much you *think* you can't smoke a pipe! Because, Prince Albert is made to do that thing! Made to put pipes into men's mouths —*and keep them there!* Made to create tobacco content *where it never existed before!*

Tell *yourself* this bunch of smoke-sunshine-news, for Prince Albert *will do for you* what it has done for thousands of men, not only in the States, *but all over the world!*

Get this Prince Albert pipe-peace message, you men who "retired" from the pipe game; you who never have known its joy'us solace! Because, you have a lot of smoke pleasure due you quick as you pack-your-pipe-with-P. A. and make fire! *My, what a fierce lot of lost time you have to make up!*

R. J. REYNOLDS TOBACCO CO.
Winston-Salem, N.C.

Prince Albert awaits your cheery call everywhere tobacco is sold in toppy red bags, 5c; tidy red tins, 10c; handsome pound and half-pound tin humidors—and—that classy pound crystal-glass humidor with sponge-moistener top that keeps the tobacco in such fine fettle.

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PRINCE ALBERT

the national joy smoke